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READY FOR THE RIDE—1795.

(RONDEL.)



THROUGH the fresh fairness of the Spring to ride,
As in the old days when he rode with her,
With joy of Love that had fond Hope to bride,
One year ago had made her pulses stir.

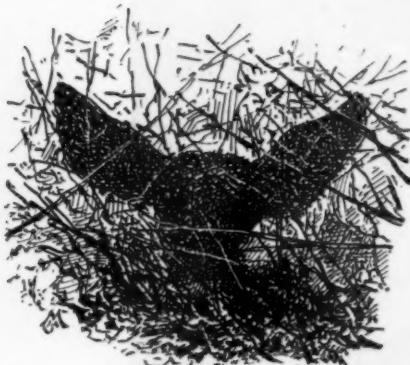
VOL. XVI.—44.

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Now shall no wish with any day recur
 (For Love and Death part year and year full wide),
 Through the fresh fairness of the Spring to ride,
 As in the old days when he rode with her.

No ghost there lingers of the smile that died
 On the sweet pale lip where his kisses were—
 . . . Yet still she turns her delicate head aside,
 If she may hear him come, with jingling spur—
 Through the fresh fairness of the Spring to ride,
 As in the old days when he rode with her.

HUNTING THE MULE-DEER IN COLORADO.



A PATTERN IN A NET OF TWIGS.

SAYS a well-known sportsman,* in a work recently issued for the use of the fraternity, "Good hunting is at present scarcely to be found east of the Missouri River. West of that stream, however, there is a wide extent of territory in many parts of which game may still be found in considerable abundance by those who are sufficiently acquainted with the country to know where to look for it. * * As things stand at present the country where game most abounds is that which is now or lately has been infested by the Indians. * * The Indians are the only real game preservers in the West."

That portion of the new state of Colorado lying west of the main range and north of the San Juan mining region, is perhaps one

of the very best of these localities ; certainly the most accessible and practicable at a moderate expenditure of money and time. Here in four days, by rail from New York City, one may mount a well-trained animal and plunge at once into the primeval wilds. Here are the gate-ways of the great parks, in and surrounding which are thousands of square miles suited by nature to the purpose of a stronghold from which the game can never be wholly driven. Just within its farther limit is the Ute reservation, and its bulk is almost debatable ground,—the Indians hunting here and loath to yield to the whites entire possession of their richest grounds, and their great medicine waters, the Hot Springs of Middle Park. During the present year pending legislation will probably limit these friendly savages to a more remote point, and then the most timid of pilgrims may revel in the plenty of a region where I have seen five thousand elk in view at once,—the number estimated by men of life-long experience as herders,—and where I have known one man to kill forty bulls at a single stand. May a merciful Providence impel our legislators to invent some means of controlling the waste of this wealth ! But, as I have said, total extermination is impossible. This is demonstrated in the case of the animal I am about to describe, which persists in using even those foot-hill regions of Boulder County, where mining, milling, grazing and agriculture make together one of the thriftiest localities of the new West. Year after year he continues to startle the plowman or the herders by his

* Charles Hallock, of "Forest and Stream," in the "Sportsman's Gazetteer," pages 71 and 74.

sudden appearance, and a fortunate pistol-shot sometimes secures him for the larder; but of hunting, properly, there is little done now in the regions of the great tellurium discoveries, that have converted into swarming camps the hills over which, during my novitiate, I ranged with Hank Green, the Tourtillots, "Big" Osborne and Old Levi Van Rensselaer. If any of the Boulder

believe, one exception: the red or Virginia deer has never been found west of the range except as a mongrel. If desirable, the element of danger may be sought in pursuit of the range and cinnamon,—the first a cousin of the true *Ursus horribilis*, somewhat stunted by change of habitat, but none the less ugly,—or the less ferocious brown and black bears, or the puma (of



HEAD OF FAWN OF MULE-DEER. (FROM PAINTING BY W. M. CARY.)

boys wish to enjoy a good old-fashioned hunt to-day they go up to St. Vrain, Big Thompson, or the Cache La Poudre, or over the range into North or Middle Park. From this region west and south is the heart of the hunting; particularly in that portion reached by the Gunnison and its tributaries. Here roam all the varieties of game animals known to this latitude in America, with, I

whom beware!), or the other cats and lynxes, or the sluggish but courageous wolverine.

The mule-deer does not bear an undisputed name. I knew him at first as the black-tail, as he is almost universally called here. A recent issue of the "Rocky Mountain News" contains an indignant protest from one of our hunters against the liberty "eastern" naturalists have taken in

rechristening, as he supposes, this animal. The fact is, however, that whether the difference claimed between this variety and that of the Pacific coast* really exists or not, the name mule-deer was recorded by Captains Lewis and Clark in their reports of the expeditions of 1804 and 1806, in which this animal with the black tail and Virginia deer are fully described, with their mixtures and variations and respective limits of habitat. Probably the two, with the *burro*† deer of Arizona, may prove to be merely variations of the same animal, as new admixtures indicating the blood of *C. virginianus* are sometimes found of late, and I have myself noted among some hundreds of deer killed within a radius of a hundred miles from Denver marked variations from any of the descriptions given by naturalists. The prominent marks of this variety are those which give the name,—immensely developed ears, a thin, switchy and brush-tipped tail, a gray and black color, and a general air of sagacity and knowingness not belied by his behavior in the field. Here is his inventory: A pair of immense antlers, main beams well back, prongs straight up. Full length of beam in a well-grown pair measured by myself fifty-five inches from extreme point to its opposite. Aggregate of growth in this instance, beams and prongs, nine feet and three inches. Sixteen well developed points not unusual, though ten seems the normal limit, the excess of this number being usually irregular in position and ill balanced. Ears eight to nine inches in length, in almost constant motion. Large prominent and beautiful eyes. Height five and a half to six feet to antlers' tips; about four at the haunches. Body round and plump, legs slender and graceful, with small feet, seeming utterly inadequate to propel the two to three hundred pounds weight in such wonderful leaps over formidable obstructions, through regions of fallen timber and rock, almost impassable to man. His coat is a rich warm gray or drab, shot with black shadows in the dorsal region, where the hairs are heavy and erect, and each has a tip of yellow and dead black. A gray to white space, from a downward angle between the eyes, extends to the nose, from under the eyes to the ears, and softening away at the sides of the neck stops at an exact line a hand's breadth beneath the jaw. The chin, with some irregular touches

along the inner portion of the ear, usually, the flanks and inside of thighs, are a pure white; and an acorn-shaped patch of the same surrounds the tail, which itself is thin and "switchy," entirely bare beneath, white above, and having a black, pointed brush at its tip, of hairs two to three inches in length. The short, glossy coat of the legs is of the same tawny color that gradually during the summer covers the entire animal, till the new "blue" coat shows itself in September. Otherwise this description applies in November, when the deer, in local phrase, begin to "run,"—i.e., to rut. Of course both sexes are then at their best. The females bring forth their young sometime in June; during which month the males having shed their horns seclude themselves as if ashamed, "tarrying at Jericho" in fact, till the excrescence that distinguishes them be again grown.

While in the velvet the horns are very tender. They are warm. Wound them and they bleed. Their gelatinous substance in July is a dainty tidbit to the fortunate coyotes. If you would save them you must hang them out of reach of your dogs. Gradually, lime is deposited, the tips harden, the blood ceases to circulate, the velvety covering splits open and peels off, the animal hastening the process and the sharpening and brightening of the points by industriously rubbing them upon the bushes and trees, until in the bright late October days, armed and exulting in his strength and sleekness, he is all ready to go a-courting; and the does, as if aware, and owning too the soft influence of the season, forsake their fawns and hide away in brake and dell. Then may be heard from hill to hill the challenge and the acceptance, and fierce battle be witnessed, in which the eager contestants heed not whomsoever may approach, till the victors retire to cool shadows and the rewards of valor, the vanquished to fight another day; or if hopeless and superannuated to begin a life of sulky solitude.

The novice who is ambitious to slay one of these noble and sagacious animals needs—of the very best—guide, gun, camp outfit, route, range, and luck. If the weather had not its admirable reputation for unfailing reliability in Colorado, during the shooting season, from mid-August till January, he would need also to pray for that.

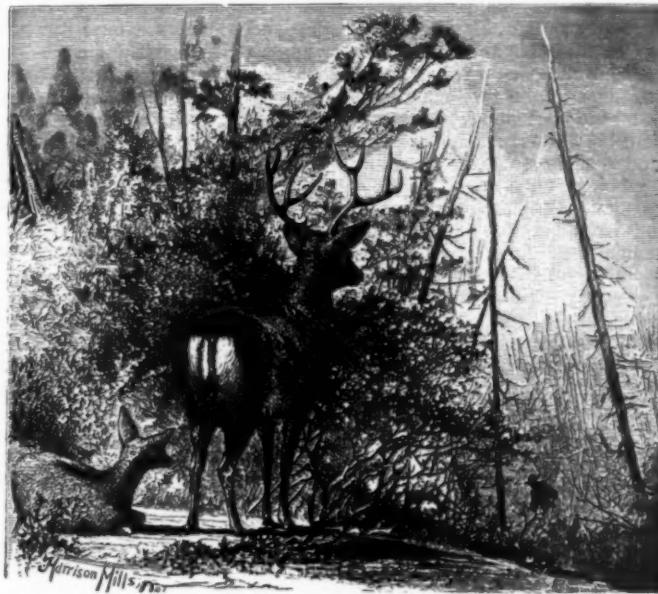
If you have plenty of time and little money, buy a good pony and saddle, gun and ammunition, blankets, including a light

* *Cariacus columbianus*, or black-tail deer.

† *Burro*, Spanish name for the ass kind.

rubber cloth or overcoat, a side of bacon and a frying-pan,—though you will, when in permanent camp, probably, prefer to broil venison and fish on the coals,—a little salt, a sack of hard-tack, another of dried fruit, a few yards of good line, and two dozen gray hackles with brown bodies, a change of underclothing, a picket-rope and a light hatchet, a skinning-knife, with belt and sheath, and a stout seamless sack big enough to carry your perishables; tie the lot together and set out on foot.* You can take a little rest now and then, when the road is good, on the top of all this, if balanced nicely on each side of the saddle, or

time in the future be able to set out on a trip through a few hundred miles of primitive wilderness in a buckskin suit of your own stitching, and carrying, for equipment and subsistence, your gun, three cartridges, a pinch of salt and a jack-knife, like Len Pollard; or to detest salt, like Old Hill; or to make a good blanket of snow, like Doc. Porter. But, for a first experience, you will find these things very handy, and your pampered stomach will probably welcome the additions to your bill of fare procurable at ranches by the way. By the time you have reached Big Thompson, the Gunnison or the Grand, or the Upper Arkansas or



ARE YOU LOOKING FOR US?

you may mount to ford a river. Of course, it is supposed that you outfit at some valley town, probably Denver. At first, of a certainty, your progress will be slow. Take your time. I have enumerated the smallest possible list of *impedimenta* for a tyro. If you stay with us for good, you may some

any of the smaller tributaries of the Platte, your education will be well under way.

Although you will manage so as to be always within reach of supplies and a post-office, the farther you get from traveled roads and recently hunted ground the better. Go till you are sure there is game about you; then settle down and take things coolly. If you find a camp of genuine and experienced hunters in the neighborhood, they may, at first, look coldly upon you, as one likely to drive the game off the accessible ranges without getting any; at any rate, driving it away from them. If you are wise, you will acknowledge yourself a novice,

* The pony will cost twenty to eighty dollars; saddle, bridle, etc., ten to twenty-five; a Sharp's "business" rifle, single trigger, with necessary implements, thirty to fifty; blankets, ten to fifteen; and other necessaries at about home prices, with the advantage of selection from approved stock appropriate to the precise needs of the purchaser, and guaranteed to suit.

and remembering that their sole living may be in this, as yours in quite another and probably more lucrative kind of hunt back across the Mississippi, somewhere, perhaps you will do well to offer a fair equivalent—say five dollars—to the man who will take you with him and let you shoot a buck of his finding. Go with him, do just as he tells you, and you will get your first deer cheap; then, if you are keen and observant, you will have learned more than a whole season of painful work by yourself would have amounted to, probably, and your second deer will be yours without tribute.

My own first experience in still-hunting in Colorado may be taken as an instance of self-confident failure. I would not take a guide. No, indeed! Had I not been a mighty hunter from my boyhood up!

So I waited for the first snow. I had passed the summer in the foot-hills with a sketching kit on my back and a rifle in my hands, and had been about equally occupied with the grand scenery and with the dusky grouse and rabbits. Once I had surprised a band of mountain-sheep at a lick, by pure accident, and caused a fine old buck to ascend some hundreds of feet of steep rocks with great agility, the ball from my 36-caliber "rim-fire," only drawing a few drops of blood. Anathematizing that gun as only a tyro can, I took the first opportunity to exchange for a 50-caliber military rifle, with which I expected to fill the next opening to better purpose.

By and by the deer began to come down from the high feeding-grounds, and over the passes from the parks and gradually to work south; "banded," and led by the old bucks, and making their way to the warm and sheltered wintering-places south of Pike's Peak. This migratory habit is observed wherever the high and rough nature of the country affords a secure summer retreat, but is too barren and storm-exposed for a winter habitat. Sometimes the hunters would break up and scatter one of these bands, and in twos and threes they would remain and infest the rough country for a time until joined to a new leadership, and thus, timid and on the alert, they were much oftener seen than secured; the region back of Boulder being peculiarly hard hunting-ground, hilly and broken, and giving the keen-eyed and keen-nosed animals a great advantage. One November morning, at three o'clock, bound to be early, and, if hard and conscientious work might avail, to carry a trophy into camp that day, I

was trudging cheerfully up Boulder Cañon through the new-fallen snow. Before the dawn began to follow up the morning star, I had climbed a slide in a crevice, some hundreds of feet, and shivered for an hour under the pines, waiting for light enough to see to shoot. My method of approach to the foot of the long, shallow, wooded gulch in which I now stood had been well chosen. I had avoided a tedious circuit among logs, and sticks that would snap, and stones that would roll, and a peculiarly exasperating large-leaved plant, that in its dry condition rattles when touched like castanets. I knew that the deer "used" in this vicinity, for I had frequently seen sign here; I had calculated the direction of the wind, the lay of the land, my course from the light of the rising sun; so that I might see better than be seen, hear better than be heard, and, if my nose could not help me, at least to avoid offense to any keener sense of smell than my own. I thought myself very sagacious. Well, in due time I decided that there was light enough for my purpose. Cautiously up the left side of the gulch I worked from tree to tree, peering among the shadows, scanning the earth as closely as possible to see whether anything had brushed the feathery flakes that barely covered it. I took a long time, and it grew light too fast, I thought. By and by, high up at the head of a grassy swale that wound down the center, I saw three imprints of round, plump bodies. The snow was deeper here, there were trees close behind, up the gulch, but evidently there had been no desire for shelter. They had all lain so as to see down the slope, their slender legs curled under for warmth, which had melted the bed a little and pressed it closely and firm. I put my hand on the half transparent matrix, it was not frozen yet; the little white pellets of snow-dust that came with the wind, slanting and rolling along the ground, had hardly begun to accumulate in the depressions made by the knees and feet. Evidently my quarry had lain here in full view of my slow approach; what moment had they cunningly chosen to rise and slip away like shadows? They must still be near. See, the tracks are close together and rambling. No sudden fear, or they would be in pairs and far apart. Strange, they go down the gulch, on the side opposite. Cautiously again I begin to follow the little tell-tale tokens. Very cautious before, I am preternaturally so now. Not a footfall of my own, not a breath do I permit myself to startle my own ears with. I am

an hour perhaps following these tiny meandering footprints down to a point where they turn sharply, and lead straight up the side of the gulch to the ridge at its edge. A new light—the sun is up now, but it isn't that—breaks upon me. It is hard to believe, but evidently those deer saw me as I began to look for them, and came down through the trees here to inspect me,—see what I was about in fact,—and they stood right here and watched me as I passed by on the other side, not a hundred yards away. And then they follow; yes, here run the tracks, right along the ridge. The rascals have even stopped when I did, measuring their progress with mine. And now I see that the trail has doubled, half the imprints pointing this way, and I begin to suspect still more of their tantalizing cunning. Yes, it is even so. Here they stood and saw my careful inspection of their sleeping apartment, still within easy shooting distance, but partly screened by netted boughs and twigs, and here they turned again and accompanied me down again, retracing their steps, and just at the point where I began to climb out, they evidently suspected that I was really in earnest, and that they had better go. The direction of their departure was indicated by three separate lines of double exclamation points in the snow, beginning about eighteen feet from where the light broke upon me as described, and leading due west.

I shouldered my gun and sadly prepared to cross to the next undisturbed range.

That night, as I sat silently by the fire reviewing the day's experience and disappointments,—for I had tramped perseveringly and seen nothing to shoot,—I had to take some good-natured rallying from the older Nimrods of the camp, who suspected that I had that day met some saddening disappointment.

"The boy aint so chirk an' peart to-night ez usual," remarked Old Levi. "He's bin to school to-day. I 'xpect some ole buck up in the hills ez been playin' it fine on him."

My next failure was but a day or two later. Again I had risen with the star, having passed a bitter cold night in a deserted cabin. This time I was successful thus far: I found sign and worked the ground carefully and correctly, my ambition spurred by what Old Levi had told me about a fabulously large buck that for four winters had used this ground, and, though frequently seen and shot at, had thus far escaped unscathed. I knew that Levi and Hank were at that moment less than a mile away, work-

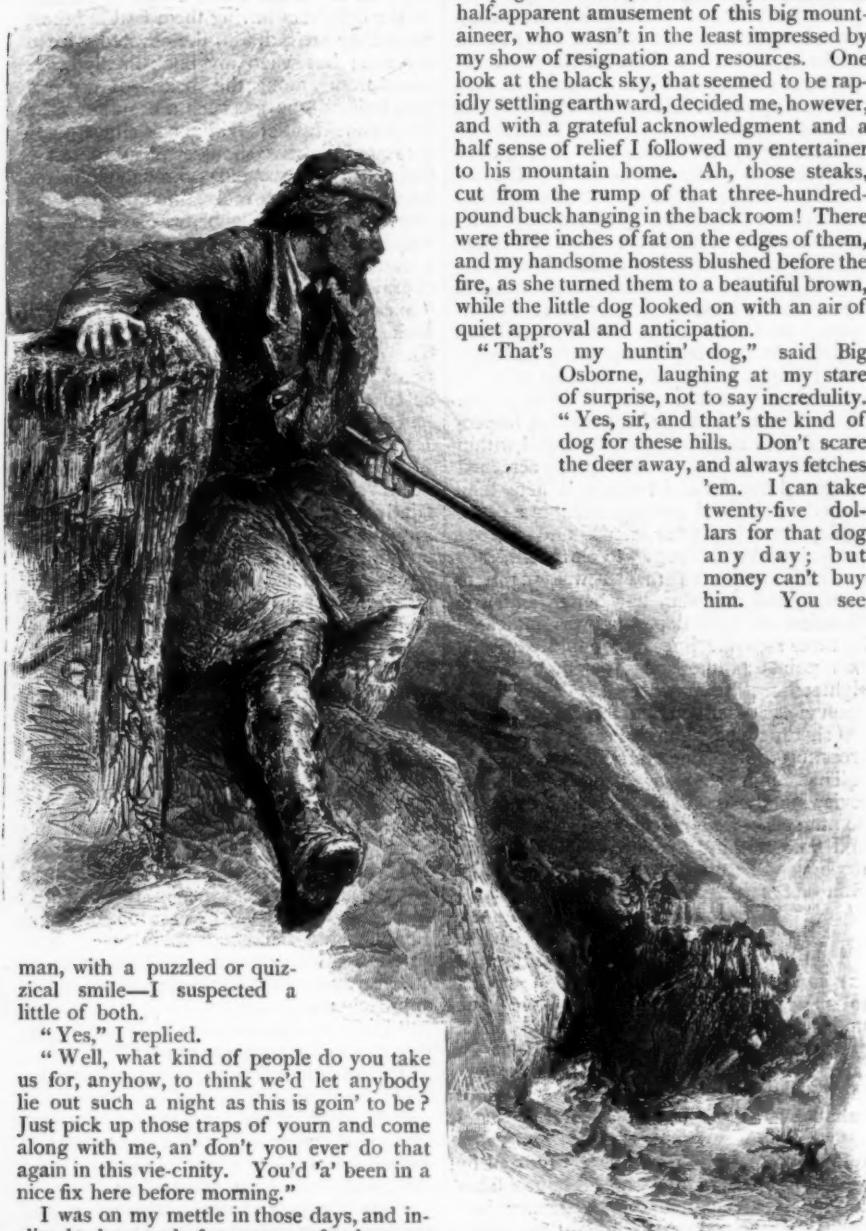
ing toward the spot, and I dreamed a little of the delight of having them find me there when they arrived, with the coveted prize at my feet; but when my buck finally broke cover from among the rocks,—at my very feet, indeed,—he was such a beautiful sight, his polished antlers lying back almost upon his round, massive shoulders, his progress—flight it truly seemed,—through that too brief vista of giant rocks, through which my way had cost such labor, was something so wonderful to see that I actually forgot that I carried a gun till that brute with the charmed life was a mile away. Was it "buck fever?" Well, that was the way it took me; but I never had it afterward. The others soon came up. They had seen nothing. Again that day I was so fortunate as to find, so unfortunate as to fail. We had separated, they going toward Gold Hill, I working in the direction of Sugar Loaf Mountain. At the edge of a ravine I saw a movement in the thick growth below, faintly against the snowy bottom. I was indulging in a smoke. In my haste to remove my pipe, I dropped it. Out then came a large doe, and, still uncertain as to the exact point of danger, in short, high jumps went half way up the rise to my left. A prettier shot never offered than when she stopped, not a hundred yards away, to look at me for a moment. I had a blanket rolled and slung across my shoulder, and in my haste and flurry I forgot it; it got in the way as I brought my rifle up; I stopped to drop it, and when I fired it was at a moving object instead of at a stationary one. I saw the dirt and snow fly a little too high and just ahead of her.

That night after sunset I was building a fire against a huge rock, in the snuggest nook I could find on the east foot of Sugar Loaf, when a tall, good-looking man in an army coat, with a huge muzzle-loader under one arm and a little yellow dog on the other, approached my bivouac.

"Hullo! Good-evening! What are you doing there such a night as this?"

The snow was drifting, and it did promise to be an ugly sort of night. However, I proceeded to explain, as a matter of course, that I was heating this rock to make my bed against; that when it and the ground were sufficiently warmed, I proposed to move the fire out a couple of yards, replenish it, and then and there to roll up in my blankets and sleep the sleep of the just.

" Didn't you see a cabin as you came down the gulch up there? " inquired the tall



man, with a puzzled or quizzical smile—I suspected a little of both.

"Yes," I replied.

"Well, what kind of people do you take us for, anyhow, to think we'd let anybody lie out such a night as this is goin' to be? Just pick up those traps of yours and come along with me, an' don't you ever do that again in this vicinity. You'd 'a' been in a nice fix here before morning."

I was on my mettle in those days, and inclined to be proud of my powers of endurance. I had quite enjoyed the prospect of practicing this kind of bed-warming, which I had heard the old fellows tell of as something to make

the pilgrim wonder, and I hardly relished the half-apparent amusement of this big mountaineer, who wasn't in the least impressed by my show of resignation and resources. One look at the black sky, that seemed to be rapidly settling earthward, decided me, however, and with a grateful acknowledgment and a half sense of relief I followed my entertainer to his mountain home. Ah, those steaks, cut from the rump of that three-hundred-pound buck hanging in the back room! There were three inches of fat on the edges of them, and my handsome hostess blushed before the fire, as she turned them to a beautiful brown, while the little dog looked on with an air of quiet approval and anticipation.

"That's my huntin' dog," said Big Osborne, laughing at my stare of surprise, not to say incredulity. "Yes, sir, and that's the kind of dog for these hills. Don't scare the deer away, and always fetches 'em. I can take twenty-five dollars for that dog any day; but money can't buy him. You see

AN ATTACK OF "BUCK FEVER."
he knows as well as I do just what to do.
When I get to see a band, I just put him



THE FALL OF THE LEADER.

down, and he goes right for 'em and begins to bark. Well, you see, the big ones wont run for him, and, after stamping awhile, they take after him. He runs a little ways, and then they stop and he begins to bark again; and so he keeps leading 'em right toward me, or I keep working up to 'em, and they're so worried and mad and interested that sometimes I get in two or three shots before they get wind of me at all. That's the way I got that big buck, and I reckon he'd 'a' been too cunning for me, but Tiny fetched him, and he can do it every time. Can't you, Tiny?"

And Tiny said he thought he could.

Next morning I resumed my hunt; but,

although I saw frequent indications of their recent movements—probably during the night—in large bodies, I saw no more deer, and again I returned empty-handed; this time consoled by the fact that the others had no better luck; in fact they had not seen a deer at all.

But through failures like these is the way to ultimate success. I saw my blunders, and thought I might profit by them. I saw that I had yet to learn how to look. There is something in knowing a deer when you see him. A friend tried long and faithfully to show a deer, standing in full view, to an eager but untrained sportsman, and then had to shoot it before he could see it. He saw

it when it fell down, kicking. You look among bowlders and logs, and all are perhaps alike to you; but by and by a bowlder surprises you by jumping, without warning,



OSBORNE AND HIS DOG.

twenty feet into the air, over another very large one, perhaps, and almost always up hill; and, while your heart bumps your mouth open, the bowlder disappears, and you say, "Oh! why didn't I shoot him?" Sure enough, why?

It is a most surprising thing to see a deer get up on its legs,—at home, I mean, and when he would prefer to be alone. Watch a cow at the same operation. Laborious elevation of one end, then of the other; then a great yawn, and a cracking of joints, and a lazy twist of the tail and a mighty snort of bovine satisfaction, and she is ready to go to pail or pasture. But she don't budge, mind, without the regular formula. How does a buck start for pasture when you drive him up in the morning? Why, he

lies with his four feet under him, and when he is ready to go it is like Jack getting out of the box. The tremendous extensor muscles contract with all the power and facility rest and warmth have given them, and the plump body, like a well-inflated rubber ball propelled by a vigorous kick, flies lightly into the air. The simile is borne out as it seems about to descend: light as thistle-down it nears the earth; another giant impulse from an unseen power—*crash*—and again it describes its light parabola; *crash—bump—thud—thud—thud*—each time fainter than the last, and your surprise is all that remains.

The time, patience, effort and study I spent during that winter and the summer and winter following in learning how to outwit that subtlest of all harmless creatures, would have mastered a much more exact science. I realized a degree of success, however, and when I stood over my first buck, not chance-slain, but really outdone in craft, shot through the heart as he sprang to his feet and turned to see me not twenty steps away—seeing me and suspecting danger only at the instant of his death, while I had followed him for hours, unsuspected, patiently, perseveringly, I felt that the achievement was worth all it had cost. Meantime, I had risen with the morning star for days together, crept through miles upon miles of all sorts of growth and over all sorts of ground; had seen scores of deer, wounded a few, to my great regret, but, as a rule, had been sparing of ammunition, unwilling to miss or only to maim. And so I came to know them well, and I am glad to say that I was never tempted to harm an inexperienced and careless fawn, or the doe cumbered with maternal cares; although opportunities were frequent for making sure work with these.

I think the man that can kill a "panoose"—unless impelled by the hunger that knows no law—is no better than an Indian. He is a grade worse. Here, in Colorado, the game-law lets a man kill a deer out of season if he is hungry, or if his family needs the meat. It ought to imprison the man who will kill a fawn for any other reason, or even then if he can get jack-rabbits instead. I once heard Len Pollard tell about killing a doe in the bad lands when he was almost starving, on one of his wild journeys. It was July. She was very poor, but Len was hungry. As he stooped to bleed her, something touched the hand that was drawing his knife. It was a little fawn, and right behind it in the bushes was its twin. Both came and smelt the body, and then

licked the hunter's hands. Len is made of good stuff, and he couldn't stand that. He mounted and put the quirt to his horse, but the little things followed, and finally he turned and mercifully killed both of them rather than leave them to starve. But he recalls it rather in the light of a tragedy.

Leaving camp early, but not until after a good breakfast, with a brace of invalids whose Colorado appetites are beginning to clamor for relief from the monotony of fresh trout, caught from the stream beside which is our rest, and which the Indians call Yampah,—with light enough to show a moving object a mile away, or a fresh track from the saddle, I will suppose myself, one September morning, five years after the day of disappointment just described, riding at a leisurely pace up a long hollow in a hill-side with an east and south exposure. I have never hunted here until now, but I see groves of quaking asp succeed each other for miles away to the right; and, through occasional vistas to the left, the black pine tops show, rising from the river by west and north slopes to meet me on the rounded crest bared by last year's fires. There the ground will surely show if any of the kind I seek have lately passed, and those groves are the haunts they love. Skirting their upper edges, with now and then an incursion, I ride for miles. Not a sign. I ride now with haste, for not until I see sign will I begin to hunt. Suddenly, a fresh track: two of them: leisurely winding downward. In a moment, alert, I am on the ground, taking the rein over my pony's head as, rifle in hand, I dismount, so that if I let him go he will put his foot in it presently and hold himself there. (A lariat looped at the saddle-fork, or held coiled in the left hand ready to drop, Indian fashion, is also good.) I intend to leave him here to feed while I prowl around to watch and listen, but presently I make out a peculiar pattern in the net-work of low branches and little sprouts of trees. It is very significant to me; I know there can be no mistake about it, and I immediately send a ball just under the center portion. The pattern disappears without noise, and I reload, catch my pony, who has merely stepped aside at the flash and report of my 44-caliber Creedmoor, and lead him about sixty

yards into the thicket, and there lies a fine fat doe.

After some dexterous use of the knife, a noose of the lariat back of her shoulders, a turn forward about the "horn" of the saddle, a few tugs and hitches, and the limp one hundred and fifty pounds is secured by the hooks in the cinch,—for this case made and provided; my patient old Cub, meantime, pretending a vicious attack upon my buckskin breeches, but standing stanchly while I lift and make all fast and secure. Then, my gun slung across my shoulder, the sunset in our faces, Cub and I jog lazily toward camp. The sage-hen rises noisy and unwillingly with much cackle from our very feet; noiseless prowlers, long and lithe, slip from shadow to shadow; the coyote yelps complainingly in the distance, and a camp-fire is twinkling away down by the dim river.

* * * * *

In the third illustration I have shown a frequent experience of the old antlered ranger of the hills. So long as he knows he is unobserved—and your old buck is as shrewd as a man in judging of this—he stands and eyes the hunter with the coolest curiosity. The moment the approach is direct, changing from oblique, or the hunter conceals himself, or halts and crouches, that moment "old smarty" runs away. The gun should be at the shoulder when the hunter stops to shoot, or there is no time. Often he will



lie and lazily watch the approaching enemy, as, gun in hand, he labors along through fallen wood and rocks, and after perhaps a half-hour's enjoyment of the game of hide-and-seek, the search getting a little too warm, he will at one jump from his lair, his

ammunition will have poor success, for a "dead shot" even, at a target, may be a muff in the game country.

Try to be cool enough to mark whether your ball strikes over or under when you miss a shot with a hill-side background.



"AND TINY SAID HE THOUGHT HE COULD."

feet leaving the exact imprints in which they have rested perhaps for hours, clear a huge rock or log and disappear. Frequently, the only evidence the hunter has of his vicinity is the break-neck clatter and crash, sudden as an avalanche, in which the alarmed animal seeks safety and at the same time warns all of his fellows. The best plan then is for the hunter to take another tack, in doing which he may possibly find his game doubling upon his flank, particularly if he strike for higher ground.

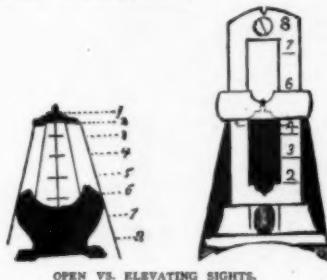
Don't continually try your gun at a mark. It scares the hunters and the game. "What a nice spot to shoot at!" or, "See if I can't hit that tree 'way over there," says Tenderfoot, and presently some startled mountaineer yells out, "Here! who the future condition of misery are you a-shootin'?" which is an awkward query when propounded by an ugly-looking man with a navy armament in his belt. You might hit him after honestly missing a deer or a bear, and he wouldn't blame you so much; but he detests this aimless fusilade which only drives away the game. He suspects, too, that this waster of

After a while you will instinctively measure distances and elevate accordingly. What ever theoretical sportsmen may say, you can just as well estimate a scale to elevate to as the distance of your object, and can judge of the perpendicular from bead to notch just as well without the upright bar, or "elevated sight," to waste time in adjusting.

This is the practice of all the old hunters of my acquaintance: Draw on your object fine, as if close by; then, keeping the bead on him, lower the breech carefully till you can see such full elevation of sight, or portion of barrel below it, as in your judgment, guided by experience, is equivalent to the distance, and cut loose. If your rifle is of small caliber, say $\frac{4}{5}$, and uses the long ball, with a heavy charge of powder, making a low trajectory, you will rarely, in these mountains, need to draw coarser than the whole height of the "front sight," or up to, say, twice its height for 300 yards or a little over. Of this you must know by experiment, however, the amount and strength of powder, weight and density of ball, etc.,

varying in many cases, as well as the height of sights and distance between them.*

At first, you had better take only such chances as offer within sure range. Take the body rather than the head, and well forward,—just at the point of the shoulder is best. Pull as though you had got all day to do it in, even if you use double-triggers, which are an abomination.



Morning and evening are best to hunt in. In the bright of the moon, deer feed at night, resting while the sun is high. If not much hunted, they lie in the shade, not far from water; if often alarmed, they "roost high" and keep a good lookout, or perhaps leave for a quieter range. Fires and smoke they detest, and they soon learn to associate the report of fire-arms with the presence and scent of human beings. Still, by judicious method, they may be "herded," till you have all the meat you can take care of.

If a mountain man tells you that he don't know where the game is, believe him. It has become so unsettled by constant and careless hunting—which does not deserve the name, "driving" would better express it—that one must be in constant experience to know its present accessible haunt. It may be plentiful here to-day and gone to-morrow. The incursions of coyotes and foxes among the fawns, the approach of a

* In showing the hunters' method of "elevating," I have also illustrated a device of my own, which, upon careful trial, will be found to serve as a ready and faithful substitute for the bar and slide. Let your gunsmith sink a line from behind the bead straight toward the notch of the "buck-horn" sight. At intervals, to mark the degree of elevation for 150, 200, 300, 400, or 500 yards, these intervals determined by experiment, or by looking through a "peep" sight placed, as usual, back of the breech, cut cross-lines wide and deep enough to be distinctly seen. Of course the perpendicular line from the bead must, in sighting, fill the notch center, and the cross-line for the distance required may seem to rest upon the top of the buck-horn. The novice in "off-hand" shooting will find this a great help to his progress.

mountain lion, or of a man that shoots incessantly, is marching orders to them. Also, to repeat, fires and smoke they particularly abhor. At almost any season a conflagration may occur, originating in the criminal carelessness or ignorance of some one who has failed to put out his camp-fire, or in the detestable policy of the Indians, or some malcontents among them, at least, who set these fires to destroy the timber that might be of use to the whites and to drive away the game into their own country, it being their policy to disturb their own "cattle," as they term them, as little as possible.

Remember that to see your game before it sees or smells you is the greatest advantage. It sometimes happens that when already in motion, not thoroughly startled, but suspicious, it may be induced to stop and turn by a shrill whistle, or a stone thrown in advance. If approaching you and unaware of you, the first will nearly always prove the best thing to do. In the instance illustrated in the picture entitled "The Fall of the Leader," a small band of males is in full flight from the course of a sudden storm. The leader, some yards in advance, stops suddenly, with ears and eyes alert to find the source and cause of an unfamiliar sound more startling than the roar of the winds behind, and, smitten in the same instant, clears at one leap the last intervening logs and yields his life in the dry path of the coming flood.

Always picket or hobble your animals at night, or, at least, picket one of them; the



DISSOLVING VIEW.

leader, if they acknowledge one. Neglect of this will cost time and money and vexation.

If you get lost, stay where you are till somebody finds you or you find yourself,

i. e., discover some landmark to guide you back. If you have familiarized yourself with the countenances of the high peaks and their bearings, direction of water-courses, etc., and have been careful to take a good look *back* now and then, you can hardly fail to retrace your steps.

In following a trail, if it suddenly disappears, carefully note the spot where your uncertainty begins, so that you may, at least, find that again. Usually this will occur where pack animals stray or straggle aside to feed, and the riders leave the trail to drive them in, or on difficult crossings of swampy bottoms, where slow progress makes it necessary for a party to widen out, each picking his own way. By careful scrutiny of the far side of the open space, morass, or intervening growth, you may usually see, or, at least see indications, of the trail you seek.

To save meat for future use, cut it in thin strips, with the grain, and string them on a lariat in the sun. After a few hours of exposure, which may be at successive camps if necessary, it will be thoroughly "jerked." Salt is not indispensable.

Always have matches about you, in some water-proof receptacle.

Let a bear cub alone. Fool with an old bear if you must, but be sure there is no small family about.

In fording a river, look out for "quicks." These, I believe, are never found in swift water. The "rifles"—a term, probably, peculiar to the West, where the stream widens, or below a bend, particularly if there be islands or bars—indicate the places where you may attempt to ford.

Choose rocky or clayey ground, if possible, or clear sand, to build your fire upon; if on a muck of pine-needles, it will burrow and water will not quench it all. Then, in a day or two, the whole country is burning over and the game driven away, to say nothing of the possible peril to others and the destruction of the forests.

This is not the whole art of woodcraft, but it will do to begin with, and may suffice. As a closing word, I advise you to be temperate and, while doing your share, not to attempt too much. Find a good place and go into camp, instead of trying to do the whole West in a season, and you will probably count among your pleasantest recollections your deer-hunts and hunting-camps in Colorado.



THE WIND-HARP.

THE wild, sweet chorus of the woods,
Had sunk to murmurs soft and low,
While near a darkening cloud, the bow
Gave proof of Nature's changeful moods,

When on the air,
Trembling and thrilling everywhere,
As if the wind itself were song,
Rose one rich strain. So full, so strong,
It swelled in cadence rich and free,
So tender was the harmony,
My heart grew still, my soul was stirred
To catch the faintest sound or word.

Then slow and solemn grew the strain;
Then mirth and merriment again
Touched Music's sides to comic laughter,
And rare, strange sounds came bubbling after.
The mountain brook in sportive glee
Seemed pouring, plashing down on me,
Then spread itself as in a lake,
So placid, still,
That in the midst the whip-poor-will
Seemed calling from his leafy grove
Teaching dull silence to awake!
Then came the yearning cry of love,

And love's own answer, which no tone
May imitate for passionate joy :
A sound superbly pure, alone !
Then the gay calls began to toy
With every listening echo. Bright
And clear as crystal drops of light
The keen notes fell,
Swinging and tinkling like a bell,
Or spattering like the wind-swept spray,
They seem to dream
Of wave and stream,
With misty hints of yesterday !
Then winding, weaving, in and out,
And heaving like round billows, tossed
To foamy edges by the gale,
Whirled with despairing moan and shout
Into dark rocky caves and lost,—
It sank to one sad, smothered wail.
Then crept a fine, thin thread,
A subtle hint of sound
Stolen as it were from silence. Such the dead
Might with their shadowy, ghostly lips
breathe forth,
When all around
Lies bathed in cool, white moonlight, and
the grass
Bends with its weight of dew, and mid-
night's spell

Gives them the power to make their
spirits known !
Then louder grown,
Like chanting of the choir at Holy Mass,
And measured voices joined in prayer, it fell
And rose in sweeps of rhythmic symphony,
High heaven and earth
Joining in one great, wordless psalm of
praise !
Responsive to th' entrancing melody,
Even as the lute the lightest touch obeys,
The rapture caught and held my spirit up,
As in a jeweled cup
An amber wine is held, which gleams
and glows
With richer tints reflected from the gold.
The ecstasy hid in the slender strings
For mortal ear to perfect, told of things
So pure, divine,
That none might live who learned them,
and I rose
In silence, breathless, with my heart on fire,
Longing, yet fearing once to make them
mine,—
To draw the heavy curtain fold on fold ;
Leaving the sad, weird, tender, merry sprite,
To sing his sorrow, passion and desire,
Out on the deep, sweet bosom of the night.

IN MARBLE.

No wise God sculptured thy cold, queenly face
And queenlier breast ;
Yet all thy radiant beauty stands confess'd
In living and thrilling harmony of grace.
Thy pallor seems
The moonlit glory of dim, dying dreams.

Oh ! my chaste love, thy snow-cold lips are mute :
One word of thine,
More sweet to me than life—one word divine—
Like magic melody of lyre or lute,
Would wake the soul
To hope of love's imperishable goal.

Ah ! what are love, and life, and death to thee,
Sunlight or gloom ?
Thy curved, coiled body is a rayless tomb,
Superb in soulless immobility.
Why weep or moan
For thee, alas!—a death-born dream of stone !

ROXY.*

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.



"YOU'RE HAVING A HARD TIME, NANCY," SAID ROXY."

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE HELPER.

Who shall take account of the difference in the individual manifestations of the human conscience? There sits Nancy Kirtley on the bank of the broad river, while the white light of the declining moon is on its waters, and the dim Kentucky hills are sinking into a darkness that will soon swallow them entirely. If you could examine her consciousness you would hardly find a sense of wrong-doing. There is a brute sense of defeat, and, perhaps, a feeling that she has blundered, and that some other course might have been better. There is something which a sanguine evolutionist might hope would develop into a conscience, by some chance, in many generations. But what eons will it require to

transform this feeling that somebody or some fate unseen has wronged her, into a moral judgment capable of distinguishing and respecting the rights of others?

In this same moonlight night Whittaker, who has wrought none of this wrong, is troubled by it so that he cannot sleep. The scrupulous man must ever suffer vicariously. The sins of others are laid upon him; he is wounded for their iniquities. Such extremes are there within this human race of ours!

Whittaker was profoundly moved that night by haunting thoughts of Roxy in her anguish. He could not go to offer sympathy, but he comforted himself with thinking of the "merry-wise Twonnet" keeping watch over the forlorn woman. Then he remembered with more indignation than pity the guilty man, Bonamy. From general rumor Whittaker had heard of Mark's return to the deserted house.

Spite of his indignation, the minister was moved a little when he thought of him with no companionship but that of Night, and Loneliness and Remorse. Ought not he, a servant of the Great Servant, to seek out this abandoned leper and help him in the hour of his darkness to find his way back into regions of light, of cleanliness, and of human fellowship?

Whittaker was shy and timid—the bravest men are. He shrank from intruding into the troubles of others—the most sympathetic people do. But on this night he was tormented about an affair that any other man in Luzerne would have said was none of his. Such are the gross inequalities of conscience. Aaron Burr reads cheerfully in his bath with a fresh murderer on his hands; a sensitive man lies awake because of some opportunity neglected of helping a man who has himself chiefly to blame for his own troubles. Behold the premium one must pay for elevation of character!

An hour after midnight Whittaker got up and looked out on the moonlight making visible, in a sweet and dreamy way, the chief features of the landscape. It was hardly a view, but a sort of a monochromatic picture. The moonlit scene bore the same relation to the familiar daylight view of the landscape that reverie does to plain and open thought.

Without any very definite purpose, Whittaker dressed himself and went out. The broad river was as smooth as glass; there was a sky below in symmetric correspondence to that above. Still without a clear notion of what he should do, or could do, the minister took the way toward Bonamy's, walking meditatively here and there under a locust in full and fragrant flower; even the grass-grown sidewalk was strewn with fallen petals. But as he neared the smitten house the loveliness of the night landscape faded from his thought and perceptions. He was full of conflicting feelings. He felt a contempt for Bonamy's selfish weakness of character; yet he could not, by thinking of this, excuse himself. The physician is sent to the sick.

There was the light in the sitting-room—the lamp burned as steadily as it could have done if the house were at peace. The place had all its old stateliness; for the outer circumstances of our lives will not respond to the trouble within. Who could have guessed that a solitary and desperate man was the owner of this house? That he sat by this cheerful home-light with hardly one ray of

hope in his life and with a pistol, newly charged, on the table in front of him?

Whittaker opened the smaller front gate quietly and then took his course up the path across the black belts made by the long shadows of the poplars, toward the porch. The large front door stood open as Nancy had left it, but Mark had closed the door from the hall-way to the sitting-room on his return to that room after Nancy had left. Whittaker, with much palpitation, knocked at this inner door.

"Come in." The voice had a strangely broken sound.

Mark was greatly surprised at seeing his visitor. Of all men, Whittaker! Nevertheless, he was glad to see him; if for no other reason, because he was somebody—a human being.

"Did you come from her?" he asked, with downcast eyes.

"From whom?"

"From my wife?"

"I have not seen her," said Whittaker, somewhat coldly. "But if you wish to send any message I will take it."

Bonamy motioned him to a chair, and then sat silent for a long time.

"I am afraid I ought not to have trespassed on you in your trouble. But I could not think of any other person likely to come to you, and it is a dreadful thing to be alone in trouble."

"It is," said Mark, gloomily. Then after a pause, "It is curious *you* should come, though."

"Why?"

"Well, my brother-in-law and my sister are ashamed to come. My old friends all stay away. You have no reason even to like me. Certainly you wouldn't take my part against Roxy?"

"Of course not. I think Mrs. Bonamy a good woman." Whittaker purposely spoke in a cool tone that he might not rouse any antagonism in Mark.

Mark sat still a moment, then slowly closed his fist and brought it down upon the table like a hammer.

"God!" he muttered between his teeth. "You make me mad, Mr. Whittaker."

"You ought not to be angry," said Whittaker with firmness. "I think she deserves that and more."

"But you speak so coldly. A good woman! Oh, Lord! what a fool I have been! A good woman! Why, I tell you, here, Mr. Whittaker, that she is a grand woman." Here Mark got to his feet and

paced the floor. "There are no words for her. I hate myself. I curse myself. I thought myself somebody. I was proud of my family and of my popularity, and the devil only knows what besides. What an infernal fool I was! I looked down on her. I did not think she could have any pride except in me and in what belonged to me. I wounded her proud spirit every day. Proud? Why, that—oh, God! what shall I call her? I tell you she went away from here to-day leaving behind every scrap and trinket that had been bought with my money. When she spurned me she spurned everything, even the clothes she wore as my wife, and went out as poor and proud as she came. And people thought she was proud of me. And I stung her pride with my devilish foolishness and then, when at last she answered me with defiance I thought I was injured. I felt sorry for myself and angry at her for being so severe, and I rushed straight into the trap the devil had set for me. God! what a fool I was to think myself better than my poor, poor Roxy! My poor, poor, proud, broken-hearted Roxy! Oh, I can't stand it. I'm going to kill myself like Judas and get out of the way. It's all there is left to do. Poor, poor girl! If I'd only died a year ago!" And Mark laid his head on the table and burst into tears, sobbing convulsively, only coming back now and then to the same piteous refrain: "Poor Roxy!"

Whittaker caught sight of the loaded saddle-pistol on the table and shuddered. He had not come too soon, then. He left Mark to his tears for a while. But, when the gust of weeping had spent itself, he took the word again.

"What do you want to kill yourself for?"

"What's the use of living when you despise yourself, and everybody despises you? I'm not fit to live, and you know it, Mr. Whittaker."

"Very likely. Few men are quite fit to live. But let us say that you are very bad. You *have* acted very badly. If you did not feel so much ashamed of yourself, I should try to make you ashamed. But you are only adding one bad action to another in killing yourself. It's not a brave thing to do."

"It may not be right, but it is the bravest thing left for me, I should say."

"Well, it's braver than some other things. But when you talk about killing yourself because you despise yourself and everybody despises you, you are only running away

from the natural penalty of your sin. You hate yourself; very good—you ought to hate yourself. But you ought to have courage to live and face your own contempt, and that of everybody else. That is the brave way. The sin having been committed, the very best thing left is to take patiently the punishment."

"Then I'm a coward. I suppose I'm about as bad as a man can get to be."

"No," said Whittaker, speaking slowly, as he always did when theoretical theology came into conflict with practical wisdom. "I don't think you're all bad, by any means. You're a good deal better with that pistol there by you than you have been heretofore."

Bonamy looked puzzled.

"I like you better now, because you loathe your evil. The time has been when you were just as bad as now,—capable of this same sin,—but entirely satisfied with yourself. Isn't that so?"

Mark only shivered.

"You are no worse to-night than you were a year ago. But then you were blind. Now you see. Thank God that you see! The sight is not a cheerful one, but a man who sees is worth a dozen blind men. Now don't be a coward, and run away from the work before you."

"What work?"

"What specific work, I don't know. You built on sand. The house has gone to pieces. The first work is to clear away the rubbish, and get ready to build on a deeper foundation. The rubbish heap is hateful, but it is yours. You've no right to run away and leave it, a ghastly eye-sore to everybody else, have you?"

Mark leaned his head down again on the table, and groaned. Then, after a long time, he relieved himself by confessing many things to the minister.

Whittaker talked with him thus till the light of the May morning shone in at the window. Then he rose up to go.

"Will you see Roxy?" asked Mark, with downcast eyes and utter dejection of voice.

"Sooner or later, yes. I will see her to-day, if you have anything for me to say to her."

"I don't want to ask anything of her. She did just right. Tell her that I say so. But I wish she could know that I had turned back yesterday with a full purpose of telling her everything. It would not have changed anything, but I wanted to confess. It is the hardest part of this trouble that I

did not confess before. But she is so good, I did not dare to."

"It was not brave of you, Mr. Bonamy."

"I see. I must make up my mind that I am a coward, besides all the rest." It was the one sensitive point of pride left in the humiliated man. He was nettled that Whittaker thought him cowardly.

"Good-bye!" Whittaker held out his hand.

"It was very good of you, Mr. Whittaker, to come here to-night. I did not deserve it. I had no claim on you."

"Promise me one thing." And Whittaker held fast to Mark's hand. "No suicide."

"I do not want to make any promise," said Mark, stubbornly.

"Let me tell you, Mr. Bonamy, that there is a brave life before you. I think the best of your life is to come."

"There could be nothing worse than my life so far, unless it is to live on with the feeling that I had broken the heart of that poor, good, glorious Roxy that was mine."

Whittaker drew him to the porch.

"It was black night an hour ago. If a man had said to you, 'There will never be any daylight,' you would have called him a fool for his disbelief. I tell you, friend, that already I see the sunlight on the clouds over your life. You are down in the dust. That is the best of it. The old life must be all destroyed first. I cannot tell you how, but there is a better life for you yet to come. I am sure of it."

"But my wretched Roxy!"

"You can't help what is gone. Roxy has suffered, and will suffer, terribly. It is awful to think of it. But Roxy has a brave soul. She will get good even out of such sorrow. Now wait and suffer your part like a man. Don't run out of the fight; stand fire to the bitter end."

Just at that moment, the first beams of the sun struck the tops of the Kentucky hills, and put a halo about them. A thin white mist of lace-like thinness, partly veiled the smooth surface of the river. The whole landscape seemed to be coming out of obscurity into glory. The bluebirds and the yellow-hammers and the queevy-quavies began to sing in the orchard, and the great swarms of blackbirds perching in the sycamores waked up in a chorus of "chip! chip chulurr-rr-rr-rr!"

"What a beautiful morning! God is good!" said Whittaker. "Take heart a little. Promise for one week that you will

bear with your despair. No suicide for a week!"

"I promise," said Mark, faintly, looking wistfully out on the river, changing from gold to silvery whiteness.

"You'll lend me the pistol for a week?"

"You can't trust me, then?"

"Can you trust yourself?"

Mark felt the rebuke, and brought out the great saddle-pistol. Whittaker again shook hands and started down the walk, carrying the pistol awkwardly enough. Along the street he met sleepy-looking boys going out for the cows, and people with baskets on their arms hurrying to the little market-house. They all stared with wonder at the minister with a "horse-pistol."

CHAPTER L.

A WOMAN THAT WAS A SINNER.

Roxy was sleeping heavily, after a weary night, and Twonnet left her in charge of the stepmother and Jemima, while she came home to breakfast. The breakfast at Lefaure's was eaten on all pleasant mornings in the open vine-covered porch overlooking the water, and here Mr. Whittaker and Twonnet met after their watching. None of the family were aware of Whittaker's night walk to Bonamy's. The scandal was not a subject that could be conveniently discussed at table, but Mrs. Lefaure could not forbear some lively expressions of her hatred of Mark.

"You forget," said Whittaker, rather timidly, as was his wont in contradiction, "that Bonamy must suffer dreadfully."

"He ought to. It serves him right," said Mrs. Lefaure, and Twonnet's face showed that she cordially agreed with her mother. Whittaker was silent. He saw that any further advance of a skirmish line in that direction would certainly provoke a lively fire in front. Lefaure, who enjoyed a controversy keenly when he was not a party to it, tried in vain to encourage the minister to make further reply, but he could not. Twonnet thought, in her woman's indignation, that it was a shame for such a man as Mr. Whittaker to take up for Bonamy. She had always prophesied evil of this marriage. Now the evil had come, she felt justified in unlimited hatred of Mark. In proportion, therefore, to her admiration for Whittaker, was her aversion to his softening, in any way, Mark's guilt. Hanging was too good for him, she was

sure. Perhaps, also, there was just a little bit of pride in Twonnet, a sense of the importance of her part as next friend and champion of Roxy.

But at this stage of the conversation, the little red-faced Louis, who had been foraging in Mr. Whittaker's room on a general search after information, came down the stairs with large eyes and a look more apoplectic than usual, and burst into speech in a polyglot fashion, thus:

"Papa, il y a dans la chambre de Monsieur Veetaker un fort grand horse-pistol!"

"Que dis-tu?" said his father, giving attention at the same time to the filling up of a plate of breakfast for the venerable grandfather, whose ailments kept him in bed in the morning. "What do you say, Louis?" he asked, in a half-amused way, supposing that the little Paul Pry had either misused words, or mistaken something else for a horse-pistol.

"I must put that away," said Whittaker, rising and excusing himself. "It is loaded."

When he returned to the mystified group at the table, he said briefly that the pistol belonged to Mark Bonamy.

"How did you get it?" asked Twonnet.

"I persuaded him to let me have it."

"You have been there, then?" said Mr. Lefaure.

"Yes, certainly."

Twonnet's indignation toward Whittaker died out at once, giving place to a humbling sense of his superiority. If there is one thing a woman cannot stand, it is bloodshed—unless it be upon a large scale. Twonnet's hatred of Mark changed to pity as she imagined him despairing and seeking death, and though, a moment ago, she was sure that he deserved capital punishment, she was horrified at thought of his committing suicide alone in a deserted house. Of course this sudden change was inconsistent, but it is one of the advantages of women, that, not pretending to be logical, they can change front on the instant, when they see fit. Twonnet saw the wisdom of Whittaker's course, and, comprehending the excellence of the motives she had mistaken before, she made Whittaker a hero by brevet, on the field, investing him, in her imagination, with a complete outfit of all the qualities necessary to the character. For she was a woman, and hero-making is a woman's work; even your sensible and practical woman must take to hero-making, sooner or later. And a man who steals out at night, by a sort of prescience, at the very

right moment of moments, when the pistol is all loaded and leveled at the victim's head, throws up the suicidal arm, wrests the weapon from his grasp, pacifies the desperate wretch, and then walks stealthily away with the great pistol to his own home,—what is he but a hero of heroes? The impulsive Twonnet had often felt—one of her temperament could not but feel—the attraction of a man of such steadiness and reserve as Whittaker. But now forthwith, she began to build him a shrine in her heart. And this in the face of all the contradictions of her practical good sense, which did not fail to warn her of the danger of premature shrine-building on the part of young women. But Twonnet remembered gratefully that he had praised her the day before. And it was something now to be associated with him in trying to bring some good out of this great evil.

"Are you coming to see Roxy to-day?" she asked, as she prepared to return to her charge.

"I hardly think so. I am ready whenever Mrs. Bonamy wants me to give her any help she needs. But she needs less help than anybody in this wretched affair."

"But what can we do for Roxy? How is all this coming out? She will die if she lies there that way."

"I don't know how things will come out. We can't do much for her. But I hope that she will not lie helpless long. She is the one strong one among them all, and when the shock is past I have hope that she will see, better than I can, what ought to be done. When she sees it, she will do it. Direct action is natural to her."

"But what ought she to do?"

"I don't know. I haven't a notion. I am just learning that general principles don't apply in a case like this. What a thing it is to learn that difficult cases have a law of their own! If anybody can find out what is right, Roxy will. There must be a right even in such a wretched state of things."

"I don't see what she can do."

"Neither do I. But if she can't do anything, then nothing can be done, I suppose. We must look to the strong, and not to the weak, for deliverance."

"But she isn't to blame, and it seems hardly fair that the burden should rest on her."

"That is the very reason, I suppose. Only the good can save the bad. But here, I am trying to apply general principles. Let's wait till Roxy shows the way. She

has made great mistakes of judgment, but in matters of right and wrong, she has a wonderful intuition. After she got free from the false shackles of other people's rules, her treatment of Mark was just right. She won him so completely that, now she has deserted him, he is full of praises of her. And if the gossips had only staid away two hours, she would have heard the whole thing from him. He was coming home to tell her."

Something in this high praise of Roxy wounded Twonnet just a little. Her position as faithful next friend did not seem so important as she had hoped. Whittaker had given her no word of praise. "It's all Roxy, Roxy," she murmured to herself as she went toward Adams's house. For what is the use of setting up a private hero and building a shrine, if, after all, your hero will give you no look of recognition for your pains?

Conscience is a task-master with a strange logic. Perform at its bidding one hard thing and it does not reason from your performance to reward or repose. Its *ergo* is turned the other way. Thou hast done well, *ergo* thou shalt do better. Up! get thee out again, till I find the limit of thy strength. Blessed is he who accepts the challenge. Whittaker's theory that a physician ought to go to the sick and not to the well is one not very much in vogue among parsons and churches nowadays: witness the rank growth of steeples in the well-to-do quarters of cities—mortgaged and bankrupted steeples, too many of them. But then the rich man enters not the kingdom of heaven easily—let us not grudge him his lion's share of the missionary labor of the world, and let us not blame those zealous and self-denying men who hear the voice of the Lord forever assuring them that they are commissioned to the church of St. Dives in the West. It is only commonplace and old-fashioned men like Whittaker who must be trying to reach the publicans and sinners of the nineteenth century and who have idiotic notions that the lost sheep and the prodigal son have applications to our time.

But Whittaker was just foolish enough to set out on this morning to find Nancy Kirtley, and to see what could be done for her. First finding Haz on his dray, he entered into conversation with him, asking him where his sister was to be found. This catechism of Cain was evidently very troublesome to Kirtley, who would have felt a

real sympathy for his sister had it not been that Mrs. Haz felt otherwise, and there cannot be more than one head to a family. Haz had to feel that Nancy was a great disgrace, fit only to be put out-of-doors, because his wife had settled that matter. When Simon says wig-wag who shall refuse to obey? Haz answered very briefly that Nancy had left the house in the night and had not come back. To avoid further questions he drove off.

Then Whittaker went to Mr. Highbury, the elder. Did he go in a sort of desperate sarcasm to Highbury for help? Or, did he desire to teach the elder a lesson? Did he think that after all the Pharisee is quite as much a lost sheep as the publican or the harlot? And in seeking to set the Pharisee to find the lost was he seeking also to get the Pharisee to find himself, lost in the dreary wilderness of his self-conceit? At any rate he took Highbury into the back part of the store and told him that he had seen Mark the night before, and related to him something of the circumstances. Mr. Highbury thought it quite proper indeed, that a minister should try to reclaim Bonamy. For Bonamy was a man and not a woman, which makes a great difference. And he was a man of respectable family, and consequently an appropriate subject for labor. Besides, it was stealing a march on the Methodists who would see that they were neglecting their own flock, and so on. But he cautioned Whittaker not to see Mrs. Bonamy. It might make talk.

"I am not going to see Mrs. Bonamy unless I'm specially sent for," said the minister. "But I want you to go with me to see Nancy Kirtley. It is not quite prudent for me to go alone, perhaps."

Highbury was silent. His countenance expressed in a splintered and fragmentary way half a dozen different emotions. That Whittaker should, under any circumstances, propose to see a girl of her low social position was a surprise to him. Such people might be saved perhaps, but it was not likely; and if they were saved it would no doubt be by such agencies as illiterate circuit-riders, and not by college-bred men. That Whittaker should converse with a disdained woman was as much a matter of disgust to Highbury, the elder, as similar conduct had been to Simon, the Pharisee. That he should go now to see her while all the town was ablaze with the scandal, and, worst of all, that he should venture to ask him, Highbury, merchant, elder, well-to-do,

and one of God's elect, besides, to go with him, was beyond all comprehension. Nevertheless, he looked round anxiously for some logical ground on which to base his refusal. He knew that Whittaker was a man singularly insensible to the logic of worldly prudence in such matters.

"I don't think it would do any good for us to see such a woman," he said, hesitating and reddening.

"Why, you know how tender and forgiving Christ was to such people," answered Whittaker.

Did ever anybody hear such preposterous reasoning? Is Christ to be quoted as an example to a respectable church member nowadays? Christ lived two thousand years ago, or thereabouts, as everybody knows, and the women that were "sinners in the town" in his day were—well, they were Jews, don't you know? Something quite different from wicked people in our time. Highbury felt all this rather than thought it. And what he said was something else.

"I tell you what, Mr. Whittaker, there's great danger of fanaticism in talking that way. We've got to be careful to keep from bringing dishonor on the cause of our Lord Jesus Christ."

"Why, Mr. Highbury, that's just what Christ did all the time. He spent his time in bringing his own cause into disrepute whenever he could do any good by it."

"You talk very well, Mr. Whittaker. But you're not practical. It's the great failing of ministers that they're apt to be unpractical. Now, this is a practical age and I'm a practical man; I know what people say about ministers and such things. And I know it's no use for you to go to see a bad woman."

Here Highbury caught sight of a customer waiting for him and he hurried out to the front part of the store, where he was soon engaged in tearing off "bit calico" and selling coffee and nails and clocks and ribbons and vinegar and boots and clothes-lines and candy. As for Whittaker, he turned away and went to seek the lost alone.

He found Nancy at last, sitting under the bank on a log gazing in dogged sullenness at the water. She had had no breakfast and she did not know or care where she should find shelter. If only she could find some way of gratifying a resentment that was hardening into a desperate and malicious and universal animosity.

"What do you want?" she growled, as he approached.

"I want to do anything I can for you. You'll get sick sitting here with no breakfast. There's rain coming on now."

"That's none of your business."

"Why don't you go back to Haz's?"

"Because his wife's the very devil. Everybody's as bad as bad can be. Roxy Bonamy stold my beau. Everybody fooled weth me. Now everybody hates me, an' Mark, he wont give me no satisfaction, an' Lathers, he tried to make a fool out of me. Rocky Fork folks laughs at me an' town-folks wont come a-nigh me. Dog-on 'em all, I say! I'm agoin' to git squar' some ways. I'll kill some on 'em. See ef I don't. They don't nobody keer fer me, an' I don' keer fer nobody."

Whittaker could not persuade her to go back to Haz's at first. After a while he went himself to mollify Haz's wife. The woman was loud-tongued and not very delicate in her scolding about Nance. But she had great respect for a man that wore good clothes, and she had a certain awe of a minister. By dint of agreeing with her as far as he could, and sympathizing with her in all her troubles and her disgrace, he persuaded her to consent for Nance to come back on condition, as Mrs. Kirtley stated it, that she should "hold her everlastin' jaw."

Then Whittaker returned to Nancy. Perhaps it was the softening effect of his kindness, or the change of mood produced by being obliged to talk, or the sense of utter desertion when Whittaker had walked away without explaining where he was going,—some or all of these had so moved her that when he came back she was crying in hearty fashion. It was a selfish cry, no doubt, but there was at least some touch of half-human feeling in the self-pitying tears.

"Poor woman!" said Whittaker. "God help you! You have got a hard time."

"Haint I, though?" and she wept again. She had come to a point at which pity was grateful to her.

He told her of the compact he had made on her behalf with Mrs. Kirtley that Nancy should go back and not quarrel. But to all his persuasions she returned a negative shake of the head, while she kept on crying. The sense of her shame had at last entered her soul. She felt the loathing with which all the world regarded her. This might result in some good, Whittaker thought.

But the chances were that it would result in desperation and fiendishness unless she could be brought to have a little hope.

The old-fashioned way that he had of thinking about Jesus Christ as though his life and acts were an example for himself, brought about a curious train of reasoning. The girl felt herself an outlaw. She could only be helped as Jesus had healed the outcast. He remembered how the Christ had broken the law by touching a leper. Some one must show a friendly cordiality to this woman who was a sinner, like the one that wept on the feet of the Master. He shrank from the guilty girl in spite of himself. She felt it. He must conquer first the Pharisee in himself. After much hesitation and shrinking he approached her and laid his hand upon her arm. It produced a sudden revulsion.

"Come, you must go with me," he said.

She got up and went with him as she would have gone at that moment with any one good or evil who offered her a return to human fellowship. Luckily for Whittaker's courage, Haz's house was not far away and Slabtown was almost deserted except at steamboat time. He led her in as tenderly as he could if she had been a little child. She immediately crouched weeping in the chimney corner, and Whittaker sat down on a stool by the hearth. He talked with the virago sister-in-law until she became cheerful and offered Nancy some food. Then he shook hands with both of them and departed, the wife of Haz standing in the door and saying as he disappeared:

"Well! Ef that air haint a man now, they haint none. Lord, what a man he is now, ef he is a down-east Yankee! Haint he, Nance?"

But the girl only kept on crying and said nothing.

"You—you haint got a good word fer nobody," broke out Mrs. Kirtley.

But Nancy, weeping still, made no reply. A shower of rain was coming on out-of-doors, and the storm of Mrs. Kirtley's indignation continued to beat within.

CHAPTER LI.

SALVATION BY HOOK AND BY CROOK.

"FATHER MILEY," the old Methodist minister, "superannuated" and living in the town, visited Roxy every day. There was nothing to offer but commonplace consolations and exhortations, but the old

man's gentle words of sympathy and his pathetic prayers did her good while he was with her. Twonnet thought that Whittaker strained his delicacy too far in keeping away so long. She told Roxy something of Whittaker's visit to Mark. And Roxy set herself to wondering also why Mr. Whittaker had not come. But besides his fear of reproach if he should hasten his visit, he was afraid of saying prematurely what he had to say. He sent her some word of friendly sympathy by Twonnet each day. But it was quite possible to one of his cool and reserved temperament to wait till his counsel should be needed.

Roxy had the hardest time of all, in that she had nothing to do. Bonamy, in all his distress, busied himself in settling his business. There was one purpose clearly fixed in his mind. He meant to leave Luzerne. Whether to go by steamboat or by suicide he had not decided, but he was resolved to flee from surroundings that were hateful to him. The embarrassment lay in arranging his affairs so as to provide for the wife who would accept no provision, and to settle also in an honorable way his obligations to the unreasonable and vindictive Nancy.

Nancy's father, moved by some reviving parental affection,—possibly also by some prospect of getting something from Mark,—had taken her back to Rocky Fork, where at least she was free from the taunts of Haz Kirtley's wife, and where she could shut herself in from the sight of her deriding acquaintances. McGowan, too, became a little more peaceable now that Nancy was at home. He postponed his revenge but did not give it up.

All the day following that of Roxy's desertion of Mark's house, she tried in vain to interest herself in some occupation. She went down to the sitting-room with its long clock and its bright rag-carpet, its homely old-fashioned pictures and the window where the honeysuckles grew. She tried as of old to arrange things, but she sank at once into listlessness and fell to looking out of the window at the hills and the sky. Then she asked Jemima for some sewing. But she did not take ten stitches. Her hands lay idle in her lap and she sat for half an hour at a time without making any motion, except to sigh heavily. One cannot take up an old life where it was left off. Roxy was not the same Roxy. The whole memory of what had intervened and the change in her very nature wrought by it, rendered the old life impossible. She

could never more be a young Saint Theresa, romantically longing for martyrdom; she was a full-grown woman with large and sorrowful experience. The girl may be developed into the woman—the woman cannot be repressed into the girl again. It is the inevitable law of all progression in character and experience. The sun will never return a single degree on the dial of Ahaz, for all our praying and turning of our faces to the wall. In this motionless despondency passed the two days following Roxy's return to her father's house. Friends enough came to see her. Most of them volunteered an approval of her course in leaving her husband, and this approval for some reason always hurt her. Some of them angered her by advising a divorce, even assuring her that she should insist on her share of the property. And some who were theologically inclined told her on the authority of certain preachers and commentators that if she had remained with her husband she would have committed a crime herself. From her aversion to this sort of consolation it came that her hours with her friends were even more intolerable than the time of loneliness and listless inactivity. She wished, like the much-be-comforted man in the land of Uz, for a surcease of sympathy.

On the third day, which was Saturday, she became restless. She told her father that she ought to do something. The old eagerness for a definite purpose large enough to tax her energies awakened.

Adams grew uneasy as he saw this restlessness, and went on his own account to ask Whittaker to come and advise her.

"I thought you would have come before," said Roxy, when she saw him.

"Perhaps I ought to have come, but I thought however much you might suffer, you needed the services of a minister least of all. I went especially to the weak and the guilty. I waited until you wanted me. I thought you would rouse yourself after a while, and then may be I could do some good in coming."

"Mr. Whittaker, I want to do something. I shall go mad, if I sit here long and think."

"Of course you must do something. That is natural to you, and it's good that you've come to that so soon. It is a healthy sign."

"What can I do? I cannot interest myself in anything."

"You must work for somebody else. That is your remedy."

"But I don't know anybody that is in trouble. Do you?"

Whittaker was silent for a long time. Then he said, deliberately:

"I only know two people besides yourself in great trouble. You know them."

Roxy colored, and shuddered a little. She tried to understand what this word might signify. It was only after some effort that she could speak.

"You know I can't help *them*."

"I don't see how you can, myself. I half hoped that you could see some way. But if you don't see any, I suppose there is none."

Roxy was about to resent the intimation that she ought to do anything for Mark or Nancy; but something in Whittaker's words impressed her. The habit of conscientious and self-denying action made her mind receptive to any suggestion of difficult duty, and there was comfort in Whittaker's deferential confidence in her.

"Do you think I did wrong, then, to come away? I *couldn't* stay."

"You did just what I should expect of you. I couldn't say more. Twonnet told you, I suppose, that Mark rode hard that day to get home and tell you himself. He was too late, and he deserved all he has suffered. He knows that, and respects—even admires—your course."

"But you don't think I ought to go back."

"I don't think your husband has the slightest claim on you. I only say that I do not see anything but evil in this business, unless you see some way to turn it to good."

"But why am *I* bound to do anything? I haven't done the evil."

"Only because you are the innocent one, and the strong one. But I don't want you to think that I say you are *bound* to do anything. I don't think you are. I am not sure you can do anything. I cannot see at all further than I have said. I'm sure you'll do whatever you find to do, and you have done all one could demand. If there is anything else you can do, it is a matter of privilege, rather than of duty. The highest actions are of that kind."

"I'm afraid you've added to my trouble," she said, as Whittaker rose to go. "But it is very good of you to have so much confidence in me, though it is of no use. I shall never go back to Mark, and I don't see what I can do for him."

"I do not think of any advice I can give.

Do not feel any *ought* about anything. Be as quiet as you can over Sunday. Then, if you feel that you might be helped by any advice of mine on Monday, I will come again. But do not trust my judgment; do not let anybody dictate. Follow the impulse of your own sense of what you can and ought to do. That is the only guide in a case like this." Then, suddenly dropping for an instant his reserve, he took her offered hand, and said, with much feeling: "And God help you, my poor, dear, good friend, and give you peace."

It was the first word of sympathy Roxy had received that touched the great deep of sorrow in her heart. The unexpectedness of the tone, from one so quiet and shy as Whittaker, the instantaneous revelation of intense sympathy, produced a quick reaction in her mood; and when he was gone, she buried her face in her hands, and wept tears that were medicine to her spirit.

With the tears came also, by degrees, the clearer vision that Whittaker looked for. The source of his wise prescience of the action of Roxy's moral nature is not far to seek. A man of high conscience is able to forecast something of the movements of one whose moral orbit is nearly in the same plane. For himself, this whole affair had come so close to him, that it produced a powerful awakening. The half-finished sermon on the subject of "Salvation by Faith Only," on which he had been writing, seemed to him uninteresting. The metaphysics of salvation are not of so much consequence, when one is engaged in the practice of actually saving men. He felt rising in him the rebellion of the practical man against the theoretical, and, had he given expression to his real feelings, he would have discoursed perhaps on "Salvation by Hook or by Crook," so important did it seem to him to save men by any rope or pole that would reach them, rather than to stand philosophizing about it, after the manner of a Reformer or a Church Father of seventy-four guns. He could not preach the sermon; it was like pine shavings in his mouth. It was now too late to write another. He went into the pulpit on Sunday morning, and read the story of the woman that wept on the feet of Jesus in the house of Simon the Respectable, and then he read the parable of the two debtors, spoken to this Deacon Simon Pharisee. It was not a sermon, but something better,—living words out of the living heart of a man. He tried not to be personal, but Highbury

made up his mind that this kind of talking was not suitable to a decorous church, and that he must see that Whittaker's relation with the church in Luzerne should be dissolved. A man who, instead of denouncing the Pharisees,—those people that hated and killed Christ,—should venture to intimate that there were Pharisees nowadays even in churches of his own denomination, was not to be endured. There is no safe ground for a good sound preacher, but to attack ancient wickedness and the sins and superstitions of foreign countries. If he must come closer home, there are denominations rival to his own, that need scathing. But somehow the people in Whittaker's little congregation were very much moved by this sermon, and from that time the church began to fill up, and who does not know that full pews hide heresies?

But that Sunday was no day of rest for Roxy. When Whittaker had suggested that Roxy might do something to help the guilty ones, it was only with a vague notion that any act of forgiveness would do good. He was sincere when he said that he could not see what she could do. It was only his blind faith in the power of Roxy's enthusiasm and high moral aspiration that had awakened this indefinite hope. And all this Sunday long, the old martyr spirit of Roxy's girlhood had been coming back, It was not Texas, now. Why should she, who had always sighed to dare great things and to make great sacrifices,—why should she not now put down her just pride and anger, and, by the sacrifice, save those who had crucified her? Every great possibility is a challenge to an ambitious spirit. She had wanted an extraordinary field, and had dreamed romantic dreams of suffering for Christ. And now Texas had come to her very door!

All that Sunday forenoon Twonnet did not come. Roxy must talk to somebody. She told her step-mother first that she was thinking whether she ought not go back to Mark and help him to do better. Mrs. Adams was surprised, but she only answered "Very likely," which meaningless response irritated Roxy. Jemima thought for her part that men were not to be trusted anyways. There was Judas Iscariot and Benedict Arnold and George the Third, to say nothing of John Tyler, at that very time a "renegade president." And Roxy's father denounced bitterly a plan that he had dreaded from the beginning. Elder Highbury, to make some atonement for having

refused to see Nancy Kirtley, condescended to call on Roxy Bonamy this Sunday afternoon, the store being closed and there being nothing else to do. He assured her that she had done right in leaving, and he hoped she would never go back, because it was the opinion of many good preachers whom he cited that to return to a faithless husband or wife was a great sin. The Methodist class-leader expressed similar views. These opinions from those who did not know that she was meditating such a step staggered and confounded the scrupulous Roxy.

But Mrs. Hanks put the finishing blow to her plan. For she came also, as in duty bound, and she told Roxy confidentially that she thought it very wise not to begin suit for a divorce. Roxy could get her share of the property. But it was better to be forgiving. Mark was a good sort of a fellow, anyhow. A great many women had to forgive such things. A body had to put up with something. Mark was well off and very smart and if Roxy should go back, why, all the property would be hers, and besides, you know, grass widows are not much thought of.

This logic of laxity and pity of the devil made Roxy hate her half-formed purpose to return. It would seem to such people as Mrs. Hanks to be a purely selfish one. And Mrs. Hanks had made it seem so bad to Roxy that she surrendered the thought of returning to her husband. She had tried the cage of circumstance and the bars wounded her but would not yield to all her beating. She sank back again into listless despair. She did not talk, she only sighed.

When darkness came, the father went out to take the air, and the step-mother went to meeting. There were no longer any visitors in the house, and Roxy sat in the old sitting-room with her hands crossed in her lap in a hopelessness that had no ray of light in it. The room was the same as in the years before, but she who had dreamed there of high achievement was now a broken-hearted prisoner of evil circumstance. It seemed to her that the old clock would kill her. It was so long in swinging from one tick to another. What eternities seconds come to be when one sits with hands crossed, the despairing palms upward,—sits thus and sighs with no hope in life but to sit thus and sigh! The “forever—never” of the clock was to Roxy a forever of perdition and a never of hope. Jemima fell into a slumber, while Roxy con-

tinued to watch the slow-beating and awful clock.

Since there was no hope of any great change in Roxy's life, she looked eagerly for small and unimportant interruptions of her sorrow. She wished that her father would come back, or that Mrs. Rachel would return from church. In thus wishing she slowly turned her head toward the front window. It was the very honeysuckle-covered window into which her lover had looked on that day that he brought her the delusive good news.

She turned her eyes in a purposeless way to this window. She quickly pressed her hands across her heart and gasped for breath. There, framed in the darkness of the clouded night, was the face of Mark.

It was close against the window pane, the eager eyes were fastened on her. In an instant more the face had disappeared.

Roxy screamed and fell fainting on the floor. Jemima ran to her assistance. And when later Roxy explained to the family that she had seen Mark's face at the window, they were sure that it was an illusion of her fancy. For, besides the improbability of it, Jemima was facing the window all the time and had seen nothing at all.

But in that one view of the face, Roxy read all the torture that Mark had endured. Contrasted as it was in her mind against the old memory of the happy and hopeful Mark of the missionary days, looking into that very window, it was a vivid picture of hopeless wretchedness. All the mighty pity of her nature was roused. There must be something she could do to draw this wrecked husband of hers out of his living perdition. That long sleepless night she lay and planned, and waited for the morning that she might advise and execute. And with the returning pity and the returning purpose there came into her heart a peace very like the old joy that was natural to her.

CHAPTER LII.

AN EXPEDITION.

WHEN Whittaker rose on Monday morning, he found Adams waiting for him on the porch below. It was but half past five o'clock, but the shoe-maker had waited half an hour already. This sorrow had moved him so deeply that he could no longer disguise his sensitiveness under a rugged and contradictory manner, as was his wont.

“Roxy would like to see you, Mr. Whit-

taker," he said. "And I want to tell you before you go, that I think she is getting a notion that she ought to go back to Mark. I want you to persuade her to stay where she is."

Whittaker hesitated.

"Is it quite fair," he said, after a while, "for you to bargain with a doctor beforehand that he shall prescribe such and such remedies? You must leave me free."

"To be sure, to be sure," grumbled Adams. "But why should you want her to leave her father's house to go back to such a man? Why can't she be comfortable where she is?"

"We have to take things as we find them. You don't grumble at a man for having big or little feet. You have to fit the feet he brings. I leave it to your good sense whether Roxy is likely to be happy at home."

"She was once. I wish she'd staid there."

"But she can't be contented at home now—she can't blot out the years since she was married."

"But think of the humiliation of her going back."

"Yes, I know."

"You are going to advise her to go back, I suppose?"

"No, I can't do that. That is a hard road, and I don't know how strong she is. Let her take her own course; right for one is wrong for another. She is an extraordinary woman, Mr Adams."

Adams made no reply, and they took their way to his house. Roxy was pacing the floor when they came in.

"Mr. Whittaker," she said anxiously, "Mr. Highbury says, and other people say, that it would be a sin for me to forgive Mark, and to go back. I want you to tell me what you think about it."

"It's never wrong to do good. The whole of Christianity is forbearance and forgiveness."

"I am going back to Mark, then," she said, swiftly. "He looked through that window at me last night, and his face was so wretched that I couldn't sleep all night. Surely it can't be wrong to help him out of his misery."

"There is no law against your trying to be as forgiving and as good as God. You must judge whether you can finish this task you are undertaking."

Roxy gave her arms an excited twitch, stretching them downward their full length.

Her eyes shone with a feverish luster, and Whittaker could not but observe that dilation of the nostrils and wide openness of the eyelids that expressed a deep and eager excitement. After a while she spoke, in a lower voice.

"Where is Nancy Kirtley?"

"She is at her father's."

Roxy looked puzzled.

"I must see her first," she said. "I have a plan, and I must see her."

Whittaker looked in her eyes. The lids drooped over pupils that seemed drawn to a point. He half-guessed the purpose she was trying to conceal.

"Dear friend," he said, "I think I know what your plan is. It is a hard road you are about to travel. Better to draw back now than to make matters worse by failure, after a while. I dare not advise you to do such a thing. It frightens me to think of it."

"Will there be anything wrong in it?"

"No. But are you able to do it? Are you able to drink this cup and be baptized with this baptism? As for the act you are thinking of in regard to Nancy, it is the noblest possible."

"I would like to do the noblest thing possible, and God helping me, I am going to try." Again she twitched her arms and paced the floor. "Don't discourage me. I know it will be hard. Give me all the encouragement you can. Tell me that God will help."

"Indeed he will. Indeed he will," said Whittaker, in a husky voice. The tone of entreaty in which Roxy had spoken deeply moved all in the room. Jemima was standing by the door wiping her eyes with her apron, and Adams was looking out of the window through the tears he could neither keep back nor conceal.

"Promise that you will not let me faint by the way—that you'll give a word of encouragement or reproof, if I falter. For I tell you, Mr. Whittaker, I've thought all night about this, and, let it cost what it will, I mean to undo this evil. If God helps me, I'll live and die to overcome it. This is my work, for the rest of my time. Now I have found it, do not say anything to keep me from it."

"God forbid!" said Whittaker. But he bowed his head upon his hand.

"Roxy," said the old shoe-maker, "you didn't do this thing—this trouble is none of your making. What do you concern yourself about it for? All sinners have to suffer, and Mark only suffers what he deserves."

It touched Roxy to hear her father assume a pleading tone. It had never been his custom, in speaking to her, to speak otherwise than with authority.

"You are wrong, father," she said, putting her hand tremblingly upon his arm. She had never caressed him so much within her memory. "Mark is not the only one to blame. If I had been wiser, and kinder, and gentler than I was, it would not have happened. It is my fault. If I had only known—if I had only known! You are too hard on Mark, all of you." She turned toward Whittaker as she uttered this last word.

"It is the best sign that you will succeed, Roxy, that you can extenuate his fault. That is a true sign of forgiveness," said Whittaker.

"Come right along to breakfast," said Jemima. "The biscuits is gettin' cold."

But she said this with so much pathos that her inflection was ludicrously out of keeping with the subject of biscuits.

The old shoe-maker went out the door and away to his work fasting. Nothing was so intolerable to him as his own sensibility. Whittaker refused the invitation to breakfast and took his leave. When he had gone out of the house he could not think where Roxy would get a horse for her journey. But just in front of Lefaure's house he met old Bob riding Roxy's own saddle-horse. For Bob had taken advantage of the present disorder of the Bonamy place to treat himself to many and various luxuries. Among others was that of riding when he came into the town on an errand. Besides the pleasure of a motion that cost him no effort, it suited his dignity to ride.

"Hello, Bob!" said Whittaker, "how's Mr. Bonamy?"

"Po'ly sah, mighty po'ly. Walks roun' de house mos' all night, sah."

"I see you ride a good deal, Bob," said the minister, mischievously. "Do you have rheumatism?"

"Yes sah, I'se pow'ful weak dese times, sah. But I rides 'cause de hoss needs de ex'e'cise."

"I think Mrs. Bonamy wants that horse to-day, Bob."

"She do?" Bob's eyes grew to saucers.

"You just come in here and I'll give you a side-saddle and then you take the horse over to Mrs. Bonamy and tell her I sent you."

Bob's ardent wish had been that Roxy should return. Now he was like those that dream as he put on the horse an old side-

saddle of Mrs. Lefaure's and conveyed the "clay-bank colt," as he called the horse, over to Roxy.

Roxy had yielded to the entreaties of Jemima and was endeavoring to swallow a cup of coffee when the sight of Bob at the kitchen door made her start with surprise and gave her a feeling of pain and pleasure.

"Good morning, Bob," she said.

"Good mornin' Mis' Roxy. I'se pow'ful glad to see you ag'in. It's awful solemcholy down to ou' house dese days."

"How's Mr. Bonamy?"

"Well, now, to tell de trufe, or'y kinder middlin' and sorter fah like you know." Bob thought it best to be diplomatically non-committal. "I see Mr. Whittaker jis now and he thought you mout like to use Dick to-day and I fatch him over for you."

"I do want Dick. Just leave him tied out there, Bob."

"You fetch him home yo'self, Mis' Roxy? Or you want me to come ahtah him?"

"I'll fetch him."

"Good Lorgoramity!" said Bob, and his chuckling exclamation as he turned away did Roxy good. It was the beginning of new things.

She needed the encouragement of a good omen in her long ride over the rocky roads that day. Part of the road she had traveled in happier days on her way to quarterly meetings, and the rest she found by inquiring her way from one little hamlet, or country store, or blacksmith's shop, to another. Behind her she left the village in a state of vague and violent surmise. Bonamy's wife had been seen riding out of town on her own horse. What could it mean? Mrs. Tartrum appointed herself a committee of one to inquire of Rachel Adams at her shop, but as Mrs. Adams did not know for what purpose Roxy had gone to see Nancy, Mother Tartrum set afloat a surmise which soon deepened into a certainty, that Roxy had gone in search of evidence for a divorce suit.

But ever as Roxy left the better farm-houses and more cultivated farms of the hill country next the river, and penetrated into the hollows where the ground was steep and rocky and the people ignorant and thriftless, there came over her a spirit of depression and fear. She shrunk from the burden of this day as a martyr from the stake. And as she drew nearer to the Kirtley house, she suffered her horse to move more and more slowly over the rough road. But at last she rode up to the fence

of what she was sure must be Gid Kirtley's cabin. Her heart beat violently. There was no stile, and no one to help her dismount. The smoke curled lazily out of the barrel that formed the top of the stick chimney. The dogs barked in a half-threatening and half-indifferent way, baying awhile and then lying down again, seeming to take turns in making a noise. Roxy looked all around the inhospitable house in vain for some one to assist her. The place had a hostile and sinister appearance. She felt faint and weak, and almost regretful that she had undertaken so difficult a mission. She dismounted at last on a corner of the rickety fence of rails and then jumped down to the ground, and tied her horse herself, the dogs smelling her garments and bristling a little angrily all the time.

From the cabin window Nance had watched her.

"There's that blamed Roxy Bonamy," she said to her mother. "What's she come fer? No good, I'll bet."

"I low I'll go and help her off her hoss," said the old woman.

"No you wont, nuther. Let her help herself. Them town women thinks everybody orter run after 'em. She's come to sass me, I s'pose. Likern't she means to kill me. I'll show her."

And the desperate Nancy seized a stout butcher knife and hid it beneath her apron. "Now let her look out," she said. And she seated herself on the corner of the hearth.

Roxy, environed by dogs, knocked at the door. The old woman raised the latch and opened it slowly, saying, coldly:

"Howdy. Walk in."

"Is Nancy Kirtley here, I want to see her?" said Roxy.

"Thar she is."

Nancy sat sullen on the hearth. The old woman gave Roxy a chair. Then she lit her pipe and sat down herself.

"You're having a hard time, Nancy," said Roxy.

"What's that your business?" said Nancy.

"Well, I thought may be I could help you," said Roxy, but all hope seemed to die out of her heart as she spoke.

"They can't nobody help *me*. They wont nobody look at me no more. The gals all larfs at me bekaise they're so glad I'm out of their way. And the young fellers, they wont be seed here no more. Thar's even Jim McGowan wont look at

me no more. An' it's all along of you and your man. Ugh! I'll git even yet!" Nancy spoke the last with a sudden burst of angry fire, with her teeth shut and her fist shaken in Roxy's face.

"Nancy, I think I can help you out of your troubles. I'm going back to live with my husband and I want to help you, too."

"You're goin' back! You're goin' back! An' me, I'm left out here, poor and larfed at, an' then when my baby's born, everybody'll larf at it, too. Blame you all! It's too confounded mean." And Nancy began to cry.

"But I think I can fix a plan so that nobody will laugh at you or at your child. You are young yet, and you are so handsome."

Roxy said this not with a purpose to flatter the girl, but almost involuntarily, for, despite the trouble Nancy had suffered, and the scowl on her face, there was a beauty about it that Roxy could not but acknowledge. The compliment went far toward softening Nancy. Roxy now drew her chair a little toward Nancy's, but the other drew back, afraid of some treachery.

"Nancy," said Roxy, standing up, "I want to talk to you in private. I wont hurt you, poor girl."

Nancy in turn was impressed. She felt Roxy's superiority and mastery much as an animal might. As she had drawn her chair, now, close against the jamb, she could not draw it away from Roxy any farther. Roxy planted her own chair close by Nancy's. She had determined to conquer all shrinking and disgust. She sat down by the girl, who now turned her head and looked sullenly into the fire, clutching the knife under her apron, so as to be ready if there should be need of defense.

Roxy began to whisper in her ear. She told Nancy how much she had hated her when she saw her that day with Mark's watch-seal and testament, and heard what she had to tell. She told her how she had felt since, how she could not sleep at night. All of this made Nancy uneasy, but it accomplished what Roxy meant it should. It opened the way for an understanding. Then she told about Mark's looking in at the window, and of what she had thought in the night, and how she wanted to help Nancy, and how the people at home didn't want her to.

It was hard for Nancy to understand this. She had in herself no alphabet by which she could spell out the exercises of

a mind like Roxy's; but she did get from this confession a sense of the superior goodness of the woman who talked to her. Her suspicions were gradually lulled, and her resentment toward Roxy became by degrees less keen. In fact, since Mark had rebuffed her, and she had come to understand her situation, she had been more anxious to find means of escape, than even to find opportunity for revenge.

"Now," said Roxy, "I want to help you."

"You can't do nothin'," said Nancy in dejection. "Mark'll give me money, but money wont do no good, plague on it! I might 'a' married Jim McGowan, a good-hearted feller, and that fond o' me. But here I am, an' who'll look at me now? Wy, the ugliest gal on Rocky Fork's got a better show'n I have."

Roxy leaned over and whispered again. Nancy listened intently. Then she started a little.

"You wouldn't do that! You dурсent do it! You dурсent take it yourself!"

Again Roxy whispered to her.

"You don't mean it!" broke out Nancy. "You're a-foolin' weth me! I wont be fooled weth any more!"

But Roxy, intent now on her purpose, laid her right hand on Nancy's left, gently clasped it, and whispered again in her ear.

"Will you kiss the book on that air?" asked the suspicious Nancy, looking Roxy full in the face.

"Yes, to be sure I will. I'll do what I say."

"I'll git the book. You've got to sw'ar to it."

Nancy rose from her seat eagerly, and the knife fell from under her apron upon the hearth. The clatter attracted Roxy's attention, and Nancy turned red.

"I hadn't orter 'a' done it," she said, "but I 'lowed may be you was agoin' to do me some harm."

But Roxy could hardly make out that Nancy had concealed the knife as a weapon.

Nancy brought out Mark's Testament. Seeing Roxy shudder, she apologized.

"We haint got no other Bible, an' as this 'ere is his'n, it's jest as well. I don't know jest how to do," she said, puzzled, "but I reckon this'll do. You sw'ar on this book that you'll do what you promised."

"I swear on this book that I'll do what I've promised. So help me God!" Roxy's voice trembled. Nancy held up the Testament, and Roxy kissed it.

After a while, the old woman had her early dinner of pork and cabbage on the table, and pressed Roxy to eat. She could not eat, but she drank a little of Mrs. Kirtley's sassafras tea, for the sake of peace. The old man had been duly called, by the blowing of a tin horn, and he wondered not a little at the amity between his daughter and Mrs. Bonamy. Nancy was more and more fascinated by Roxy's friendliness. She was hungry now for just such human recognition. Not very capable of moral distinction, she was yet very full of feeling, and there was growing up in her mind a great sense of gratitude to Roxy as her deliverer,—that gratitude which strongly affects even dumb brutes sometimes. Nancy sat by Roxy at the table, urged her with the rude hospitality of the country to eat, and wondered more and more at a magnanimity that was beyond her comprehension. After dinner, though Roxy was in haste to be away, Nancy detained her while she herself put some corn in a pail and fed the clay-bank colt.

At last Roxy told the old woman goodbye, and then held out her hand to Nancy. Nancy took it—held it a moment, while her face twitched and her whole frame trembled. She felt her own humiliation deeply, in her growing worship of Roxy, and she had an almost animal desire to be petted and caressed, greatly intensified since she had felt herself outcast.

"Would you mind—" here she looked down and stammered—"would you mind —kissin' a poor thing like me, jist once, you know?"

In that moment Roxy remembered the words that Whittaker had spoken that morning—"There is no law against your trying to be as forgiving and as good as God;" but for an instant her woman's heart held her back from the guilty girl. A sense of the wrong she herself had endured, rose up in her. But she repeated to herself the words: "To be as forgiving as God," and then folded her arms about Nancy, who wept upon her shoulder—a poor dumb thing, beaten upon and driven of tempestuous passions, but susceptible at last to good influence that came to her through her sensibilities—through shame and defeat and forgiveness and deliverance.

The old man Kirtley had perceived dimly that for some reason Roxy Bonamy was to be treated as a friend. So he held the bridle of her horse while she mounted from the fence corner. Then when she was about

to ride off Nancy came close to the horse and said:

"I'm agoin' to send the ole man over to tell Jim McGowan. He's awful mad and I've been expectin' that any day he'd shoot somebody."

"I wish you would," said Roxy.

"You and me 'll always be frien's," said Nance.

"Yes, indeed we will, Nancy." And Roxy, worn with fatigue and excitement, rode away now to the other part of her

task. Sometimes during her long ride her heart rebelled when she thought that she had embraced Nancy. But she repeated to herself, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these ye did it unto me." She had often in revival meetings entreated people to "embrace Christ." But even now in her mental and physical depression it dawned upon her that she herself had never before in so full a sense embraced the Christ as when she had taken Nancy into her bosom.

(To be continued.)

THE ENGADINE.

HELD aloft by the massive mountains which supply the Rhine, the Danube and the Po—in the very heart of the Alps—lies the most elevated valley of Europe that is permanently inhabited during winter and summer. A place of refuge for the Etruscans, traversed and subdued by the Romans, penetrated—so tradition says—by the Saracens, often the field of battle for French and Austrians from an early period of their history up to the wars of the Revolution,—it was nevertheless little known or forgotten by the busy world at large in recent times, until within a period of some fifteen or twenty years.

Abounding in the most magnificent and varied scenery, enjoying an atmosphere and climate impossible to excel, possessing mineral waters known for centuries and of the most valuable tonic properties; it was some fifteen years ago a most primitive Alpine valley, frequented by a few Swiss and German invalids, who regarded their brief sojourn almost as we now would a summer spent amid the recesses of the Caucasus. Then probably not more than four or five hundred strangers visited the valley each summer, and the rudest accommodations were alone at their disposal. Now large and good hotels abound; the roads swarm with diligences, carriages and pedestrians; many thousands of visitors of all nations—from America to Russia and India, from England to Southern Italy and Greece; of all ranks—from reigning sovereign to the humble peasant—are to be found there every summer. From all parts of the civilized world physicians send thither alike delicate women, and men worn down by mental toil, or the effects of climate and

disease, to breathe the life-giving air and drink the invigorating waters. Nor are invalids the only frequenters of the place, for every year come multitudes of tourists to enjoy the glorious scenery of the glacier-covered mountains and the verdant valleys. Many who read these lines will already have divined that the spot of which we write can be none other than the Engadine—the upper valley of the Inn, whose actual source is in the little lake of Lugni, high up on Mount Longhino, overlooking the south-western end of the valley and the pass of Maloya. This valley is in the south-eastern corner of Switzerland, bordering on Italy to the south and west, and on the Tyrol to the east. It runs from south-west to north-east, and is about fifty-five miles long, from the Maloya to Martinsbruck. Near Zernetz, about half way of its length, is the point of separation between the upper and lower Engadine; it is with the former that we mainly have to do at present. The south-western end of the valley has an elevation of some 6,060 feet above the sea, while at Zernetz it has fallen to about 5,400 feet. Almost midway of its length, at the village of St. Moritz, the upper Engadine is crossed at right angles by a range of hills, through which the Inn forces a narrow passage. Below this barrier the valley consists of a succession of grass meadows; above it is mainly occupied by a series of lakes. Beginning at St. Moritz, the lakes are called St. Moritz, Campfer, Silva Plana and Sils. Of these the first is the smallest, being about a mile and a quarter in length, by half a mile in breadth; at its lower end the Inn dashes over a very pretty fall. Lake Sils is the largest of the

series,—more than three miles long and nearly a mile broad.

It would be difficult to find anything more lovely, and at the same time more grand, than these little lakes of brilliant green, bordered by groves of larch and pine, here with green meadows stretching to the water's edge, there a bold promontory of rock jutting into the lake, often with pretty little villages nestling on the bank under shelter of lofty mountain sides, which sometimes rise sheer up into the region of perpetual snow, the whole overtopped by a pure and brilliant blue sky. The mountains around the Engadine are as remarkable as the valley itself, for probably nowhere else in Switzerland are there so close together so many mountains exceeding 10,000 feet in altitude; while just beyond the southern border of the valley they attain in the Bernina range an elevation of nearly 14,000 feet; and in the number, extent and beauty of the glaciers this region fairly rivals the Bernese Oberland and the region of Mont Blanc.

Protected as it is against the cold winds by lofty barriers, and at the same time exposed to currents of warm air from Italy, its climate is milder than that of corresponding elevations in the Bernese Oberland. For example, the limit of perpetual snow is here about 9,500 feet instead of 8,200 feet; the pine grows at an elevation of 6,600 feet, the larch at more than 7,000 feet; grain grows at an elevation of nearly 2,000 feet greater than in Northern Switzerland. Nevertheless, in the lake region of the Engadine nothing grows save grass, multitudes of wild flowers, some wild berries, the larch and pine. There is no cultivation of the soil, except for hay and some small, carefully protected garden-patches in the most sheltered villages.

The following table will give a better and more accurate idea of the temperature than any description in words:

MEAN TEMPERATURE AT ST. MORITZ DURING THE SEASON, FROM OBSERVATIONS FOR EIGHT YEARS, FROM 1867 TO 1874.—FAHR.

Month.	7 a. m.	F. P. 80.	9 p. m.	Mean Daily Temperature	Daily Variation of Temperature
June	46.04	57.02	44.65	49.2	12.37
July	51.51	63.46	50.27	55.03	23.38
August	46.31	58.69	47.80	50.92	13.38
September	41.27	55.83	45.95	47.68	14.56
Mean	46.28	58.75	47.17	50.78	12.47

EXTREME DAILY TEMPERATURE DURING THE SEASON AT ST. MORITZ, AND GREATEST DAILY VARIATION.—FAHR.

Year	Minimum.		Maximum.		Greatest Daily Variation.	
	De- gres.	Date.	De- gres.	Date.	De- gres.	Date.
1867	36.14	June 17	60.6	Aug. 11	21.06	Aug. 12
1868	32.9	August 31	71.24	July 21	25.2	Sept. 4
1869	37.4	August 24	73.04	July 30	25.92	Aug. 24
1870	34.16	August 31	76.3	July 7	26.1	Sept. 20
1871	33.26	September 20	72.8	July 19	22.7	Aug. 29
1872	36.5	{ June 10, 11, 20	77.9	July 28	26.46	Sept. 13
1873	37.76	August 3	72.7	July 31	23.94	Sept. 12
1874	32.54	June 15	74.3	July 4	25.00	Sept. 2

The season is from the middle of June to the middle of September, but the month of October is usually delightful. The heavy snows begin to fall, as a rule, about the 10th of November, and the ground remains covered with snow until the end of April; the average length of time during which it remains covered being five months and twenty-two days. During the season, about two-thirds of the time it is dry and clear; on the remaining days more or less rain falls.

There are often heavy dews in the early morning; but fogs are less frequent than in other places of the same elevation.

In the lateral valley of Bevers—the coldest locality in the vicinity—the mean annual temperature is from 35.6° to 41° Fahr.; the mean temperature of June, July and August is about 53.5°; September, October and November, about 39°; December, January and February, 17.6°; March, April and May, 35.6°; and in winter the thermometer sometimes falls to 13° below zero. During the depth of winter the weather is usually clear and dry.

At all seasons of the year the hygrometer indicates a very dry condition of the atmosphere.

The springs or baths of St. Moritz are the center of attraction in the valley. These mineral springs are four in number, although only two are as yet in use. These are known as the "Old Spring," and the "New" or "Paracelsus Spring." They are quite similar, except that the old spring is the more abundant and is mainly employed for the baths, while the new spring is a little stronger and is used for drinking.

Like Schwalbach and Spa, they belong to the so-called steel springs, and while they contain a little less of iron than those just mentioned, yet the amount is still in excess of that which can be absorbed by the system, and in consequence of the effect of the

high mountain air, they produce much more marked results. The waters contain a great deal of free carbonic acid gas, as well as iron, the carbonates of lime, magnesia, and soda, chloride of sodium, some sulphates, a

applicable are exceedingly numerous, and a strong proof of their efficacy may perhaps be found in the fact that most of those who have passed one season there for the benefit of their health become very much attached



VIEW OF ST. MORITZ, LOOKING EAST.

little phosphoric acid, and traces of iodine, bromine, fluorine, barytes, arsenic, and copper. The waters are very agreeable to the taste and are quite cold,—the old spring having a temperature of 42° Fahr., the new about 40° ,—so that in many cases it is necessary to warm the water somewhat for the use of the patients.

As a matter of course, some visitors content themselves with the benefit derived from the mountain air; some only drink the waters, some bathe, others do both. These waters are not prescribed in cases where there is any serious organic difficulty, or for patients of a plethoric tendency and disposed to congestion, or in inflammatory diseases; but they are of great efficacy in cases of nervous disturbance, dyspepsia, debility arising from overwork, from lack or thinness of blood, or from the effects of ordinary diseases. The cases in which they are properly

to the place and gladly return year after year. The baths are taken at a temperature of from 80° to 90° , according to circumstances, and the patients remain in them from ten to thirty minutes. From the quantity of carbonic acid gas the waters contain, the baths are simply delicious, and are not unfrequently compared to baths of champagne. The bathing tubs and all the arrangements connected with them are simple, but kept scrupulously clean, and the attendance is very good.

In connection with the waters, a good deal of exercise is usually ordered by the physicians, and as walking "between drinks" is strongly insisted upon, the grounds in front of the Curhaus present a singularly animated spectacle during the hours when most of the imbibing is practised. For then and there you meet princes and commoners,—representatives in fact from all parts of the world,

of all avocations in life, and of all the better classes of society. You may see an English earl chatting with some German frau; a handsome Italian officer flirting with a belle from California; some Russian polyglot making himself agreeable to a charming

of the Canton Grisons. This may be reached by rail from Zurich and Lake Constance, or by diligence from Andermath by the Oberalp Pass and the picturesque valley of the "Vorder Rhein." From Chur to St. Moritz the old road crossed the Churwalden Pass to Tiefenkasten in the valley of the Albula Rhine. The new road ascends the main Rhine valley to Reichenau, at the confluence of the two main branches, there enters the valley of the "Hinter Rhein," and enters the lovely valley of the Domlesch after passing through a narrow gorge,—where among other ruins one may see an excellent example of the manner in which the noble tax-gatherers of mediæval times closed the passage so completely that no traveler could proceed on his way unless by dint of hard blows or ample payment. This fertile and highly cultivated valley is studded with numerous castles, some of which are still well preserved and inhabited. At the extremity of the Domlesch, the road reaches the village of Thusis,—most picturesquely situated at the very entrance of the Via Mala, just where its sister, the Schyn Pass, meets it. Here the traveler will do well to spend a night, to enable him to see the magnificent gorge of the Via Mala,—a matter of two or three hours. The St. Moritz road now crosses the Hinter Rhein and enters the Albula valley through the Schyn Pass,—a wild and beautiful gorge, very similar in character to the Via Mala, and not much inferior to it in grandeur and beauty. Beyond the Schyn you come upon the little village of Tiefenkasten, once a Roman station. Here we meet the old Churwalden road from Chur, and hence to St. Moritz are two roads—by the Julier and Albula Passes. The former is probably the more frequented of the two, and passes directly through the quaint old village of Tiefenkasten. A sharp ascent through pleasant fields leads to a deep and narrow gorge,—like the Schyn and Via Mala,—high along whose steep sides the skillful engineers have made an excellent road. Here, as in the Via Mala, one sees from time to time, traces of the old Roman road. Now the valley widens, and is well cultivated, though chiefly in hay, and dotted



BATHS OF ST. MORITZ.

Frenchwoman; statesmen exchanging confidences as they walk; rich, but not attractive bankers, who evidently feel their own importance, though they do not look it; princes and princesses from Rome, Naples and Milan; and, most charming of all, perhaps, some graceful and accomplished Venetian countess, looking as if she ought to have lived when there was a Titian to hand down her likeness to after ages.

The first sketch is taken from the mountain side south of the Curhaus, and shows in the distance, the bare peaks of the Munteratsch. The next sketch shows the Curhaus and a portion of the bath buildings, with the Surlei peak in the background; the two together give a good general idea of the location of the establishment.

St. Moritz may be approached by several routes, first, from Chur, or Coire, the capital

of the Albula valley through the Schyn Pass,—a wild and beautiful gorge, very similar in character to the Via Mala, and not much inferior to it in grandeur and beauty. Beyond the Schyn you come upon the little village of Tiefenkasten, once a Roman station. Here we meet the old Churwalden road from Chur, and hence to St. Moritz are two roads—by the Julier and Albula Passes. The former is probably the more frequented of the two, and passes directly through the quaint old village of Tiefenkasten. A sharp ascent through pleasant fields leads to a deep and narrow gorge,—like the Schyn and Via Mala,—high along whose steep sides the skillful engineers have made an excellent road. Here, as in the Via Mala, one sees from time to time, traces of the old Roman road. Now the valley widens, and is well cultivated, though chiefly in hay, and dotted

with many villages. The surrounding peaks are lofty, bare and sharp; frequent fields of snow, and many small glaciers are seen from point to point.

At length we reach the pretty little village of Molins—in the very depths of the valley, where a bold mountain stream comes dashing down a ravine from the right; a walk of a mile or so up this ravine affords quite a fine view of the bold, sharp peak of Platta.

Through forests and meadows—always close by the Oberhalbstein Rhine, here a succession of bold cascades—the road gradually ascends to Bivio; whose name, almost unchanged from the Roman *Bivium*, indicates its situation at the forks of the old Roman roads to the Julier and Septimer Passes, and at the very foot of both. The bridge crosses the Oberhalbstein a little beyond Molins, and the ruined keep of Spludetsch is situated on a hill near by.

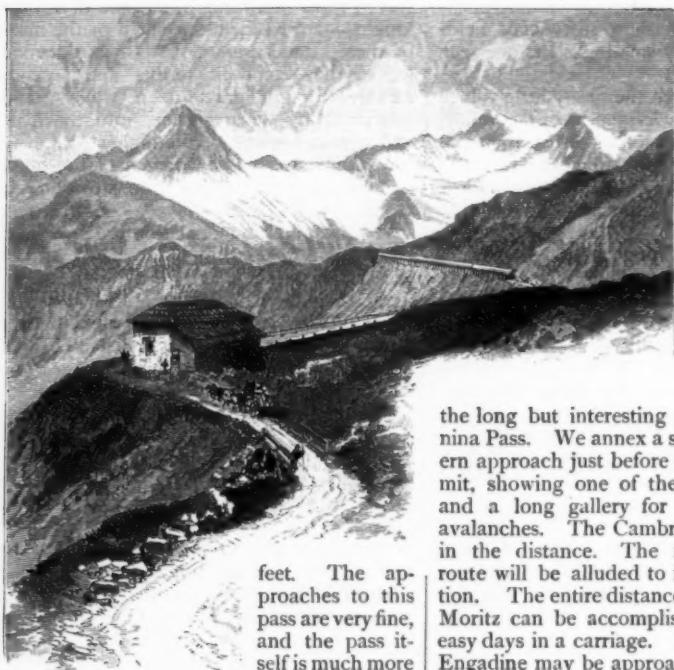
A short distance beyond this, and on the opposite side of the river, high up on the mountain-side, close under an overhanging cliff, and in a position well-nigh inaccessible, are to be seen the well-pre-

served ruins of Marmels, a castle of robber knights—an excellent specimen of the nests of these human eagles. At Bivio, our road leaves the region of forests and ascends rapidly through grass-grown valleys, and afterward by sharp zigzags into the bare and savage regions of the higher Alps. In the early summer the wildness of the landscape—composed of great masses of rock, cascades and glaciers—is to a certain extent relieved by the abundance of forget-me-nots and Alpine roses, which grow here in the greatest luxuriance, and with the most brilliant coloring. The very summit of the pass, 7,625 feet above the sea, is marked by two venerable, weather-stained, lichen-covered pillars, of rough workmanship and uncertain date. Some attribute them to an ancient Celtic temple of the sun; others give them a Roman origin. From the summit, the road rapidly descends to Silva Plana, commanding at every turn, noble views of the Bernina range and of the valley of the lakes.

The other road from Tiefenkasten follows the Albula Valley, in the midst of beautiful scenery to the Albula Pass, which it crosses at an elevation of something more than 7,700



WEISSENSTEIN IN THE ALBULA PASS.



BERNINA PASS AND THE CAMBRENA
GLACIER.

feet. The approaches to this pass are very fine, and the pass itself is much more savage than the

Julier; in winter,

it is impracticable, while the Julier is always open.

This road descends into the Engadine at Ponte, a few miles below Samaden. By either route, Chur is distant from St. Moritz about thirteen hours by the diligence, or two easy days in a carriage.

From Lake Como, St. Moritz may be reached either by Chiavenna and the Maloya Pass, or by Sondrio, Tirano and the Bernina Pass.

The first route follows the Bregaglia Valley from Chiavenna to the foot of the Maloya. This valley presents a succession of lovely views; in the lower portion the scenery is quite Italian in its character; but when near the Maloya it has become quite Alpine in its nature, as may be seen by the view on page 646, representing the little village of Casaccia. By this route it is only about ten hours from the head of Lake Como to St. Moritz.

The second route from Italy leaves Lake Como at Colico and ascends the beautiful Velteline Valley by Sondrio to Tirano. Here the road enters the lateral valley of Poschiavo, and, in the midst of enchant-

ing views, soon reaches the lovely little Lake Poschiavo, on whose banks the excellent hotel of La Présé affords a good halting-place, shown in the sketch on the next page. A short distance beyond the lake our road traverses the fine and thriving town of Poschiavo, and soon after commences

the long but interesting ascent of the Bernina Pass. We annex a sketch of the southern approach just before reaching the summit, showing one of the houses of refuge and a long gallery for protection against avalanches. The Cambrena Glacier is seen in the distance. The remainder of this route will be alluded to in another connection. The entire distance from Colico to St. Moritz can be accomplished in three very easy days in a carriage. From the Tyrol the Engadine may be approached either by the Stelvio Pass to Bormio and Tirano, and thence over the Bernina, or from Nauders by Martinsbruck and Tarasp up the valley of the Inn. At Tarasp are mineral springs which of late years have been much frequented.

In the upper Engadine the accommodations for visitors are now ample, for not only are there three large and excellent hotels immediately at the Springs, but at the various villages, as, for instance, Sils, Sils Maria, Silva Plana, Campfer, St. Moritz, Celerina, Samaden, and Pontresina, there are good hotels, as well as numerous boarding-houses and furnished apartments of every grade. From the fact that all supplies must be brought from a distance, the prices at St. Moritz have always been somewhat high; but with the great additions recently made to the capacity for lodging visitors, it is probable that hereafter the charges may be more moderate. The roads in the vicinity are excellent, and there is always a good supply of one and two horse carriages for hire at not extortionate prices. As the mornings are devoted to the baths and to drinking the waters, and as dinner is served at the primitive hour of half-past twelve, the afternoon is generally devoted to excursions in carriages or on foot.

In the crowded season one must always order the carriage the evening before, so great is the demand for them. Depending upon the number and composition of our party, we employed either one of the large carriages for six persons, or else one or more "einspanners," as the one-horse vehicles are called wherever the German language is spoken. Somewhere between two and three o'clock we would collect our forces and start on our expedition, wherever that might be. Let us take Sils Maria as our destination.

The road is that of the Julier as far as Silva Plana; thence that of the Maloya. Leaving the Curhaus, we follow the right bank of the Inn (here called the Sela) along a green meadow for a third of a mile or so, then cross by a wooden bridge, and soon enter the narrow gorge through which the river forces its way for nearly half a mile between the low wooded hills that here quite block up the valley. This gorge possesses singular beauty; its walls are here and there precipitous, but seldom so much so as to prevent the growth of grass and a thick cover of pine and larch; the stream itself is here, perhaps, twenty yards wide, very swift, often forming cascades and rapids of perfectly clear water, with many rocks and pretty little islands in its turbulent course. Emerging from the defile, you have before you an extensive meadow of the most brilliant green, sloping gently down to the lovely Lake Campfer—a placid sheet, surrounded by lofty mountains. Immediately on the left is the lofty wooded promontory

of Crestalta, surmounted by a conspicuous *café*, much resorted to by pedestrians, especially those of the Teutonic race; high above this are the glacier-covered peaks of the Rosatch and Corvatsch, rising more than 5,000 feet above the lake; to the right the equally high peaks of the Julier Munteratsch, Nair, etc.; far in the background the huge black serrated ridge of Margua, all its gorges packed with snow and ice; and still further on the Septimer and its comrades, who look down into the Brigaglia.

Not much more than a mile from the defile of the Inn stretches out a charming little promontory, covered with grass and trees, which separates the lakes of Campfer and Silva Plana. The most indifferent to natural beauty will pause for a while here to enjoy the noble landscape. A sharp bend to the right brings you to the foot of a lateral valley, across which the road passes and ascends slightly to the quaint old village of Campfer, at the foot of the approach to the Suvretta Valley. When we first knew Campfer, twelve years ago, there were no evidences of change within a hundred years or so. The houses were all of the old-fashioned, substantial Engadine pattern: massive stone structures, sometimes of several stories, with numerous little windows cut through the thick walls, more like embrasures in a fortification than anything else; quaint little bow-windows, usually triangular in shape, and of heavily carved wood, projecting here and there; the stables sometimes in the lower part of the house,



LA PRÉSÉ, LAKE POSCHIAVO.



VIEW FROM SILVA PLANA, LOOKING TOWARD THE MALOYA; CASACCIA IN THE FOREGROUND.

sometimes close by the side of the dwelling-place; over the door-way an inscription indicating that Johann Somebody erected the structure somewhere in the sixteenth, seventeenth, or eighteenth century, and above, conspicuously painted on the façade, a long quotation from the Bible, and in simple, fervent words a brief dedication of the house and its inhabitants to the protection of the Deity.

But within the last four or five years the march of modern improvement and the love of gain have invaded even the stagnant little village of which we write. Two new hotels, with all the comforts demanded by modern travel,—reading-rooms, billiard-tables, parlors, etc.,—have sprung up as if by magic in its midst; the little loophole windows are being enlarged to accommodate modern sashes; new buildings are erected for boarding-houses and apartments, and it is clear that here, as at St. Moritz and so many of its neighbors, the quaint old Grison village is rapidly degenerating into an ornamental trap for the capture of the American, the Briton, the Teuton, and the Gaul. The inevitable placards announcing “Appartements meublés,” “Pension,” “Table d’Hôte,” etc., now greet the eye in almost every village of the vicinity. Traversing the only

street of Campfer, and in front of the pleasant-looking “Julier Hof,” or “Julier Hotel,” our road continues along the foot of the mountain on the northern side of the valley, always at some little distance above the shore of the lake, and after passing the base of the dividing promontory already alluded to, reaches the shore of the Silva Plana Lake, along which it runs until the village of Silva Plana is attained. This village is larger and more attractive than Campfer. The little post-inn of twelve years ago has now expanded into a large hotel of considerable pretension; several smaller inns and boarding-houses exist, but there remain unchanged a good many of the better class of native residences,—fine large buildings, comfortably furnished, with lovely flowers in the windows, and the most attractive gardens that the circumstances of the case permit. These were mostly built by natives who left their natal valley and pursued in some of the capitals of Europe those avocations of confectioner, pastry-cook, etc., to which the Engadiners have been prone since the cessation of the good old days when they took the father’s sword in hand and fought their way to fame and competence as mercenaries in the army of some more wealthy and less hardy nation. These modern culinary

mercenaries are usually successful in their efforts to amass a competence, and when that end is reached, generally return to their well-loved valley, erect a large house, and smoke the pipe of peace and contentment for the remainder of their days; seldom, however, neglecting an opportunity of turning an honest penny at the expense of the tourists who swarm in these regions during the summer months. They are the very picture of virtuous contentment, as you see them lounging about, with pipe in mouth and velvet smoking-cap on head, or jogging along in a comfortable einspanner. If you enter into conversation with your driver, as you are pretty sure to do, you must not be surprised if he tells you more than you know of Milan, Berlin or Paris; or if he informs you in very fair English (why can I not say American?) that he drove a beer wagon in Hoboken for two or three years; was employed in a bakery in Chicago, or sold pies in St. Louis! They have traveled a good deal, many of these Engadiners; and very few of them return with empty pockets.

But we are forgetting our drive, and will never reach Sils if we loiter so long by the way. Straight through the only street of Silva Plana we drive, close by the old church, with its curious epitaphs in Romansch; across the angry stream which issues from Julier Pass, and again we reach the shores of the Lake of Silva Plana. Directly opposite is now the Corvatsch, its huge top crowned with immense fields of dazzling snow and glaciers. Below the snow, on the slope toward the lake, are many fine crags and pinnacles that almost tempt one to believe in gigantic castles and cathedrals raised by some extinct race of Engadiners. Among the pines and larches that clothe the lower slopes, one catches glimpses of rushing streams hurrying down to the lake, and so impatient at last to reach their journey's end, that they leap down headlong by the shortest route, and form beautiful cascades of considerable volume and no little height. Close under the cliffs and precipices of the Peak Pultschü our road passes—the beautiful lake on the left, every ledge and crevice on the right filled with most brilliant wild flowers, so that there is a constant temptation to stop and gather them. Thus we reach at length the end of the lake, and the broad meadow which separates it from the Lake of Sils. About midway between the lakes a cross-road leads directly to Sils Maria, but we keep on to the little village of Sils, not far from the lake of the same name. Passing

through Sils we reach Sils Maria in a few minutes and soon descend at the door of the "Alpen Rose," for our drive is ended, and the rest of our expedition must be performed on foot.

Of course the first person to meet us is the bright-eyed "Kellnerin," good-natured as ever. She knows us of old, for we have passed five summers in the Engadine, and have always been frequent visitors to the good cheer of Sils Maria, so it is only necessary for us to say that we will be ready for tea at six o'clock; for she is well aware that we abominate boiled trout, but like them fried, and that we always want "Rosen Kuchen," cottage cheese and various other little luxuries peculiar to the "Alpen Rose." We deposit our wraps and depart on our pilgrimage.

Close behind the hotel a narrow path winds up the hill, through masses of wild flowers and under the shade of forest trees. A charming walk of something less than a mile leads to the brow of the hill, from which a noble view is spread out. At your very feet is a narrow rocky gorge—nearly 300 feet deep—through which a wild mountain torrent forces its way in cascades and rapids, its milk-white color proving its glacier origin. Beyond this is a valley—nearly a mile in width—hemmed in on either side by huge mountains rising into



LINNAEA BOREALIS AND FORGET-ME-NOT.

the region of perpetual snow; while the distant view terminates in the dazzling masses of the Fez Glacier. All the requisites of a perfect landscape are found here. You stand on a green carpet of sward, glittering with brilliant wild flowers, and sur-

rounded by a forest of larch and pine; at your feet the rushing torrent. In the foreground the inexpressibly rich herbage of an Alpine valley, with groves of trees; here and there a group of cottages; a little village with its church and spire; bands of Engadiners and of Italian peasants, with their bright dresses, gathering the crop of hay. The high mountains at the sides, with their lower slopes clothed with trees, rising bare and naked beyond the region of vegetation, then still higher until on the one hand they support the edges of great ice-fields of the Bernina and the Roseg, and on the other hold up the flanks of the Fedoz Glacier, while, continuing their bold career, they limit and encircle the vast masses of snow and ice that constitute the Glacier of Fez. The pen cannot give an accurate conception of such a glacier as this. It fills a vast amphitheater many miles in circumference, many thousands of feet in altitude. Against the clear and rich blue sky, deeper and purer at these great altitudes than when it is seen by dwellers on the lower plain, the sharp outline of the snowy mass stands out in bold relief, and gives an impression of purity, power and repose that no other object in nature can equal. For some distance from the summit, these vast fields of snow descend in unbroken slopes of perfect purity, sometimes studded with huge black masses of rock or by isolated peaks which thrust out their brawny bodies from the snow. Then generally succeeds a gigantic Niagara of ice, where for hundreds,



CHAPEL OF ST. GIAN.

or perhaps thousands, of feet the rocky skeleton of the mass becomes precipitous, and over it the glacier stretches, broken and contorted into a myriad of fantastic, weird, and graceful shapes—impracticable for the climber. The fall accomplished, the broken mass reunites by some inherent power of its own and proceeds on its downward journey more quietly, and with a gradual slope. In this last portion of its course the great ice river, having left the pure and ethereal region wherein it came into existence,



ROSEG GLACIER AND PIC DU CAPUCIN.

has become soiled and more commonplace; huge lines of rocks and gravel mar and deface its surface, crevasses cross each other in various directions, until at length, exhausted by its mighty labors and quitting the regions of perpetual snow, it, like some Roman of old, covers its head with a robe of rocks, brought down in its long course, and dies unseen; for the termination of this career, like that of so many lives commenced in purity and splendor, is a mere ungainly and forbidding mass of stones and earth. But from this old life—or rather, from this death—a new life issues; for from this miserable end of the glorious glacier issues at one bound a stream, bright, sparkling, and full of life, the head and beginning, it may be, of a Rhine, a Danube, or a Rhone.

Beyond the point of view we have so imperfectly described, one may continue up the valley to the very foot of the glacier—plucking edelweiss by the way—and thence over the ice-field. Other fine views are to be had by following a path on the right bank of the gorge; but more than a single afternoon is required to explore this vicinity. Returning from our walk, we do not follow any path, but wander at will through lovely glades in the forest, always gathering flowers as we go; now and then turning off to some high point on the left, from which a charming view of the lake is to be had, and glad at last to reach the hospitable walls of the Alpen Rose.

The village of Sils Maria is to us the most charming in the Engadine. It is small,—containing not much more than a score of houses,—nestled close in a deep nook in the mountain side, where the winter sun has full play upon it, while the cold winter winds are well kept away by the protecting hills. In summer the vegetation is brighter and more luxuriant here, and in winter the climate is far warmer than in any other village of the upper valley. The houses, too, are all comfortable, and evidently belong to persons well to do in the world; pretty gardens, and quaint summer-houses seem more appropriate here than in any other village of the vicinity. The road to the Maloya, beyond Sils, passes always along the shore of the lake, by far the most beautiful of the series, as it is also the largest. It has many little islands covered with trees; the shores abound in bold profiles and exquisite contrasts of rock, grass and trees, of snow and sky; on the whole this portion of the drive is one of the very finest among the higher Alps. The village of Maloya is a poor and

dilapidated affair; but upon reaching the Post House, one descends from the carriage, and walking a few yards to the front, discovers a fine and very peculiar view. The stand-point is a huge rounded rock, from which the ground falls sheer away some 1,500 feet or thereabouts, into the depths of the Bregaglia Valley.

Another favorite drive is to Pontresina, and thence, if a day's expedition is intended, to the Hospice at the summit of the Bernina Pass. This road passes through the village of St. Moritz. This old village presents nothing of the slightest interest except its situation; standing as it does more than 200 feet above this lake it commands lovely views in all directions.

The first cut gives Badrutt's hotel and the view toward the Curhaus, with a portion of Peak Surlie and the Curhaus in the distance; the second gives the view toward the eastern end of the lake with the Piz Languard in the distance. After passing through the village and reaching the brow of the hill on which it is built, there is a long view of the lower portion of the Upper Engadine—a broad grass-covered valley, with numerous villages. At Celerina the road to Pontresina leaves that to Samaden and Tarasp, crosses the valley and enters the Flatzbach. Nearly in the middle of the main valley we pass in front of the old church of St. Gian with its ruined belfry tower. According to one account this picturesque old church was ruined some centuries since by the effects of lightning; according to another it was burned during a contest between the French and Austrians during the wars of the French Revolution.

Some distance beyond St. Gian the pretty village of Pontresina is reached, and the beauty of the situation is at once recognized. This is a favorite head-quarters for tourists who come merely for the air, or only to make the numerous excursions, and as there are several very good hotels, the little place is quite crowded during the season; it is a little more than an hour from the Curhaus. Probably the finest view from Pontresina is that up the Roseg Valley; a narrow one, inclosed by lofty snow-clad mountains, their lower slopes clad with forests; the foreground grass-covered slopes, and in the remote background, some miles distant, the superb amphitheater filled from top to bottom by the Roseg Glacier. This picture is, in its general character, similar to that obtained from the hill behind Sils Maria, but very different in its details. The lower

valley is much more narrow, and the glacier itself much more broken, and presenting greater variety than the Fez. On the right hand side of the upper glacier, as you face it, is the gigantic "Capucin"; a colossal head of a Capucin monk, some thousands of feet from chin to hood. The hood is a pointed snow-clad mountain, the features immense precipices of black rock, each one a mountain mass in itself. The upper profile and the remaining surface of this immense ice-field, only a very small part of which can be seen from Pontresina, is broken by many mountain peaks.

Near the point where the glacier assumes its last condition, that of a gentle and uniform slope, a mountain island stands as an eternal watch-tower in the midst of the ice-sea, and around its base sweep the silent streams. A sharp climb of perhaps a thousand feet or more, from the surface of the lower glacier, brings you to the summit—a bare, isolated peak, with very little snow or ice upon it. Surrounded as you are on all sides by great masses of unbroken snow and ice, it is with some surprise that you gather beautiful flowers as you pass, and hear the sharp whistle of the startled marmot as you come suddenly upon him. The view from the summit far more than repays the trifling difficulties of the ascent; for you find yourself in the midst of a vast amphitheater of ice and snow, of the most varied forms. Far below flows the united mass of the glacier; on a level with you the mass is making its descent over the precipitous walls—noiseless, except when at rare intervals the sound of a falling mass is heard. Far, far above extend on all sides the glittering fields of snow that give birth to the great glaciers. High above all tower the glorious peaks of the Bernina, the Roseg, the Tschierva, the Morteratsch, etc. As you stand there alone with your silent guide,—my favorite, Walther, was a silent man, but one of those who can talk intelligently when the time for talking comes,—as you stand there with no sound to break the awful stillness save the creaking of some crevasse, or the crash of some great ice block as it dashes itself into snow again, time and space seem to fade away, and the thought occurs that the path is very easy and very straight up those pure white glittering slopes, and onward, up through the clear blue sky to what there is above.

Most of those who have climbed much among the Alps, will no doubt agree with me when I say that the chief delight in such

places is not the mere enjoyment of the natural scenery, beautiful and grand as it is, but in the fact that when breathing that pure air, and beholding the wonders of nature in places so quiet and so far removed from the haunts of men, the things below seem small and mean, while the thoughts inevitably rise to things above and hereafter, which seem at such a time most real and vital. When quite alone with these masterpieces of creation, the human mind must feel drawn toward the Creator.

Close by Pontresina, on the road to the Roseg glacier, an old stone bridge is thrown across a deep and narrow gorge, down which the stream from the Bernina plunges. It is a lovely spot,—the grass and trees coming directly to the edges of the gorge, whose vertical walls are often covered with mosses, vines, and lichens.

Pontresina is the starting point for the Peak Languard, some 10,600 feet high, from whose narrow summit a splendid panorama is obtained in all directions, and from which the whole of the Bernina group, with its vast glaciers, is seen to the greatest advantage. In this connection we may mention the Peak Ott, of about the same altitude, which is approached from Samaden, and which also commands admirable views.

It may be well to say a few words here in regard to these mountain expeditions. In the first place, it is always better to take a guide, especially if one so intelligent and well informed in regard to the glacial phenomena as my old friend Walther is, can be had. The equipment for ordinary expeditions is very simple: stout shoes, with broad thick soles well studded with nails—to secure a good foot-hold in slippery places; a stout "Alpen-stock," with a strong steel spike at its lower end,—not one of the fanciful productions, surmounted by an imitation chamois horn, or a ball, but a plain staff of ash or pine, with sufficient strength to bear your weight, and make you willing to trust your life with it; loose, warm woolen clothes; a felt hat, and a pair of colored glasses, with perhaps a green veil,—these are all one needs. Let the guide carry a bottle of red wine and a little lunch, and you are quite prepared for any of the ordinary trips. In difficult and dangerous expeditions, such as the ascent of the Bernina Peak, the case is different; several guides, ropes, ice-picks, preparations for passing the night, etc., are requisite.

Proceeding from Pontresina toward the Bernina Pass, a solitary ruined tower is passed; a rather untrustworthy tradition

assigns to it a Saracenic origin. The road continually ascends, often through forests, and always commanding fine views of the peaks, Bernina, Palu, Cambrena, etc., the giants of the range. These fine mountains, of which the most elevated is nearly 14,000 feet high, compare favorably with the finest in other parts of Switzerland.

After a somewhat sharper ascent than usual, the road suddenly reaches a point whence is obtained a very fine view of the great Morteratsch glacier—proceeding directly from the Cambrena, Palu, Bernina and Morteratsch into the valley below. Like the Roseg and the Fez, the ascent to this glacier is very easy, even for ladies. It is very interesting to observe in these valleys the proofs of the great periodical variations in the dimensions of these glaciers. Sometimes, when a mile or two up the glacier, you will notice high up above you on the lateral rocks the great scratches (*striæ*) which prove that at some remote period the glacier was deeper by some hundreds of feet than at present; again, similar scratches, observed long before you reach the actual foot of the glacier, show you that perhaps ages ago the ice-field extended some miles further down the valley than it now does; again, conversing with some old peasant, he will show you the point to which when a boy he used to drive his flock to pasture,—proving that at that time the glacier had shrunk up toward its source. In such a simple way you learn to understand the fact that glaciers vary much in cycles of years. At these glaciers we descended beneath the edges to see the powerful tools with which they engrave the record of their movements;—some huge granite rock,

imbedded and held tight in the mass, projecting far enough to scratch its path along the solid rock, as the machine moves slowly and surely forward. The various simple phenomena of the glacier,—such as moulins, crevasses, moraines, etc., etc., can be seen here with great ease.

Still keeping on and up, the road soon attains those high levels where no trees are, and for some miles before reaching the Hospice the valley is bare of all things save rocks, grass, and flocks of sheep from Bergamo, with their picturesque and honest, but rather brigand-like shepherds.

The Bernina Pass, although the highest in Switzerland over which a post-road passes,—it has an elevation of some 7,782 feet,—is not so savage or barren as some of a less elevation. Near the summit are two pretty little lakes, the Black and White, which until the end of June are quite well covered with ice. The pass commands a fine view of mountain and snow, and from points not remote, Italy may be seen down the valley of Poschiavo.

The great charm of the Engadine is the vast variety of walks that it affords. For those who prefer them, the common roads and beaten paths afford easy and pleasant promenades. While those who desire to climb the steep mountain sides, without paths, will find an endless choice of routes, will be rewarded by a succession of glorious views, and will return laden with the edelweiss if they climb the northern slopes of the main valley, or with forget-me-nots, Alpine roses and linnaea borealis should they try the southern. Nowhere probably in the world are the wild flowers more varied, abundant and brilliant,

MERCÉDÈS.

JUNE 27TH, 1878.

O fair young queen, who liest dead to-day
 In thy proud palace o'er the moaning sea,
 With still, white hands that never more may be
 Lifted to pluck life's roses bright with May—
 Little is it to you that, far away,
 Where skies you knew not bend above the free,
 Hearts touched with tender pity turn to thee,
 And for thy sake a shadow dims the day!
 But youth and love and womanhood are one,
 Though across sundering seas their signals fly;
 Young Love's pure kiss, the joy but just begun,
 The hope of motherhood, thy people's cry—
 O thou fair child! was it not hard to die
 And leave so much beneath the summer sun?

EINE JUNGE AMERIKANERIN.

ALL four had set out for a walk to the Great Garden of Dresden. It was a bright day in July and the sky was dotted with the fleecy clouds called the "Lambs of the Virgin Mary." Having crossed the cobble-stones of the Jew's-dyke, they had entered the pretty bosquets of the Burgher's-meadow. The girl was on in front, and by her side walked Maximilian Freiherr von Zinendorff, a youth whose sounding name might eventually allow him to assume the title of baron, but whose needy parents were compelled to take English and American visitors into their house. At some distance in the rear walked Aunt Sue. Robby lagged along beside her, struggling between his desire for the royal gardens, with cakes at the restaurant near the lake, and the possibility of losing, by such disinterested docility, a glorious game of every-man-to-his-own-den which might now be taking place without his assistance in a remote field over by the Böhmishe Bahnhof. For Robby's acquaintance with the few unruly school-boys of Dresden, and the not few and very unruly vagrant American and English lads, was extensive.

"I wouldn't mind it a bit," said Robby in an injured tone, "if Frankie and that Max knew how to play; but they're always talking, and whispering and looking at each other. I don't see any fun in that!"

"They are too old to play with you, my dear boy," said Aunt Sue, smiling a little sadly. Perhaps she had recollections herself.

"Frankie isn't," answered the boy. "She plays first rate when we're alone, but when that Max is around she's as stupid as an owl. He's a real baby, anyhow."

"Oh, Robby, how can you talk so of Mr. Zinendorf? Didn't he make you a butterfly-net and take you to that meadow where you got so many specimens?"

"Yes," said the boy, hanging his head. "But that's all he can do, anyhow."

"And I remember you told me yourself that he is a fine swordsman. Didn't he beat Rainitz, who is an officer?"

"Yes, that's so," said the boy; "but it's awfully silly the way they fence. All covered up—and then they get up close to each other like this—and then they swack around the sword like that—".

"There, there, that will do!" said Aunt Sue, laughing and pushing the eager boy

away; "I don't want to be shown so very fiercely."

"Schranzer can beat him, anyhow," said Robby, beginning to whistle discordantly.

The young man whom Robby thought Schranzer could beat walked on unconscious of detractors. Of Aunt Sue he had no fear. She was simply an angel. She was a woman who never had been married, because no man worthy of her had ever lived. This he had settled at once and in fact had conveyed to her something of the same idea in a pretty set of verses copied with exactness and adorned with a wreath of flowers. Naturally, after the poetical episode, there was no need to fear Aunt Sue. Robby, whose bright flow of animal spirits amused, and perhaps somewhat alarmed him, he had done much for; was he not the darling brother of one —?

But to come to her. It is all very well to say, describe her; but if at this present speaking she is still a puzzle to the writer, would it not be somewhat presumptuous to lay down the chart of her character as it was on a certain bright afternoon years ago,—in fact about the beginning of the great American war. At any rate, her appearance was vivid, flashing, with dark eyebrows and dark-gray eyes. A medium figure, a short face with dimples and rose tints in a fine white skin; such was the outward effect on a critical examination. But all that did one very little good. She had moments when her eyes sparkled with odd thoughts no one would imagine she possessed, unless one had got well used to her energetic expression and bearing. For at first her buoyancy carried with it an appearance of thoughtless openness. She darted restlessly to the side of the path.

"Why not?" she cried, looking over her shoulder at Max, her small square hand closing upon a branch of climbing rose which overhung the path.

"Have a care, for heaven's sake, gracious Miss," said Max. "The guardian of the Bürgerwiese—you know—something like the green man out at the garden, who arrests any one who even goes on the grass—he might see you."

"And suppose he did!" said Frances plucking the twig. "What harm is it to take a little flower like this? See, you shall have some."

"Oh—from you! You see how I stick it on the left side, here over my heart. But really in Dresden we are very strict, according to your notions."

"Well, let us run the gauntlet. Here at the end of the Bürgerwiese is the house of the guardian you speak of. Now see me subdue him, if he is on the watch."

Frances thrust the spray into the band of her broad summer hat and cocked that article defiantly over her eyes. The party turned out of the Bürgerwiese into the main street leading to the great gardens and defiled past the guard's house,—and in truth before the beard of the venerable guard himself. He was smoking a long pipe grimly; from incessant observation of predatory boys his eyes had acquired a ferocious habit of rolling in his head. As Frances's sprig of rose-vine passed his face, he pulled his pipe out of his lips.

"Was Himmel!"—was all he could gasp.

But Frances turned a beaming smile on his withered face and lisped sweetly in a bad accent:

"Wie geht's, Väterchen? Schönes Wetter!" and before the guard could recover from his astonishment they were out of respectable hailing distance.

"These English and Americans," grumbled the old guard, "they destroy one the trees like the dear cattle, and laugh one before his nose beside."

"Now we are out in the open," cried Frances, pulling off her hat and swinging it by the strings, so that the flowers loosened out of the band and fell into the dusty road. "See the great fields of wheat. Do you remember what a lovely walk we had that day to Moreau's tomb?"

"Oh, it was heaven!" cried Max. "But did you ever hear about the cannon that bombarded Dresden the day Moreau was killed?—yes, one they say sighted by Napoleon himself, struck the little house of the guard we just passed. Yes, and the balls still remain sticking in the wall."

"Are you sure they are real, Max?" said Frances. "Are you sure they are not chiseled out of the stone and painted black like those in the round tower up in the vineyards?"

"How can you ask?" said Max. "You dearly delight in making fun of my country, Miss Frances. It is a noble land."

"Yes, yes, indeed, I think so, Max," said Frances, giving him so warm a glance to atone for her fault that Max would have

been glad to receive further patriotic punishment. He walked on in silent happiness, which perhaps he felt could not last.

"Ah," said Max, "that was a day! Do you remember how the wheat almost arches over one's head up there on the hill, when one goes along the field paths?"

Frances gave him a shy, flickering glance, and preferred to change the subject.

"Max, who are these officers coming? Isn't that Lieutenant Leopoldi on the right? Tell me quickly, for I do not want to look at them unless I know one."

"Yes, yes," said Max, in a vexed tone, "that is Leopoldi. But you need not be alarmed, they will all see you, and bow to you too, whether you look at them or not."

When the line of young officers reached the pair, the one called Leopoldi bowed and saluted in military form, whereat all his comrades, to the last, repeated the salute, at the same time giving Frances a steady battery of stares.

"Göttliches Mädchen!" cried one to Leopoldi, before they had fully passed. "You must present me to her, Poldi."

"Ach was!" interrupted Leopoldi impatiently, who knew Aunt Sue, and now saluted her in great state, followed by his line of comrades.

"And to think that young hare-catcher, Zinzendorff or Schinkendorff, or whatever his name is, should be able to walk about with her like that!" said the first speaker, having quickly recovered from his confusion. "Why, his mother keeps boarders."

"Yes, he is sly enough," answered Leopoldi, "and makes as much out of that forester's dress of his as if he were colonel of a regiment. These foreigners can't tell the difference between a real soldier and a scholar from the Forestry."

"Don't you believe it," said the other, a stoutish young man, who twirled a blonde mustache during most of the day. "Just let me be presented to her, and I promise to instruct her in that and some other sciences."

The others laughed boisterously in applause, being fully convinced of the dangerous character of their forward friend. Had he not influential relations in the highly starched court of Saxony, and was he not asked to the villa of a certain countess who did not go to court any more, but to whom the court—the male portion of the court—came?

"No, no, Poldi!" cried a third, "Don't you do it. He's a wild fellow,—a regular lady-smasher."

When they all reached the end of the Bürgerwiese they separated, and Leopoldi and his friend sauntered back by the same path Frances had gone.

But Frances walked on, blissfully unaware of the wiles of lady-killers, and only showed by a heightened color that the sight of four or five padded and preternaturally erect young officers was not entirely indifferent to her. She seemed to be merely looking across the wide plain, at that time all one great field unbroken by fences and houses, which gradually arose into a hill beyond Dresden. That was where Max and she had had their walk through the tall wheat, but in her heart was a triumph born of so many admiring male eyes, and the eager exclamation she had overheard from Leopoldi's friend. "Godlike maiden!" she repeated to herself. "Would any one but a German use such strong language? An impudent fellow! I wish I knew him, if it were only to teach him his place."

The officers had not been without an effect on Max either. Unconsciously their stiff uniforms with brass and gilt took the color out of his picturesque green and gray Tyrolese costume, and their short-cropped hair and stolid heads made him feel that his locks were somewhat too long, and showed a detestable tendency to curl. Yet he was refinement itself compared to them. Could he only have known it, his oval face, with its small dark mustache, was lit with a reflection of that clear passion which comes with intellect. The lines of his slight, strong figure were quickened with life and grace, and his steps had a spring in them unknown to the artificial paces of the trained youths of war.

"I do not care for this walk half so much as the one over the hill," said Max, "perhaps because I have been it so often. But in childhood it was a great treat to go the other walk in the season of ripe cherries. Then one meets so many people here."

"Oh, that is what I like!" said Frances. "One sees one's friends, and at the same time gets such a whiff of the country and forest. Do you know Lieutenant Leopoldi well?"

"Oh, yes,—pretty well! We went to the Kreuzschule together."

"Do you like him?"

Max shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't believe you like officers much."

"They are not nice," said Max, gravely.

"Oh, I think them ever so nice!" said

Frances, unable to appreciate the shade of meaning in her companion's word. "They dance shockingly, but they look so handsome with their epaulets and swords! Do you remember that adjutant at the last review?"

"Yes, indeed. You will not let me forget him. But let us go over the foot-path the other side of the brook, and see if we can catch sight of a hare on the edge of the rye."

"Come, then!" cried Frances, who had glanced about to see if any one was looking, and led the way across a little stone bridge which spanned the brook in a place where there seemed no special use for such a luxury. On the other alder-covered bank, raised high above the fields of wheat and rye, was a winding path keeping parallel with the orderly gravel-walk which followed the other bank. There the staid burghers walked in family processions to and from the gardens. In taking this, there was a certain sense of Bohemianism. Through the leaves now and then the grave and circumspect appeared, pacing quietly along, while the wilder spirits on the path among the alders peered at them mockingly across the deep brook. Robby, walking by the side of Aunt Sue, regarded Max and Frances with envious eyes. Now that they really were doing something worth while, he must crawl along with his aunt, forsooth! So, in order to be with them in spirit, and to show that he appreciated the situation, Master Robby began, to the great annoyance of Max and the scandalization of Aunt Sue, to cast small pebbles at them.

"That boy is a little too bad at times," said Frances, as a stone dented Max's fine hat, about as near to the Tyrolese shape as the fashion then allowed. "Let us take the path below here, on the edge of the fields. See, am not I what you call a spring-in-the-field?"

"Oh, you are already making German puns, I declare!" cried Max, leaping after her down the raised bank of the brook to the strip of grass bordering the low-lying rye. "Why, you are getting on famously. But it is not I who teach you puns. My reputation would suffer if any one were to think that."

"Ah, now I know what to do, then. To every one I meet I shall extol your powers of leading foreigners to pun in German—Oh! what's that?"

Max took advantage of the little start she gave, to take hold of her hand protect-

ively. They were passing around one of the bends of the brook. On the left, the raised bank, with the alder-bushes, concealed them from the passers-by; on the right, the rye stood tall. Before them two brown beasts, of the size of small dogs, had rushed into sight, and suddenly halted with wide-spread fore-feet. Seeing the human beings, and giving in that position a long reflective stare, they doubled suddenly to the left, and disappeared in the rye.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Frances, merrily. "To think that I should be startled at a brace of hares! But such enormous fellows! Did you ever see the like? They must be very old."

"Yes, they are," said Max. "No one is allowed to hunt them. If dogs chase them, they are shot; and people who kill them are imprisoned for ever so long."

"Oh, what fun to be a poacher!" said Frances, not averse to startling Max a little. "Just think of creeping out at midnight with your gun and your trained dog, and sneaking up to poor Mrs. Hare and banging her over! Meanwhile, our friend the green man is snoozing in his little painted house, and in the morning he finds nothing but a spot of blood on the grass."

"Oh, Miss Frances! how can you speak of blood? No, let us not talk of such things. See, I will sing you a verse no one has ever heard before."

"Oh, good!" cried Frances, withdrawing her hand, on pretense of rapturously applauding. "Quick, let me hear it before we reach the path again!"

Max had a fine out-of-doors voice, with some expression. Under the circumstances, it may be inferred that he did not sing his worst. He sang these words:

"Wie bist du doch so neckend und so schön,
Herzliebste mein!
Wie bist du doch so neckend und so schön!
Siehst du denn nicht wie innig ich mich sehn
An's Herze dein?
Schau'st du nicht hin, so kann ich leben nimmer,
Mein Dasein liegt in deiner Augen Schimmer."

"It's lovely!" said Frances, after walking on in silence for some minutes. "Whose music is it set to?"

She did not want to talk about the words.

"The music was written for it by my best friend. You must know him. He is very original, and is going to be the greatest musical critic in Germany. But he does not claim that air as original. The air is adapted from one of Beethoven's sonatas,—brought

out and put into coarser melody, as Wolfgang himself would say. But then it suited my words."

"Oh, did he say that? Then I do not want to know Wolfgang,—not till he takes that back."

"I will tell him," said Max, simply. "But what do you think of —" and Max stammered a little, and looked embarrassed.

"There must be more," said Frances, hurriedly. "There must be another verse. Do let me hear it. See, we only have a little farther to go before we come out on the common path."

Max looked at her as she walked beside him, nervously pulling a head of rye to pieces. He grew very red, but the sight of her agitation gave him courage. He was not quite sure of the other verse; he was afraid it was a little too strong. But he sang with increasing confidence the other verse:

"O sei nicht streng, du süsse und du holde
Herzgöttin hehr!
O sei nicht streng, wenn ich, du reine, holde,
Ganz leis' an dich mich einmal schmiegen sollte
Voll süß Begehr!
Schau, wie die Ahre neigt sich den Schnitttern
Sag, wann wirst du mir in den Armen zittern?"

Frances could not catch all of the words, but she was woman enough to have understood the sense of them, even had the language been completely foreign.

"I like them ever so much;" she said, looking away and quickening her step. "Will you write them out for me, with the music? It will be such a delightful souvenir—of Dresden."

"Of Dresden only?" said Max sadly, and shortening his steps to make her walk a little more slowly. "So you think they will look well between the pictures of the Zwinger and the Brühl'she Terrasse in your album?"

"No, no, Max, you know I don't mean that—exactly," said Frances, giving him a swift look. "But here we are at the Garden."

Max heaved a sigh and followed her across a rustic bridge to the broad common pathway which, after traversing the fields, enters the Great Gardens near a mighty oak and, skirting the restaurant where the violin concerts were given, runs deeper in to the wooded grounds. Aunt Sue had passed them and was walking straight on instead of turning as usual to the left, to reach the lake by the customary promenade, past the royal palace. This was Robby's doing, for that astute boy feared that some other

restaurant, instead of the one by the lake, would attract Frances or his aunt. But there were the swans and carps to be fed, horse-chestnuts to be found in out-of-the-way nooks, and best of all, the cakes there were as good as at Treppe's on the Alt Markt. So Robby led the way along the straight path, intending to turn abruptly to the left when about in the latitude of the lake.

It was just what Max wanted. There were few people or none walking that way and no restaurants or carriages to break the quiet of the woods; his spirits rose, and, before the more crowded path disappeared from sight behind the trees, he had the satisfaction of looking back and observing that Leopoldi with the other officer, his friend, hesitating to follow Frances, had branched off to the left by the more frequented way.

Now they were under the arching limbs that gave a solemn shade to the wide path and invited to quiet sentiment. Aunt Sue and Robby walked on ahead at a good pace and here was Frances all to himself. His heart was full of joy. In a flowery bay of the woods they saw a red squirrel leaping about at the foot of a tree, and stopped to admire his agility.

"How delightful to be a squirrel," cried Max, "and live among these flowers and trees! Would not you like it?"

"A squirrel! How exactly like you that is, Max. No, indeed! just think of having to be dressed always the same, all the year round."

At her high caroling laugh, the squirrel stood bolt upright and then flashed like a red pencil streak up the trunk of an oak. Max turned away with a grieved face.

"You always will make fun of me, Miss Frances. Are you ever in earnest? I was going to speak to you about something of which those verses are part. But what is the use? You only find fresh occasion to laugh."

"Oh! no, no!" cried Frances, getting red and walking on quickly. "You are touchy to-day, that is all. I have told you often how much your work interests me."

"Well, then," said Max more cheerfully, "the song I sang you is out of a play I have written!"

He choked a little over the words and fumbled nervously at his collar.

"Oh!" said Frances with some surprise, and a little coldly. "Then they—were not written—exactly for any one in particular?"

"The verses come in during the play.

Perhaps the whole play was written for some one," answered Max, looking away.

"Do tell me about it!" cried Frances quickly. "How can you be so slow about it? Is it tragedy or comedy, light or heavy, burlesque—what is it?"

"Wait, wait! I cannot follow the sudden turns of your mind. Now you do not care a straw for it, and the next moment you must know all. I will tell you if you give me time."

"But we are not far from the lake," said Frances, with an exasperating briskness in her tone. "Here is the corner."

"Well, then, it is a kind of comedy and yet it is tragic too. It also partakes of the nature of the opera.—He gets her in the end."

"Oh,—does he?" said Frances, dryly.

"Yes, she has to have him, because he saves her from robbers. She was always in love with him, for she is a gentle housewifely creature at heart, although she appears to be cynical. He is slight in figure and seemingly peaceful, but he's really bold and strong. Oh, how I wish I could recite you some of the parts!"

"Have you the play here?" asked Frances abruptly.

"No, but I have it here," said Max, touching his forehead.

They had turned to the left in the direction of the lake which lies behind the summer palace and had almost reached it. It might be seen shining brightly through the promenade of tall horse-chestnut trees, and here and there, a white blotch on its blue, was a great snowy swan sailing majestically in pursuit of bread crumbs. But just at this spot the path debouched from walls of shrubbery through two lofty gate-posts of clipped yew into a green and turf theater, open to all the winds that might be strong enough to pierce the fringing hedges and woods. On their right was the grassy stage, on their left rose the theater levels, sodded long years ago when the kings of Saxony were more luxurious and must needs have, in imitation of French and Italian princes, their open-air, as well as their town, theater.

It was a pretty place. Birds flew over the semicircular hollow, or darted down to seize an insect in the auditorium. They twittered among the hedges of thorn which formed the boundary about the upper tier of seats and caroled joyously from the sides of the stage, planted with well-trimmed walls of evergreen to simulate the flies and

scenery of a theater. The path ran across the pit just about where the orchestra might stand and two more gigantic yews stood sentinel on either side of the exit toward the lake, where Robby was already experimenting on the swans and carps.

"I have an idea," said Frances, stopping short in a pretty attitude of expectancy and straightening up her lithe figure. Then pointing mysteriously to the sky, she waved her hand about and suddenly leveled it at Max, exclaiming tragically:

"The place! The hour! The man!"

"You don't mean—" said Max.

"Yes I do," said Frances, firmly. "What care we for green men or black men? you shall recite your play on yonder stage and I shall be prima-donna."

Here she flourished her arm with the gesture used by brigands in Italian opera, and leaped nimbly up the steep bank, across the edge where, on the wooden stage, foot-lights usually perch.

"For Allsaints' sake, Miss Frances, let us leave," called Max after her quickly moving figure. "You cannot imagine the peculiar way my country people have of looking at these things. A person who walks on the grass is a kind of thief."

Frances did not answer; but standing resolutely upon the turf, made him an imperious gesture to ascend. The theater was little frequented; no one appeared in sight by the way they had come, only in the other direction, close to the lake, the figures of two officers forged in sight.

That decided him. By keeping Frances here, he would at least foil Leopoldi and the young coxcomb, his friend. He sprang lightly up the bank and joined the young girl on the platform of the summer theater.

"Now then, the play!" said Frances, knitting her brows prodigiously, and striding up and down with the gait used in melodrama, her hands clenched behind her back.

Max looked at her dubiously and with a little sadness.

"You are not going to make fun of me even here?" he said, looking about gravely and as if to appeal to the intense quiet of the green spot in order to influence this buoyant creature into something like sentiment.

"Of course not," said Frances, stopping short with a sudden feeling of embarrassment she could hardly explain. Perhaps it was the honest sorrow in Max's face; perhaps an intimate vibration in his voice; perhaps because the hushed green theater

with its canopy of blue sky really made her ashamed of her levity.

"Even if you think it silly you will not tell me so, will you?" said Max. "I really could not bear it. I will gather your impression afterward; it's rather from what you do not say than what you do."

Frances's natural impulse was to make some saucy answer, but her voice failed her. She motioned him to proceed.

"The plot," said Max, "is simple enough. Two men are in love with the same lady,—one is an officer and the other a student. Now you must not think that I have any personal feeling against officers. But if the play is ever acted, it may warn people in this land against the danger of making everything of the army. An officer is a kind of little god. It is an evil increasing every year in Saxony, owing to the example and pressure of Prussia, and the first bad effects are seen in the high and mighty airs which officers assume. But this is tiresome to you—"

"No, no, not at all. Go on."

"Well, the plot is this. The heroine, whom I have called Francisca, admires the officer and treats the student with disdain. So. Now then, she goes on a journey and the officer follows her closely to protect or see more of her. Good. But the student has the same plan. So Francisca comes to a great wood full of robbers, and is there stopped. The student and the officer arrive at the same moment. The officer has been taught strategy. He does not dare attack the robbers, who are twenty or more in number, and beats a retreat for re-enforcements. But the student really loves her most, and by throwing himself upon the brigands with a cry for his comrades behind in the wood, makes the robbers believe that a band of soldiers is coming. They get a panic and off they fly, leaving a lot of money and jewels behind. When the officer returns he receives a handsome share and an invitation to the wedding.

"Oh, delightful, delightful!" cried Frances, clapping her hands, quite forgetful of the application to her own self which the play seemed to contain. "What a clever boy you are, to be sure!"

Max reddened with gratification and looked tenderly upon her.

"See—" said he, changing his mind about the play, and feeling it impossible to recite much at such a moment. "Suppose I repeat you a few lines from the last act. This shall be the forest. The brigands have

fled into the distance, and Maximilian and Francisca are alone. Suppose you play Francisca. You cannot believe that I have saved you single-handed. So you say:

Wo sind sie hin, die wilden, finstern Menschen?
Wie? Meinen Augen sollt' ich trauen? Nein,
Du bist es nicht, mein Retter, mein Erlöser,
Du—ganz allein?

Then I kneel before you thus and say—

Die Liebe war es, die mich so beseelte;
Die Liebe stärkte meine arme Hand;
Die Liebe meine Heldenmuskeln stählte
Da ich dich fand."

Frances could not easily avoid the directness of application in these words: Max was telling her that he loved her. That she knew before, but it had never before been so pleasing. Kneeling there at her feet, his curly hair waving about his head, his great brown eyes fastened beseechingly on hers: it was very delightful, but exceedingly embarrassing! What should she do? Spring back to land again, or go deeper and deeper into the wave of feeling that flowed about her? Max had such a pathetic voice! There was no sound abroad to hurt its effect. The stiff walls of evergreen caught the sounds and gently re-echoed them. A small white cloud crossed the sun, and its shadow chased merrily over the empty tiers of the theater and darkened the stage about them. Max had risen, and taking her hand, gazed anxiously and firmly into her eyes. Then he recited in a suppressed voice:

Und hab' ich dich von Missethat erhalten,
O Mädchen sanft, und wie die Veilchen fein,
Und soll nicht immer ob dein Leben walten?
Sprich! Wirst du mein?

There was a deep pause while Frances struggled with herself. She could not pretend blindness; this was a direct offer. She was very fond of him and that too in a way which contained every possibility of love in the future, yet of course she could not accept him now and in this way. But then every moment of silence was so much in favor of his suit. She longed for an interruption, but the one which came grated as harshly upon her nerves as if an evil witch had maliciously obeyed her.

"Kreuz sappermann! what are you about there?" growled a hoarse voice all at once.

From the flies of clipped evergreen, a stout man came quickly toward them. He was dressed in a green hunting coat elaborately adorned with straps and large buttons, stamped with deer's heads; over his

shoulders was slung a great game bag, empty, and a winding horn. In his hand he carried a large fowling-piece, and at his heels trotted an old setter. With a ferocious scowl on his fat features he waddled up to Max and seized him by the arm. "Nun das wäre noch!" he exclaimed, "Tread one down the dear grass with an impudence unparalleled! Right off with you to the lock-up; and you, woman's pictur, do you follow!"

Max had turned pale at the sight of the stout man, and now looked ready to sink into the ground with shame and what seemed very much like apprehension; he trembled visibly. Frances gazed hard and with an angry flush at Max's terrified face. She drew herself up to her full height with a superb look. "Let him go," she said in a deep voice, and marching up to the guard threw his hand aside from Max's arm. The man stepped back, thunderstruck at such an act and attitude in a woman,—and a young woman too. It was incomprehensible.

"Do you understand?" she went on in her broken German, "I am not afraid of you, and you must be civil, not only to me, but to my friends. Now what do you want of us?"

"What have you been saying to my sister?" cried Robby in a shrill voice, appearing on the scene. Running up he made a motion to spring at the green man, but Max stopped him in time.

"Most gracious miss! What can be the matter?" said a new voice behind them. It was Lieutenant Leopoldi, who, with his friend, had strolled that way by chance.

"This rude fellow says he will take us to the guard-house," said Frances turning with a delighted feeling of relief to the uniform of an officer.

"Does he not know better than to make a *skandal* about such a trifle, when it is a foreign lady?" said Leopoldi addressing the green man with well-feigned anger. Taking him by the arm he led him off a few paces, while he whispered something in his ear. The man grinned and touching his hat to the whole company disappeared behind the evergreens.

"How can I thank you enough?" said Frances fervently, as they all turned to descend to the path. Leopoldi made an evasive answer, and, his friend having been presented, the two officers strolled along on either side of the young girl; their attitudes showed that they were bent on entertaining her to the best of their ability.

Sie sind eine Memme! said Robby to Max, with all the brutality of an angry boy who looks about for some object on which to vent his wrath. Max had stood cold and stupid as a rock all the while; but when the boy called him a coward, he awoke, and passed his hands over his eyes. Was it only a few moments ago that he himself was a boy? And could one grow old and prophetically wise in so short a time? A great sadness came into his face and his eyes filled with tears. He put two fingers gently on Robby's curls.

"You do not know what you say," he said gravely, and stooping, kissed the brother of Frances on his forehead. Without another glance in her direction or toward the astonished boy he turned slowly back by the happy path they had come.

* * * * *

Well, perhaps it was for the best that there is nothing more to tell. Max arranged it so that Frances never saw him again. The officers had won, and he the student—at least from his point of view—had lost. It may be that he was too proud at last, and not proud enough at first, when he allowed the young girl to make sport of him. But that final scene was too much. She

had seen him in a crisis, not that which his imagination had conjured up, but in a miserable, trivial affair, into which heroism could not enter, and had turned from him with contempt to accept the aid of an officer. He knew by her face that she thought him lacking in manliness. Her little brother had been brought up in America, and did not know what restraint meant, but the childhood of Max had been very different. Almost all the things he wished to do when he was a boy were placed under a ban. He was taught to consider himself as one of the lost if, by reason of the natural impetuosity of childhood he transgressed some petty rule of propriety; he had grown up to feel the hand of the policeman always ready to descend upon his innocent shoulder. He knew well enough that he was no coward. After the French war it was his sorrowing mother,—the mother who had striven with him and made him the model child that never was caught walking on the grass,—whom King George publicly congratulated for the bravery of her son. Of all the Saxon army Max had been the most valiant. As for Leopoldi, the officers of his regiment have very little to say about him. He has not yet been able to catch his first rich *Amerikanerin*.

THE GOBLET.

Of fused metals wrought,—thus Fate befell,—
And carved round in curious dainty sleight,
With all things that the sweetest words can tell
Or any sense delight.

Around the brim a delicate tracery ran
Of all primordial forms, in hinting rude
Of the still Thought, in which the final plan
Lay, grasped and understood.

And lower down, all budding vines and trees
In which the long still juices start and run,
Uttering the paining life to bird and breeze
And the demanding sun.

And then, two circles woven wondrously,
Till both were one, and yet the one was two;
Within, the glory of a rising sun
That every day is new.

Then, winding lines that parted and that met,
But still no ending showed to searching sight,
Nor yet beginning, in their beauty set,
And order infinite.

Such was it, and all liquor poured therein
Albeit it were water from the road
Scooped up by beggar's hand in cup of tin,
As heavenly nectar glowed.

And they who drank therefrom, the happy twain,
Saw fairer skies and breathed in sweeter air;
The ancient world was re-create again;
The gods were everywhere.

The night was day to them forevermore,
Till haply came a friend, and for joy's sake
Of the o'erflowing goblet's sparkling store
They pressed him to partake.

Ah, why unconscious of the fore-writ fate?
Why noteless of the goblet's bodeful thrill?
The moaning cry they knew, alas, too late!
The magic cup they fill;

They share the draught. From circling rim to stem
The goblet shivers in their trembling hold,
And not a trace of all is left to them
Save rust and growing mold.

COLLEGE FELLOWSHIPS.

COLLEGE fellowships, or post-graduate scholarships, are primarily institutions of Oxford and Cambridge. The twenty colleges of which Oxford University is composed possess three hundred scholarships and nearly an equal number of fellowships. The purposes which a fellowship is designed to accomplish are chiefly four: it is a reward for high scholarship; it serves as a ladder for the indigent student to rise by; it is a recompense for the instruction which the fellow is required to give; and the holders of the fellowships form the governing body of the college. The scholars and the fellows are elected, after a competitive examination by the officers of the college, and retain their foundation for various lengths of time. An Oxford fellowship can, with a few exceptions, be held for life; but marriage, ecclesiastical preferment, or accession to property of a certain amount usually compels him to surrender his foundation. At Cambridge, however, certain fellowships are held for a limited number of years, as those in Trinity College for ten, and those in Queen's for seven. An Oxford scholarship, too, can seldom be retained for more than five years.

The annual income of the Oxford scholarships varies from £60 to £125; but the average is about £100. The annual income of an Oxford fellowship is, however, seldom less than £200 and seldom more than £300. With an annual income of £250,000 (more than double the income of Harvard in all its departments), Oxford expends each year £35,000 in scholarships, and about £90,000 in fellowships.

The conditions under which the fellow enjoys his annuity are usually very few and liberal. He is at liberty to pursue almost any line of intellectual labor. In many cases his position is a mere sinecure, and involves no actual work. In other cases it is, and in all cases may be, most effectively used for the advancement of the higher learning. But too often the holder of a life fellowship, at Oxford or Cambridge, is a mere annuitant, and his attainments are of little service either to the university from which he annually receives a thousand dollars or to English scholarship and culture.

Unlike Oxford and Cambridge, the

German universities have no system of fellowships. Each university is, however, possessed of a certain number of "exhibitions," ranging in value from sixty to three hundred dollars, for the benefit of needy students. Each needy student may also avail himself of the two public lectures a week which a professor is required to give, and is, in many cases, allowed to attend all the lectures without payment of fees. But to the student who has taken his degree and is still continuing his studies, the German university has neither fellowship nor scholarship to offer.

The pecuniary privileges which the American college offers its students for post-graduate study are, in comparison with those provided by the English universities, very meager. Of our three hundred and fifty colleges, Yale, Princeton, Harvard and the Johns Hopkins University, are the principal ones that offer fellowships for the prosecution of advanced learning.

Yale has six fellowships, or scholarships, the annual value of which ranges from forty-six dollars to (at least) six hundred. Two are of the larger amount. One fellowship is tenable for five years, but the others for not more than three. High scholarship and good character are the general conditions for obtaining these honors; and the prosecution of a non-professional course of study, as science, literature or philology, in New Haven, under the direction of the college faculty, is the general condition for retaining them.

Princeton, which claims to be "taking the lead among American colleges in encouraging advanced learning by means of fellowships," now has six, with expectations of an early increase in their number and income. They are awarded by competition, which is open to any member of the graduating class, and are held for a single year. The fellow pursues his studies in either philosophy, science, mathematics, classics, history, or modern languages, according as his fellowship is designed. The annual income of three of these foundations is six hundred dollars each, and of three one-half this amount. During the last seven years, fellows have been pursuing advanced studies in philosophy, philology, and science, both at Princeton, and at the English and the German universities. The introduction of

the fellowship system at Princeton is due in the main to the efforts of its president, Dr. McCosh. It is substantially the same system which, in 1860-61, he drew up for the Scottish universities. "I have only made a beginning," he writes recently, "but it is a good beginning. We are really producing scholars."

Harvard, like Yale and Princeton, has six fellowships, but of a somewhat larger value than those of her sister colleges. Two have an annual income of about six hundred dollars, and four of at least one thousand dollars each. The latter are "traveling fellowships," and the holder, seldom remaining in this country, usually spends the allotted period of three years in some German university. One of these fellowships, it is worthy of note, was founded in 1871 by Mr. George Bancroft. A little more than sixty years ago, Edward Everett suggested to President Kirkland that "it would be well to send some young graduate of Harvard to study for a while at a German university." The choice of the president fell upon young Bancroft, who, then in his eighteenth year, proceeded at once to Göttingen. It is interesting to note that the founder of what is doubtless the most valuable fellowship in any of our colleges was probably the first American who studied in a German university under the patronage of an American college. The election to a fellowship at Harvard, as at every American college, is a fitting crown to a successful college course; and only that graduate of the college or professional school is elected to the honor whose scholarly attainments are conclusive proof of special aptitude for research in one of the branches of the higher learning. The fellow, before his election by the academic faculty, suggests the department in which he wishes to study, and it usually proves to be that in which by his college work he has become proficient. At the present time, Harvard has fellows resident both in Cambridge and in Germany, engaged in the study of history, zoölogy, mathematics, the modern languages, and other departments of advanced knowledge.

It is, however, the new university at Baltimore which offers the most generous encouragement for the pursuit of the higher learning. The Johns Hopkins University, with an endowment of three and a half millions, provides twenty fellowships, each of an annual value of five hundred dollars. They are bestowed upon "advanced scholars from any place," for excellence in

one of the ten departments of philology, literature, history, ethics and metaphysics, political science, mathematics, engineering, physics, chemistry and natural history. The object of the foundation is, in the words of the trustees, "to give to scholars of promise the opportunity to prosecute further studies under favorable circumstances, and likewise to open a career for those who propose to follow the pursuit of literature or science." The chief condition of the assignment, besides a liberal education and an upright character, is a "decided proclivity toward a special line of study." With these designs and conditions, the popularity of the scheme proved to be so great that at the first assignment, in 1876, there were one hundred and fifty-two applicants, representing forty-six different colleges. From this large number twenty were selected as fellows, who at once began to prosecute special studies under the immediate patronage of the university. The fellowships are, as at present constituted, renewable to the same holder for successive years; and his progress is tested from time to time by the writing of a thesis, by the delivery of a lecture, or by some similar method. Its fellowship system has, like the university, been established for only two years, and its results are necessarily somewhat uncertain. But President Gilman writes, "The scheme is working admirably, and if I could tell you just what each one of the holders of fellowships is doing, it would, I think, establish the wisdom of our foundations."

The purposes which the fellowship system, as it is now being established in American colleges, is intended to serve are the advancement of scholarship, and the promotion of original thought and investigation. A fellowship in an American college is not, as often it is in the English universities, a sinecure. It is not simply the reward for success in passing a series of examinations. It is not merely the ladder by which the student is to climb to distinction. But it is a privilege by the fit use of which he can advance the higher learning and enlarge the boundaries of human knowledge. The fellowship allows the young graduate, possessing genius for a certain line of investigation, but not possessing the pecuniary means for his support, to pursue studies, the result of which shall not only honor him, but also honor scholarship. It permits the penniless student interested in philosophy to pursue his philosophy, and the student of science to continue his chemical or zoölogical investigations. Without its aid, the one would be obliged, for exam-

ple, to devote his powers to professional study for the ministry, and the other to medicine; professions for which, perhaps, each feels he is by nature unfit. The fellowship system, therefore, in American colleges is the most direct aid to the higher scholarship and to culture.

Although the system of fellowships at Oxford and Cambridge has not advanced English learning as it might and ought, yet the results it has achieved are of incalculable worth. The large majority of English scholars of distinction have, for a longer or shorter period, pursued their studies with the assistance which a fellowship provided. Max Müller and Jowett, Rawlinson and Stubbs, Milman and Bryce, Mansel and the Newmans, and hundreds of English scholars besides, hardly less distinguished than they, have held, or still hold, fellowships at Oxford. Results of equal and even greater excellence would follow the general introduction of the system of fellowships into American colleges.

For American wealth to establish fellowships in American colleges, every inducement is presented. The founding of a new college at the West on a foundation of fifty thousand dollars cannot but retard the cause of education, but the establishment of fellowships at Harvard, Yale, Amherst, Princeton, Oberlin, or any well organized college, must greatly advance it. Henry IV., Edward VI., Queen Mary, Elizabeth, and Charles I. established fellowships at Oxford.

If only American wealth would follow such precedents, American scholarship might in the course of a generation surpass English, and in the course of two generations compete with German scholarship.

In the foundation and administration of fellowships in our colleges, however, the strict observance of certain rules is necessary to the attainment of their highest usefulness. It is the failure to observe the first two of the three following suggestions that has brought the English fellowship system into considerable disrepute among certain classes of English society:

1. The fellowship should not be bestowed merely as a reward for high scholarship, but principally as the means for prosecuting original research in a comparatively new department of study.

2. It should not be held for more than three, or, at most, for more than five years. The progress which the fellow makes in this length of time enables him, with but little outlay of time or strength, to give instruction sufficient to provide for his pecuniary needs. The fellowship, in such a case, should at once be re-assigned.

3. If the fellow resides in Germany, as he usually will, he should be made a sort of corresponding member of his college faculty. The information which he could transmit regarding the educational movements occurring in the German gymnasia and universities would prove of much service to American colleges and American scholarship.

"TO SOUTH AFRICA FOR DIAMONDS!"

SECOND PAPER.

THE CAPE DIAMOND.

CURIOSLY enough, there are scarcely more than a dozen pre-eminently great diamonds in the world. To each of these belongs a historical and romantic story of exceeding interest. The Koh-i-Noor, the Orloff, the Sancy, the Hope, and the Grand Mogul have about them almost the individuality of the great personages of history. But immense as has been the yield of the South African fields, they have not as yet, all things considered, contributed a peer to this famed galaxy, though several of the Cape diamonds might almost be included in

the ranks of the elect. The average size however of African diamonds much exceeds that of those before found in any country; stones of a hundred carats are not uncommon. Unfortunately, these are universally tinged with yellow, a law of color, which must by no means, as is popularly and unjustly done, be applied to all Cape diamonds; for, among those small and of medium size, *i. e.*, from one carat to thirty, there are gems as brilliant and of as pure water as any from Golconda or Brazil. In fact, the greater number of white diamonds worn to-day come from the African fields, those dealers to the contrary notwithstanding, who enhance the

value of their ware by calling it an "old stone," a "Brazilian," or an "Indian."

The notable diamonds from the African fields are the "Stewart," the "Schreiner" (as I take the liberty of calling it, after its fortunate possessor, a young lady of Kimberley), and the "Star of South Africa."

The "Stewart," in its rough state, weighed $288\frac{1}{2}$ carats (nearly two Troy ounces), and may be considered by far the largest unblemished diamond found in South Africa. Probably its size is exceeded by only three other diamonds in the world. Its discoverer paid \$150 for his claim in the mine, and hired it out to a colored man named Antonie to work on shares. Antonie, while overseeing his gang of negroes, became impatient with one, and, seizing his pick, gave a few strokes with it, when, to give his own account, "he was spell-bound with the sight of a large stone looking like a diamond. For some minutes he could not speak or move for fear of dispelling the illusion; but, collecting his energies, he made a dart forward and clutched the prize. For two days afterward he was unable to eat anything, so excited were his feelings."

The illustration on page 665 shows the "Stewart" cut and set. It is of a light straw color and great brilliancy.

The "Schreiner" is yet unknown to fame, and rests in the bank vaults at Kimberley. While in the "Fields," I examined it with interest, since, in its mere weight of 308 carats, it outranks the "Stewart," but owing to certain irregularities of form, it will probably lose more than the usual half in cutting.

The "Star of South Africa," and the interesting details attending its discovery have been alluded to in my previous article. It is triangular in shape, of the purest water and of great brilliancy, and is now known as the Dudley diamond. The cut on page 664 represents it of natural size, and in its present setting of a "head ornament."

There are other beautiful gems which rank among large diamonds in Europe, England and America. A stone of 124 carats was found in Dutoit's Pan in 1871. The drawings on this page represent a natural crystal of 122 carats and its appearance after cutting. It belongs to Professor Tennant of London, and was cut in that city to its present form of a most brilliant gem of 66 carats. Its color is a delicate yellow, and the professor says of it that it "exceeds in size and brilliancy any diamond in the British Crown." Mr. Hermann of this city

has also recently cut a beautiful African stone of 80 carats into a perfect brilliant of 40.

But leaving the subject of large diamonds, there are many points of interest to note

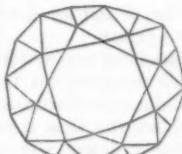


VIEW OF DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH.

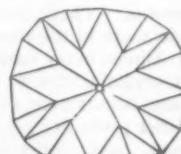
concerning Cape diamonds in general. Their prevailing color is yellow, ranging through every shade from deep orange to a faint



Side View.



Upper Surface.



Under Surface.

DIAGRAMS OF SAME, AFTER CUTTING.

straw color, and merging imperceptibly into white. With regard to the degree of coloring matter, they are referred to as white, Cape white, bye water, off color and yellow. Given ordinary stones of exactly the same qualities in other respects, and in running this simple gamut of color, their price at yellow will be increased tenfold at white, with corresponding variations between the two extremes. It requires a practiced eye and a good "test stone" to discern to advantage the nice differences between the white, Cape white, and bye water.

Some diamonds are milky white, and now and then one is found of a pale blue or blue tint; the latter are small and very valuable. Brown and pink are usual and common next to the yellow, and not much esteemed. Small green stones are also seen. Pure black diamonds do not exist, though many are black and opaque from a pigmentous coloring matter. These are apt to be much fractured when found, and shade into the



"THE STAR OF SOUTH AFRICA," OR THE DUDLEY DIAMOND. (NATURAL SIZE)

browns. They are of much harder fiber, and more brittle than the yellow.

Almost every modification of the system of crystallization to which the diamond belongs occurs except the cube. Octahedrons, either perfect or beveled, are the most common, next, dodecahedrons. Twin stones, macles, and agglomerations of tiny crystals occur frequently; in my possession is also a hollow diamond or geode, the only one ever found at the mines.

A curious phenomenon is the "bursting" or "splitting" of a diamond. This occurs from inherent causes and only to glassy stones which have (be it never so faint) a tinge of brown in them. They are usually perfect octahedrons, with very sharp angles and of much harder quality than others, except the black, which seem to be an advanced stage of the same conditions. Such a stone comes clear and brilliant from the mine, and perhaps in an hour a little "feather" or fracture points toward its center. The buyer who has been "stuck" with such a diamond no sooner discovers this "feather" than he runs out to sell it, slackening his pace as he nears the door, and nonchalantly sauntering in and offering it for sale, with the assurance that it has been out of the mine a month; the neighbor gets it at a bargain, of course, and, a few hours later, to his horror, finds the little feather now a streak extending much further in; he, too,

now palms it off at large loss to himself—and so on, the diamond always "going farther and faring worse," till, at last, it drops in pieces and brings the largest loss on the last holder. A beautiful diamond of this nature, though unsuspected, may be laid in the box at night and found in numerous fragments in the morning. The "bursting" is due, probably, to the release from the great pressure to which the crystal has been subjected in its closely fitting rock-casing. The diggers wrap such stones, as soon as found, in cotton, or put them in oil before selling them.

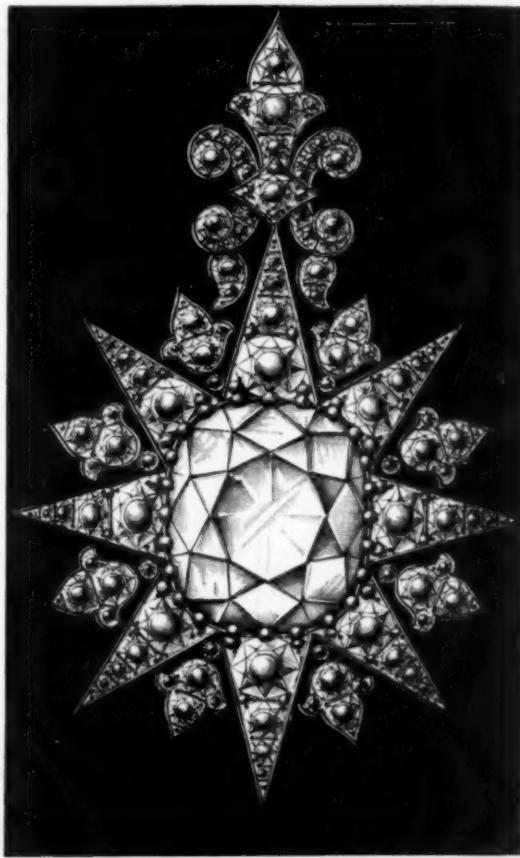
The Cape diamond, unlike the Brazilian, has no adhering skin or envelope; it shines like a piece of bright glass wherever it is found. There is, to be sure, a delicate film of infiltrated calcite about those imbedded in the "blue-stuff," but this film adheres to the imbedding rock, and not to the diamond. The diamonds from the river and each of the four mines have recognizable peculiarities. The former are invariably water-worn, looking like ground glass, and noted for being whiter than others. They bring the highest price. Diamonds from Dutoit's Pan are in general large, smooth, and off-colored or yellow; those from Bultfontein, within a stone's throw of Dutoit's, are uniformly very small and white, and "pocked" or pitted, thus having a frosted appearance. Kimberley, the most productive mine, gives, as a rule,

not as large diamonds as Dutoit's Pan, but whiter, and also a larger proportion of split, flawed, and spotted stones and boart, but never a frosted stone.

The yield of Cape diamonds may be thus classified: 10 per cent. first quality; 15 per cent. second quality; 20 per cent. third

the mine imbedded in a piece of its surrounding rock, and the "casing" from which a fifty-six carat diamond was taken.

The Cape diamonds, which now form the world's only steady supply, all go to London; for this capital has become not only a great center for buying and



THE STEWART DIAMOND.

quality; and the remaining 55 per cent., consisting of boart, useless except to be ground up and used for cutting diamonds and other stones. The total yield up to the present time may be calculated from known shipments to be \$100,000,000; but both digger and diamond buyer carry from Africa privately large packages of diamonds whose value would much augment this amount. The cuts on page 666 show the natural diamond crystal as it comes out of

selling, but also for cutting,—an industry once monopolized by Amsterdam but now equally shared with its rival. No one can estimate the great stores of yellow diamonds in the rough that lie there in merchants' safes awaiting sale. But the fate of stones of this color is settled; they never can recover their lost prestige; or, granting that the flow from the mines should cease and that they should again become popular, the supply already on hand to work up and

cut would suffice the world for dozens of years. On the other hand the estimated 10 per cent. of white Cape stones find an immediate sale, principally and ultimately after cutting, for the American market. American purchasers, it is said, are the most critical judges of diamonds and will have only the best white.

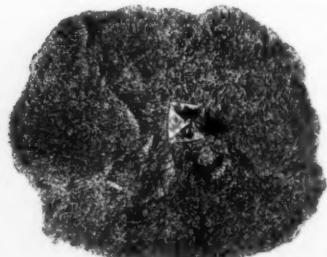
We should be surprised if in a country famed for its mechanical ingenuity the art of cutting diamonds should be left exclusively to the Old World; but it is, however, only within a few years that this industry has become established here. Mr. Henry Morse of Boston, and Mr. Hermann of New York were the pioneers, and yet remain sole competitors, the former, with true Yankee ingenuity, solving the problem with distinguished success for himself, and the latter bringing with him a knowledge of the trade from Europe. The cleaning, cutting and polishing of the rough stone can now be done as well here as abroad, or (as I believe, judging by results and from the testimony of experts) better. Stones cut in Europe are frequently remodeled and repolished in this country, thereby gaining much in value, and others abandoned in the rough as not worth cutting are here converted into excellent brilliants.

DIAMOND BUYERS.

It is well known that in the marvelous microcosm of the ant a system of servitude exists, in which a race of little insects called aphides are carefully guarded and tended for the sake of the sweet food they produce for their masters. The digger is the aphis of the diamond-field. Upon his efforts all other interests hang. The diamonds which the unwilling earth yields to his hands set all the local wheels in motion. His the toil and the worry, the largest risk of total failure

and the danger to life and limb. The diamonds found to-day must be sold to-morrow to pay working expenses; they go straight from his hands to those of the diamond buyer. He who six months ago could not have told a diamond from a quartz crystal or a bit of glass, goes daily into the ranks of experts, who belong to a guild of dealers and workers in precious stones—the oldest and most exclusive in the world—with no guide except his native judgment and his wants to put against their knowledge. Unlike gold and other precious metals, the diamond has not a fixed value measured by its weight alone; everything depends upon an appreciation of the subtlest distinctions of color, the position of a spot or a flaw, and the possibility of cutting it out. The chances of profit are enormously in favor of the expert buyer.

Diamonds, as they come from the mine, are sold on the spot, *i. e.*, in the same town, like fruit from a garden. Here they are to be had first-hand. The digger, with the treasures of the mine before his eyes, parts easily with what he has already obtained. He can get more to-morrow, and there is, moreover, the ever-present hope of that grand stroke of luck for which he lives. The buyer, too, gets his great bargains out of the large daily produce of gems. These mutual advantages account for a community of buyers equal in number to the diggers. There are whole streets, along which every door is a dealer's office—neat little one-storied buildings of corrugated iron, with a door in the center and a window at either side. There are two rooms, one for sleeping and the other for the transaction of business; though certain princely merchants are not content with these humble accommodations. As a rule, all purchases and sales take place in these little offices, for



NATURAL DIAMOND CRYSTAL IN ITS BED-ROCK.



"CASING" OF A 56-CARAT DIAMOND.

there is no general exchange where business may be transacted.

The buyers' advertisements swell the columns of the morning papers. Taking up "The Diamond News,"—one of three vended by screaming news-boys,—one reads that Mr. Jacob Jacobs "is prepared to buy all classes of diamonds; fine, glassy stones, pure, large, yellow stones, and large cleavage are particularly required. Highest market rates paid." Or, "Mr. Schmidt is prepared to purchase from his old friends, the diggers, diamonds of all classes," etc., etc. Passing by Mr. Schmidt's door, we see him ensconced behind a table, whose chief ornaments are a broad sheet of white paper tacked upon it, a pair of diamond buyers' scales or balances, and a half-burned cigar with bright blue wreath of smoke curling up from it. We step in, and are greeted with a pleasant "Good-morning." This ought to be a good day to sell, for the mail says diamonds are "up," and the town is consequently in a high state of excitement. But the diamond buyer maintains an appearance of Oriental stolidity. I hand him a valuable diamond. With half-closed eyes he looks at it with careless interest, and, pushing it aside, asks "what I want for that," as if it was a crime to want anything for it. The trade rule seems to be to ask too much, in order to get enough; therefore, plucking up courage, I say just double what I think it is worth. Then follows the old story of beating down and holding out, in order to decide upon a price. The buyer picks it up again, and examines it more closely for a spot or flaw, and compares it for color with a small "test-stone." Then he slides it into a sheet of paper, to get its color by reflected light. What marvels of exaggeration of the especial detriment caused by that flaw or spot—if the stone has one—knowing all the time that a few turns of the wheel in Amsterdam will remove it. A price per carat is finally agreed upon, and the stone is weighed, paid for, and the digger departs, feeling that he has got half of what his diamond was worth, as he catches the faint glow of satisfaction which the prospect of hundreds per cent. profit brings to the buyer's face. If the diamond is of certain definite varieties, such as "Cape white," "bye water," "off-color," and "yellow," there is little opportunity for differing in price between experts, for the market quotations for the day, or rather for several days, between mail and mail from England, are almost invariable. For instance: white and pure one-carat

stones bring \$12; ditto two to three-carat stones, \$20 to \$25; ditto four-carat stones, \$30 per carat; off-colored stones up to six carats each, \$8 to \$10 per carat.

Next in importance to, and far outnumbering, the local diamond buyer, is the diamond broker, a person who stands intermediate between digger and buyer, and between one buyer or merchant and another. He is one of a large and active class. His percentage of two and a half per cent., which yields him from \$200 to \$2,000 a month, according to his ability and energy, represents a very large amount of business. He is often a ruined buyer or dealer, who takes this means of getting together a small capital for a new start. He may be seen at all hours of the day, hurrying from office to office with a little square pocket case under his arm, containing "parcels" of diamonds of every variety. He has instructions from the owner as to his lowest price, and tries to get as much more as he can. He is a good salesman, since his commission depends upon his success. Far better is it for the digger to intrust his diamonds to his care and judgment. Unlike the broker of an American mining camp, who simply lends money, the sole business of the broker of the Fields is to hawk about from office to office the "parcels" of diamonds intrusted to him for sale. To "broke" is the popular mode of beginning life, if one does not go into digging, or has not capital or experience enough to buy. Broking is the training school of the independent dealer. The extent to which he is trusted is a marvel, thousands of dollars worth of "stones" passing through his hand each morning. To one who saunters down a busy street of diamond dealers, and drops into office after office, the amount of diamonds displayed is an unfailing source of wonder. Broker after broker steps in and says "Buying to-day?" and thereupon lays his "parcel" open upon the table for inspection—literally in handfuls; there lies, for instance, one "parcel" of 1,000 carats, containing say 200 stones, all clear, lustrous and clean-cut as any piece of glass from a chandelier, each the size of a good-sized pea. The buyer examines them critically, setting them aside, one by one, with a small pair of forceps; then he makes his offer, say fifty dollars per carat, or \$50,000 for the lot, and, if accepted, straightway draws a check for the amount. Then follow smaller transactions,—a single stone from a digger, a lot of "rubbish," i. e., "boart," "small cleavage,"

split and brown stones,—all of which is grist to his mill, if it can be bought cheap enough. On certain days of excitement in the market the transactions are enormous—a fact after

and make profits out of each other. Such is the exaggerated sensitiveness and remarkable unanimity of feeling in this large community, that the least breath of adverse or



A GROUP OF CURIOSITIES.

Boar's tusks; Kaffir knob-kerrie; goat-milk vase; springbok horn; ostrich egg; ladle; pistol and knife; Kaffir pillows; rice spoon; knife and sheath; carved pipe; snuff-boxes; -horns and feet of the rooibok.

all not to be wondered at, when one considers the "credit" of from \$100,000 to \$1,000,000 granted to the representatives of great European firms.

Such agents are princely dealers who buy for the "home market." They "ship" their diamonds direct to London by mail, first securing insurance upon them in the Fields. Their number is small, however, as compared with those buying and selling in the "local market." The latter, of course, use a smaller capital, and keep turning it over oftener. They buy and sell among themselves, "bull" and "bear" the market,

favorable news acts upon it as upon a single individual. Hence local panics are frequent.

With \$1,500,000 worth of diamonds pouring monthly into the London market, one may wonder when the great panic and decline in prices will come.

DIAMOND STEALING AND ILLICIT BUYING.

DIAMOND stealing, chiefly by the negroes, and buying of stolen diamonds by middlemen, receivers, and illicit dealers, are the veriest curse of the diamond fields. But the diamond is so easily stolen at the time of its discovery in the ground, the transfer

from the negro worker to the receiver is so readily effected, and the measures taken against both steps are so inadequate, that the eradication of the illicit traffic seems well-nigh impossible. The claim-holders suffer, even to the extent of financial ruin. The bright gem, which would many times *recoup* months of toil and anxiety, lies between the toes of that swarthy toiler, to find its way in the evening, in exchange for a paltry sum and a glass of brandy, to the pocket of a white diamond shark. With ten thousand blacks daily working over diamondiferous soil, watched by about one overseer to every ten of them, the chances for stealing are unlimited. The only black to be trusted is the "raw" native, direct from his "kraal" a thousand miles away, where he has never known the white man's influence. He will not steal. But the white man's breath is a moral simoom—it withers his honesty. The native comes to the field naked, but for the "mucha," or waistcloth. Clothing and rascality grow in equal steps upon him, until at last he is completely "civilized." And then thieving is not a difficult matter at the mine. Here is the way "Bucket," one of the negroes, got caught, grown careless, no doubt, with long success. The "digger" was watching his "boys" (a term applied generally to all black laborers), when a big diamond fell from the wall "Bucket" was picking down. "Bucket" put his foot on it, and kept the diamond thus held for an hour, when he picked up his foot as though to scratch it, but in reality to get the stone from between his toes and transfer it to some other part of his body. Finding that he was observed, he abandoned the attempt for the moment. The master by this time began to feel a curiosity to see his diamond, and ordered "Bucket" to pick elsewhere; but the black was unwilling to move. Losing all patience, he pushed him aside, and found the gem, whereupon "Bucket" remarked, in a cool and surprised tone, "Here's a diamond, baas." It was a beautiful eighteen-carat stone; the digger's quick eye saved him \$2,000.

INCIDENTS AND LIFE IN KIMBERLEY.

IT is during the clear and delightful winter weather of July, August and September that the dreaded dust storms occur. About noon, perhaps after a perfect morning, the wind begins to rise and the fragments of stray straws, bits of paper and other loose stuff are taken up and whirled about in little eddies in the street. One looks away off

over the veld and sees in the distance a brown cloud-bank advancing like a thunder-storm, and soon it comes hurtling, sweeping over the plain, sighing and whistling about the outlying tents and canvas houses, and breaks upon the town, filling the air so thickly with dust that one cannot see across the street. This lasts for hours—perhaps, with intermitting vigor, for days. It is hot, smothering and blinding, and saps all vital energy. Man and beast become wearied and irritable. The impalpable powder penetrates everywhere and into everything. It steals into the loosely built houses and envelops their inmates, until at last all distinctive color of clothing and person becomes merged into a uniform red ashen hue. At dinner food and dishes are covered with fine sand; on horseback one is often obliged to dismount and wait for the fiercest of the gusts to pass by, for it is impossible to ride against the prickling, stinging grains of sand beating upon the face. As a rule the wind dies out by evening. There is, however, a more terrific and prolonged dust storm when the wind comes down across the arid plain in a perfect gale. Tents insecurely fastened are torn from over the astonished heads of their inmates; small iron buildings are thrown down; sign-boards and "sorting tables" fly to new moorings, and general havoc among loose things reigns. At last exhausted Nature finds relief in rain, and lays the dust she has raised.

One day, as a well-known fashionable lady of the "Fields" had just seated a select dinner party at table, a storm like this swept down upon the house. The table began to sway, the piano went dancing about, and the next thing she recalled was finding herself just recovering from a swoon lying out in the mud—the company literally scattered to the winds. Her sister fortunately escaped by a side door, but a heavy cloak she held in her hand was torn from her grasp by the blast and never afterward seen.

The diamond market may be "flat," "finds" bad, the "reef down," and politics hopelessly involved, but people will marry and be given in marriage. The happy pairs generally go to Klipdrift—the Niagara of the diamond "Fields"—to spend the honeymoon. One could almost forget at the elaborate wedding scenes held at the English church that he is at the "Fields." A bridal couple who once started to spend the honey-moon at Jacobsdall, some thirty miles distant, did not find their path all strewn with roses. Their driver took too much



A NIGHT ON THE "VELD."

wedding champagne, lost his way on the "veld," or open plain, and the newly married pair passed the night under their conveyance. By the time that darkness had settled down fully upon them, they had made tolerable preparations for comfort by the aid of traveling rugs and wagon cushions. But now occurred an unexpected event. From out the circle of blackness around them shot light from dozens of gleaming eyes, shimmering in the background of the night like the baleful lights of opals. Now coming, now going, flitting like shadows, or like winged things, the phosphorescent light lapped around them in waves like exhalations over the graves of the dead. The fright which at first clove their tongues to their mouths was followed by a shout which drove back the encircling beasts, and now the answering bark and snarl of the jackal announced the character of their unwelcome visitors. It was a night spent in wakefulness, and only with the coming of dawn did the last of these flickering shadows slink from sight. That man and wife will long remember their epithalamium set to the howls of the silver jackal.

HOTELS AND DIGGERS.

THE hotels of Kimberley, of which the illustration is hardly a fair specimen, are provided with a large "bar" at which liquors

are sold, a billiard-room and long dining-hall, and ranging down on either side of the dining-room a series of little bedrooms—narrow, coffin-shaped chambers, containing a bed, a chair, a wash-stand and a trunk. At the hotel, and at the better class of canteens, are met the floating population and the men of leisure about town, the latter apparently permanent fixtures of the place. Business, *i. e.*, drinking, begins early and continues until it is early again.

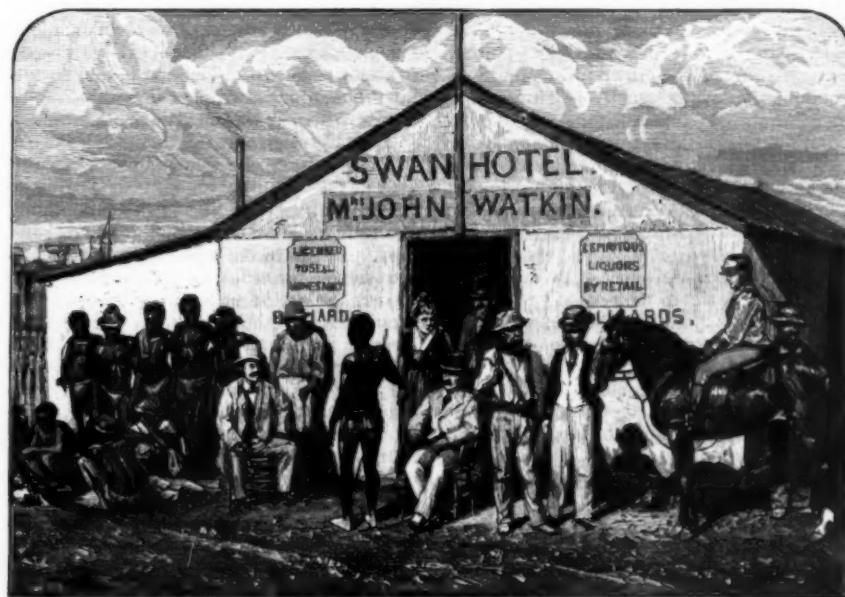
Certainly, Kimberley is the heaven of the gentlemanly loafer, who, on one excuse or another, does no work, and trusts to his bright particular star for bread, cheese, meat and drinks. Never downcast, never despondent, always plausible, he seems to have a horror of becoming a millionaire; he would have it understood that he is about to embark in some grand project—perhaps to turn the Vaal River aside and search its bed for diamonds, or lead water through pipes into Kimberley from the same river thirty miles distant, or pump the mine dry, or open a coal or lead mine, or go into ostrich farming, or up-country trading. In the meantime wont you back his bill "for a small \$100." Or our morning friend "is only waiting for the mail," and "expects a remittance from home directly." Strange how long that remittance is in coming. "Confounded bad postal arrangements in

these wilds, you know." He is "going in for washing," and wants to "make a new start;" he is "going to pull up" and "go in for making money now." A "fiver" would oblige him. About the hotel he makes trade good; treats his creditors with kindness and with drinks; says "Put it down to me," as if "No credit" over the bar was never written for him. Scans his bill in a contemptuous way through his eyeglass, and finally, when the last card is played, saunters off to pastures new, leaving a widowed constituency with depleted pockets to mourn his departure.

But outnumbering manifold these ornaments to society are the diggers in "mole-skin" trowsers, flannel shirt, and broad hat twined round with a puggeree. By "digger" must be understood claim-holder, and director of his own or another's mining operations. He seldom touches pick or shovel, far better to use his eyes and prevent the negroes working under him from stealing. He has just come up out of the mine and down into the street a moment for a new rope, pick or bucket, and stops for a chat. Diamonds, claims, finds, are the all-absorbing topic. Having ordered with some "mate" a "split," the first inquiry is, "Any finds to-day?" or "Is the mail in?"

and "Are diamonds up or down?" The state of the "reef" is discussed, and the progress of pumping operations. Here, perhaps, some one asks: "Have you heard of Brown's luck? He bought a claim yesterday in which they hadn't paid expenses for three months and found a diamond worth \$5,000 this morning before breakfast." Very likely Brown enters at this moment, and straightway "wets his find" to the extent of standing treat all around to champagne. Happy man if this were all he spent, but "easy come, easy go," applies to his money as well as to that of other gamblers. In such an assembly one hears discussed many turns in the wheel of fortune.

Perhaps what strikes one at first the most oddly, is the careless manner in which diamonds are handed about and displayed. Drawing forth from his pocket a little metal or wooden match-box, the digger opens it to show his "finds." It is full of diamonds of all sizes and qualities, just as they have come from the ground, lustrous and glowing with their soft white or yellow lights. The box is passed around the crowd quite out of sight of its owner, different gems are taken out of it and admired, and it is finally returned quite as it left him. Another draws from his trowsers' pocket a handful of good-sized



HOTEL IN THE "DIGGIN'S."



A DIGGER AND HIS FORCE.

"stones," and lays them down upon the table. One by one they are taken up and distributed about the crowd present for inspection, the owner quietly awaiting their return from the different quarters of the room, quite undisturbed as to the safety of his property; they all come back. Slipping his thumb and finger into a side vest pocket, a fresh comer pulls out a perfect beauty—a hundred-carat yellow, as large as a marble, far brighter and more lustrous than any cut glass or crystal; alas, worth now at the depreciated price of "off-color," not more than \$5,000!—in the days before "off-color" were plentifully found, worth \$20,000. This too is passed freely about. There is no danger of the gems being stolen, because the whole community is a "committee of public safety," and cannot afford to allow dishonesty. To steal a diamond would be like horse-stealing in our western country,—it is stealing a man's life, and the crime is so heinous and so nearly affects every one that all are equally interested in punishing it.

An irascible digger who was ascending a ladder, out of the mine with a big diamond in his mouth, and met on the way a negro

who apparently did not give him room enough, suffered still worse luck. A torrent of abuse rolled from his mouth, and so too did the diamond, tumbling down into some rubbish where it was never found, at least by its first owner.

KIMBERLEY BY NIGHT.

THE town is at its best in the moonlight. The rude outlines of its buildings are softened. Its obtrusive minutiae of dirt-heaps and sieves melt down; the molten light playing on bell-tent and marquee which stretch out into the plain, give the idea of the encampment of a great army,—which, indeed, it is,—an army in search of fortune. As we pass along streets lined with residences, everybody is on the veranda, resting after the heated day. From door after door comes the sound of piano and singing. Passing down some side street, we catch glimpses of the interiors of tents whose tired toilers for diamonds are moving about, making preparations for early sleep,—stalwart figures and bearded faces poring over the last papers from home, or re-reading for the twentieth time the last letter.

There sits a figure on a solitary rough box beside a narrow cot, thumbing over by the light of a flickering candle stuck in a bottle for want of a better candlestick, the contents of a well-worn pocket-case. His body is well knit and powerful, his face intelligent and full of honesty; but the bowed shoulders, the mechanical listless movements show the man without hope,—wound up to go on until life runs down. In such a face we read the laboring man's honesty and the gambler's uncertainties. The finger of doom is upon the man,—he knows it, feels it, and accepts the spell the fates have woven about him, without asking why. He has lived year after year of this same life in California, in Australia, and now again he is repeating it here. Hope is dead, but life must be lived. One sees these faces in mining communities,—men as extinct as though their shadows had come back to toil on.

On every hand, rising and falling in the rhythmic undertones of an *Æolian harp*, one hears the mournful cadences of the Kaffir songs floating over the moonlit scene. The night breeze catches up the refrain from group after group of dusky-skinned Ethiops, as they sit around their evening camp-fire. It is more a chant than a song. Deep bass voices carry forward the burden of the story, and light, mellow tenors take it up and run lightly on with it—the whole blended into a wild, weird harmony, in fittest keeping with the night. I have often wished that some one would transcribe their music to paper. What they say in words I do not know; but they convey in sound both savageness and pathos. They sing war and love. It is the music of the natural human animal, unmodified by the traditions and practices of any school.

Finally, the digger is light-hearted, hopeful, improvident of money; but he is not idle or bad. His trials, of falling reef, water in his claim, diamond stealing by the negroes and illicit dealing in them by the whites, have already been spoken of. Let us leave him with this epitaph, which one may read in the Kimberley cemetery:

"Here lies a digger, all his 'chips' departed, A 'splint' of Nature, bright and ne'er down-hearted; He worked in many 'claims,' but now, though 'stumped,' He's got a claim above that can't be 'jumped.' May he turn out a pure and spotless wight When the great Judge shall sift the wrong from right, And may his soul, released from this low Babel, Be found a gem on God's great 'sorting-table.'"

THE MORNING MARKET.

IT is a fine and inspiring scene, this morning market, unparalleled in the whole South of Africa. The entire square is crowded with great prairie-wagons, some canvas-covered and some not, all laden with wood,



SIDE VIEW OF THE KIMBERLEY WINE.

vegetables, corn, and a hundred varied necessities for housekeeper and cook. To each wagon are still attached its eighteen yoked oxen, with a patient Hottentot *voortrepper*, or forerunner, sprawled upon the ground in front of the first pair. Englishmen in light-colored clothing and puggeree, and Dutchmen in veld-schoon and moleskin make up in equal parts the throng. "Guten morgen" and "Hoe gat het?" (how goes it?) mingle with the chatter of the East Indian coolie and Koranna and Zulu. At my side a young Dutchman tells me he has for sale "een jong blaauwschimmel paard, met zadel en toom—drie jaren oud,"

—for many of the Dutch do not speak a word of English. The wagons are most of them loaded with fire-wood for cooking purposes, gathered up from the plains around within a radius of twenty to thirty miles. Wood is

in luxuries. Those eggs are going at twenty-five cents apiece; butter at \$1.50 a pound. Those cabbages look finely, there are only a few dozen, but the last bid for that largest one was \$2.00. Turkeys are



THE MORNING MARKET.

very scarce. Each wagon-load of loosely piled, crooked and scraggy logs is bringing from \$25 to \$50, and each cart-load from \$10 to \$15. Every morning there is a new supply, and still disappointed buyers. The plains are devastated by the wood gatherers. The value of the cattle standing before the wood wagons on any one morning is at least \$20,000. Two rewards for the discovery of coal in the vicinity are standing unclaimed—one of \$5,000 and another of \$2,500.

The morning sales of all sorts amount to \$3,000 to \$5,000 daily. Besides wood, one buys here draught and slaughter oxen, cows, horses, pigs and poultry. Draught horses are dear, bringing from \$150 to \$250 apiece—saddle horses cheap at \$50 to \$100. Then there are wagons laden with meal and mealies, Kaffir corn, barley, forage, potatoes, cabbages and onions. Others with apples, melons, peaches, figs, oranges and grapes. Exposed to sale on long benches are also hams, eggs, green salads, peas, beans, honey. All this is to be sold to the highest bidder. It must be a long pocket that can indulge

selling readily at \$7.50 apiece, fowl more reasonably at \$1 to \$2. Yellow fish and barbel are brought down from the river and sold at twenty-five to fifty cents a pound. As ruinous and uncertain in price as anything else is "forage" for the horses. This comes from neighboring farmers who will scarcely take the trouble to raise it, in small bundles or sheafs at from twenty-five cents up to seventy-five per bundle, though it is sold at times as low as twelve cents or as high as \$1.00. Immense quantities of meal also are sold, for Kimberley diggers feed from 10,000 to 12,000 natives daily. For the use of the negro are also bought the carcasses of the springbok, a large antelope, at \$1 for each. Reeds from the swampy banks of the river are much in demand for making fences, wattle and daub houses, and thatching. A wagon load is instantly bought up at \$40 to \$60 per load. Boer brandy, called "Cape smoke," sells at \$30 per half-aum. Then, too, there are hides and skins of buck, sheep and tiger, as also karosses, neatly sewn by up-country natives, of tiger, silver jackal

and meer-cat skins forming splendid carriage robes and bed coverings. One pays for a tiger-skin kaross \$60.00, and for one made of the silver jackal skin \$30. And lastly soap, salt and tobacco are also for sale.

The apathy of the Boer is astounding. Though the facilities for tilling the soil and irrigation are free as air, nature's returns bounteous and overflowing and a market ever ready, almost no one can be found who will deign to raise a vegetable in the region of the "Fields." As long as diamonds lie in the sands and gold in the ridges, while sheep wander almost at will and grow wool, and ostriches abide with men and give up their feathers for the plucking; as long as barter and trade can pit cotton and cloth and beads against ivory and skins, the Africander will follow these more alluring pursuits and the soil remain untilled.

Such is the regular morning market which the Kimberley community frequents daily throughout the year. The curiosity seeker may also find his fill of novelty. Frequently a trader's wagon from the up-country comes in laden with thousands of pounds of elephants' tusks, bundles of white and black ostrich feathers, spears, and Kaffir ornaments. The tusks are spread out upon the ground for inspection and very likely find an immediate purchaser. The bidding for the feathers is animated. The trader has both "tames" and "wilds," the latter bringing much the higher price. "White-bloods" are going at \$250 per pound, fancy lots even more. Long blacks and drabs bring much less. "Tipped bloods" are bringing \$150 per pound. Single plumes

\$5 to \$6 apiece. Ostrich eggs \$2 apiece. The trader has generally various pets for sale,—a young cub lion, a stealthy jackal, an eagle or vulture perched on the top of his wagon, some paroquets or baboons, or a beautifully hooded owl. Baboons are a favorite back-yard pet.

If the mine is the heart, the market square is the lung of the corporate fabric. It is the only spot where the word diamond is dropped from conversation.

With five others, equally impatient to reach the sea,—seven days' journey,—I shared in buying up a coach and eight horses to make a flying trip thither, the memory of which makes "coaching" in South Africa one of the pleasantest of reminiscences.

Space forbids details of swimming coach and horses across swollen rivers, of sleepy Dutch hamlets, of strange foliage of tree and fern and cactus, and of trooping baboons. The climax of difficulty was reached when we found the Great Fish River a roaring flood, below its banks still a hundred feet high, and was only surmounted by leaving our coach and being drawn across, one by one, in a small box, which was pulled from bank to bank of the stream on a huge cable.

Then Grahamstown, lost in her encircling hills and lofty shade-trees, was left behind. Turf and lilies and gladiolus replaced the long familiar sage-brush, until finally the puff of a locomotive and a glistening line of track announced a virtual delivery from the tyranny of time and distance inseparable from life in the interior. The bay of Port Elizabeth was in sight, and in the offing rode the steamship bound for home.

A SUMMER MORNING.

OH, the earth and the air!
Honeysuckle and rose:
Fir-trees tapering high
Into the deep repose
Of the fleckless sky:
Hills that climb and are strong:
Basking, contented plain:
Sunlight poured out along
The sea of the grass like rain:
Spice-burdened winds that rise,
Whisper, wander and hush:
And the caroling harmonies
Of robin and quail and thrush:—
O God, Thy world is fair!

And this but the place of His feet!
I had cried, "Let me see; let me hear;
Show me the ways of Thy hand:"
For it all was a riddle drear
That I fainted to understand.
Canopy, close drawn round,
Part not nor lift from the ground:
Move not your finger tips,
Firs, from the heavens' lips.
When this is the place of His feet,
How should I bear to raise
My blasted vision to meet
The inconceivable blaze
Of His majesty complete?

GLIMPSES OF WESTERN FARM LIFE.



SKETCH FOR MEDALLION OF AMERICAN FARM LIFE, DESIGNED IN CLAY BY C. L. WARNER.

FROM the days when Western farming consisted of a little work in a truck patch and a great deal of bear and deer hunting, down to the present time, covers but little more than a half century; but it covers the stride from the flail to the steam-thresher, from the sickle to the reaping-machine, from the scythe to the mowing-machine, from the old rude plow with the wooden mold-board, to the sulky-plow, upon which the modern farmer-dandy rides with his hands in gloves, from the cabin to the cottage in the Italian villa style, from the old spinning-wheel to the steam factories, from the tinkling dulcimer to the grand piano—in fact from mere rudimentary civilization to a high plane of enlightenment and culture. The traveler of to-day, whirled in a palace car across the prairies and fertile clearings of Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, sees on every hand, evidences of something far removed from the mere thriftiness of bumpkins. Bumpkins there are, however, and many; but not even New England country folk are as well informed in the ordinary branches of science and literature, as are,

for instance, the Hoosier land-owners. These are, in a general way, as broadly liberal in their views of "men and things" as their fields are broad, and their minds are as fertile in producing expedients for thrift, as their lands are fertile.

Nevertheless many verdant reaches of country yet remain where the good old times are not altogether abolished,—where the "Ann can spin flax" of the elementary spelling book is not a meaningless legend of the past. You may hear the hum of the little wheel and the "shuttle-bang," "shuttle-bang," "shuttle-bang" of the hand-loom, as a good wife and daughter manufacture tow-linen for home use. There are places where the farmers still use the old-time plow-stock and shovel-plow instead of the riding-plow, the cultivator or the double-shovel. Occasionally, too, the cradle is seen, in the wheat and oats fields, swung by arms whose muscles are like woven steel. Mind you, I do not mean a baby's cradle, but one of those fingered scythes which drove the sickles out of use. The baby's

cradle, nevertheless, need not be blushingly veiled from my readers, since for the greater part of the last half century, the phrase "I was rocked in a sugar-trough," has been as current with Western demagogues, as "You'd scarce expect one of my age," etc., etc., has been with the Western school-boy. I know of a good old lady, now well on toward ninety, who keeps carefully guarded in a closet one of those primitive bits of furniture, the necessity for making which used to delight the heart of the young pioneer husband and prospective father. It is a trough dug out of a semi-cylindrical piece of poplar—yellow tulip-wood, the half, in fact, of a cut from the stem or bole of a small tree, and is mounted on rude rockers rounded by not over-cunning work, out of a slab-board. The old woman clings to this rough rune of modern infantile luxury, because in it, long ago, while yet the red men, with the bear and panther, skulked in our woods, her first-born baby died. Speaking of this relic of frontier days in the West, recalls to my mind a little incident of last summer.

One day I happened, with my wife, to be driving in a road-phaëton though a rather uncouth and primitive looking part of Indiana, when a sudden thunder-storm drove us to an old hewed-log farm-house for shelter. It was the country dinner hour—twelve o'clock—and our entrance, which was more like a raid for plunder than like a civil assault for shelter's sake, surprised "the folks" at table in the spacious apartment which served as kitchen and dining room. But our reception was most cordial; we were pressed to join them at table before we had yet had time to thank them for admitting us. It was a long home-made bench of a table covered with snowy domestic linen—that silvery, inimitable fabric our grandmothers delighted in. A great roast of beef, garnished with young potatoes and green peas, was the central attraction; and round it were arranged nearly all the good things within the reach of the country cook. It was not the viands, however, that attracted my wife's eyes to the table. She has keramomania in the ordinary form, and of course the blue, red and purple pottery immediately had its effect. This, no doubt, much more than the out-spoken cordiality of the reiterated invitations from our hostess, caused us to accept a chair at the board. It was a feast for a king. During the rapid flight of the meal,—for you must know that no such thing as dallying

is allowed at a Western table,—I saw my wife steal furtive glances at the bottom of plate, saucer or cream-jug. Some one else saw her too, for at length the lady of the house, a large motherly woman, with a shrewd twinkle gathering in her blue eyes, said—

"This 'ere's quare old crockery goods of mine, aint it? I've hed it a long time. It was my mother's afore me. I shouldn't have hed it on the table to-day if it hedn't a-been Peggy's birthday, an' we sorty fixed up a dinner like for her."

Peggy was a rosy-cheeked lass of about ten years, who seemed greatly to enjoy the good things. The subject of old pottery once fairly opened, the dishes were subjected to rigid examination. I heard such names as Wedgwood, Liverpool, Bentley, Byerly, E. Wood and Son, and I cannot say how many more; but I soon saw that my wife considered many of the pieces on the table quite rare and valuable specimens of their kind. She had quite a protracted talk with the old lady before we took our departure, and I discovered afterward that she actually tried to purchase that whole lot of crockery. Her surprise amounted to utter chagrin when she found the old woman quite well informed as to the value of her relics.

"O no, mum," she cried, "I couldn't think of selling 'em at all. Them old Wedgwood plates and tea-cups is like the apple of my eye, and them 'ere mulberry dishes,—well, money couldn't buy 'em. I allus thought lots of 'em and hed been kinder keerful of 'em, tho' they was out'n fashion. I've kep 'em up there in that 'ere cupboard a-many a year, I tell you. But bless your soul! I never dremp of how valuable they was, till one day I happened to be a-readin' in a paper what come round some goods John bought. I'm allus a nosin' round and readin' what I kin, an' so whenever a newspaper comes wrapped round anything, I takes it off and reads it. Well, in that 'ere paper what come round the goods I read all about how valuable old-fashioned cupboard things hed got to be. So I went right and examined mine, an' lo an' behold! there was all them choice makers' marks and names on 'em! I tell you I was proud as I could be! No, mum, these is hard times, but I can't sell my collection of chin'y!"

"Her collection!" repeated my wife, as we drove away, "as if she had got them otherwise than by accident!" Then with a laugh: "Who would have dreamed that the

pottery rage had reached such people! But oh, weren't those blue cups and saucers lovely! and those mulberry plates! and that octagonal sugar-bowl! and that white and blue tea-pot!" A profound sigh ended this exclamatory outburst. We were now whirling along a lane between green groves where the birds sang and the breezes whispered;

when the sunlight has a pale gold glimmer, he calls his boys together and they hold a consultation which ends in the general agreement that "It's about time to begin breaking corn-land." What is meant by breaking corn-land depends much on what sort of land the farmer owns. If it is land which has been reclaimed from the woods,



"NO, MUM," SHE CRIED, "I COULDN'T THINK OF SELLING 'EM AT ALL."

but there is no joy for a discomfited searcher after old table-ware.

The phases of farm life are not various. From year's end to year's end the agriculturist, as the centuries have rolled, has run in the same old groove, with only such changes as an occasional improvement or invention has necessitated. In the spring when the first hazy, dreamy days have come,

it means to plow with an ordinary turning plow and two or three good horses; but if it is prairie land never before plowed, then it means to manage a great iron plow to which any number of, from six to twenty, oxen are to be worked. The latter is hard labor for both man and beast; but, to look upon, it presents a picture well worth preserving. The long line of oxen, each one



BREAKING PRAIRIE LAND.

leaning heavily away from his fellow as he slowly surges on, the ponderous plows steadily proceeding, with the strong masses of prairie grass-roots snapping, and the black loam boiling beside the share, the sun-burnt man plodding behind, and the assistant, or driver, with his big whip,—all these are in the foreground, while away to the horizon the green or brown billows of the prairie roll like those of the ocean, with a flock of prairie-hens here and a tuft of scrubby trees there, and, at wide intervals, the plain homes of the farmers, like small arks adrift on the waves. Often in my hunting excursions, lost in an unaccountable fascination, I have stopped to watch the plowman trudge his monotonous round, the meadow-larks springing up before him and the continuous line of inverted sod spinning off from the great spiral mold-board of his "prairie-breaker." The smell of fresh earth in spring-time is peculiarly sweet and pleasant, suggestive of powerful vital principles and essences, suddenly freed upon the air, ready to insinuate themselves into the debilitated parts of all growing things, in order to complete their regeneration and rejuvenation. It is verily believed by many of the Western folk, that pulmonary disease may be driven from one's system by plowing barefoot in the spring and summer, and there may be some reasonable basis for the notion, since

mother earth has been found to be the great reservoir of so many subtle influences for good.

Next, after breaking the land comes what is termed "furrowing off,"—a very delicate operation consisting of checking the ground with parallel furrows, at right angles to each other, in the junctures of which the corn is to be dropped by hand; that is, provided a horse-power planter is not used. Now, dropping corn in the West is, in a degree, what hay-making is in the East, a rare chance for lovers and love-making. It requires an old steady horse to the plow and an experienced plowman at the handles to make straight furrows; wherefore the older men assume the responsibility, leaving to the youths and maidens the easy labor of walking side by side in the cool, moist rows, and letting fall four grains of corn at each intersection. But how many tender words and glances they exchange in the meantime, only the breezes may know. Corn-planting comes in May, the month of love, and my observation leads me to assert that it is impossible to decide which can give the better idea of innocent courtship, two bluebirds on a hedge, or a youth and a lass, trudging back and forth side by side, dropping the golden grain, their feet bare, their hands and faces brown as nuts, and their eyes as clear and guileless as a

mountain spring. To be sure, a sight like this is rare now; but many yet under middle age can remember when it was almost as common in May as sunshine.

in the imagination of a genius, who could be content, for art's sake, to hold the plow and follow a docile horse to and fro between the long lines of ever-whispering, ever-trem-



DROPPING CORN.

After the corn grains have lain covered in the moist, rich soil for seven or eight days, the plants shoot up green and bright. The growth is rapid from the first, and plowing between the rows is begun at once, and kept up almost incessantly, till the great leaves of the maize sweep over the heads and backs of horses and men. I have often thought of what a poem might be generated

bling, luxuriant corn, for one whole "cropping season" in the West. Would not the wild, free voice of nature thoroughly infuse itself into and inform his imagination, so that his song would be mellow with the soil, spicy with silk, and tassel, and leaf, rhythmic as the wind, and warm and liberal as the sun-light?

Another picturesque feature of Western

farm life is fast disappearing. The great ox-wains will soon be no more forever. Beautiful high-bred horses and Studebaker wagons have crowded them to the wall,—those slow-going, lumbering vehicles drawn by those sweet-breathed giants of old. Especially rare, in most country neighborhoods, is the two-wheeled farm-cart whose "bed" of mortised and rude-paneled frame-work was made to balance the heavy iron-bolted tongue. And the ox-yokes, too, on which the cunning workers in wood used to exhaust their art in quite praiseworthy attempts at exemplifying Hogarth's curve in the outlines, are seen no more. The diathesis of the present forebodes the early dissolution, in fact, of the old order of things in rural life, and it would be well for some one to be collecting relics before it is too late. The huge old wagon, the fancifully carved ox-yoke and the old-fashioned plow-stock should be preserved alongside of the spinning-wheels, the dulcimers, the winding-blades, the hand-looms, and the snapping reels of our grandmothers. Would not a rustic museum, filled with a carefully and judiciously selected collection of such relics, be of vast interest in many ways and to many persons? Next to pottery, the agricultural and domestic machines, no matter how simple, mark most certainly the intellectual and moral status of a people.

The old-time bee-hive—the "gum"—is also getting to be quite a curiosity. It is made of a cut from a hollow log, usually the plane-tree or sycamore in the states north of the Ohio River, and the gum-tree south. Those old straw hives, cone-shaped and spirally wrought, which one sees in pictures of European rustic scenes, are not more pleasingly suggestive of rude homeliness and thrift than the smoothly peeled hollow cylinders covered with clapboards, that used to be ranged in rows by the garden picket, under the apple-trees of our fathers. How sweeter than that of Hybla the honey we used to get in our childhood, when by night the tops were taken from the gums, and a great, dripping comb was placed in our eager hands! A few days ago I had the pleasure of looking, through a glass window, in upon the working bees of a "patent hive," as they plied their fragrant trade. I could but think, while tasting some of the sweet, that somehow a modicum—the unique floral essence, indeed—of its flavor had escaped; it might have been merely the racy hint of wild flowers long since extinct as such, or the influence of the discarded gum. The

tame, molasses-candy smack was death to the idea ambrosial; but, after all, I may have been only missing the time when

" Anything sweet in the mouth could sweeten
All this bitter world for a boy,"

as Mr. Howells did when eating mulberries on the Rialto Bridge, and thinking of the Ohio home of his boyhood, where stood the big-leaved mulberry-tree, under which he used to sit—

" so still that the woodpeckers came
And pillaged the berries overhead."

But the great West is the Eden of clover, wherefore it is well called the home of the bee, and even though apiaries have taken the place of those mellific gums, the music of the gold-brown swarms is just as sweet as ever. No farm-house, as a picture, is properly set without somewhere a glimpse of those little apertures through which the bee delights to drag its pollen-burdened thighs.

Seed-time and harvest in the West have not lost all the picturesque situations of the old régime of sickle and cradle and broadcast sowing, for the methods of binding into sheaves and erecting "shocks" thereof have changed very little from the first. The not unmusical clamor of the drill and the energetic hum of the reaping-machine add a new element to the poetry of rural life, somewhat realistic, to be sure, and anti-classical, but capable of fine artistic treatment. Indeed, just at this time in its history, farm-life in our western states is taking on the habiliments of a business highly honorable and fit for men and women of no mean culture to engage themselves in. Here and there the more prosperous and wealthy soil-owners have already erected villas to dwell in, and vast, gayly painted barns for their stores; while their fields, inclosed with hedges, are kept after the most scrupulous pattern of neatness and beauty. I have seen a group of hay-harvesters on a level Western meadow, which of itself would make a most eloquent inscription on the medal of American democracy. Light-limbed, graceful horses to a model wagon, standing midway of the plat; the timothy swaths, lying straight and thick on a stubble as even as a parlor floor; two strong men, well dressed and clean, with buckskin gloves to protect their hands, lifting the hay to the top of the load, whereon stands a graceful youth, his brown face, full of intelligence, shaded by a broad hat, and his hands gloved, too, make a strong contrast with the Old World's groups of labor-

ing peasantry dressed in parti-colored rags. The wheat and oats harvests, however, bring together a greater number of toilers; and, owing to the rapidity necessary, all the operations are extremely laborious and wearying on the muscles. Binding wheat, for instance, simple as it may seem, is next to terrible in its effects upon the system, when performed with that push and rush common to harvest fields. Hence the well-to-do farmer is seldom seen at such work. He rides upon the cushioned seat of the reaper, while his "hired hands" do the "binding" and "shocking." He pays them wages of from one and a half to two dollars per day for their services. The good old custom of taking luncheon in the harvest field at eleven o'clock A. M., is still observed in many districts; but the lunch-basket is not always borne in the hands of a pretty, red-lipped lass, as an artist would have it. The farmer's daughter may be away at boarding-school, learning to play the piano, instead of carrying pies and corn-cakes afield for her father's men. Nevertheless, if she were at home, you might see her, in sun-bonnet and gloves, gladly trudging across the stubble, with the big basket on her plump arm, and a jug of milk—if buttermilk, all the better—in her hand, singing as she goes a snatch from some popular song and chorus, or mayhap whistling—yes, actually whistling—the cheeriest bars of a new waltz. The lunch is eaten under the boughs of a walnut or maple tree, the cheerful little lass standing by, chatting gayly with some one of her youthful acquaintances, it may be her sweetheart. Pies, made of early small fruit or of pulverized dried pumpkin, and with cool buttermilk, make no mean feast for hungry, exhausted laborers; but sometimes home-made wine, clear, sweet, and several years old, takes the place of milk. This wine is made of red currants, raspberries, blackberries, or, rarely, of grapes. I have tasted some that would grace the board of an epicure.

The flail of the farmer of to-day is a huge machine run by steam and called, for the sake of novelty, a thresher. The steam-engine of this machine is trundled from farm to farm on a heavy wagon, and resembles in a considerable degree a small pony railway locomotive. The thresher, or "separator," as it is sometimes called, rides on another wagon. The process of threshing is rendered very satisfactory by the use of this machine; but the labor is even more disagreeable than that of the flail. Imagine your feelings, after having stood all day

long, under the blazing sun of August, right in the central current of a rushing stream of dust, composed mostly of pulverized wheat-beards, and, with a heavy rake, kept the constantly accumulating straw from the tail-gate of a steam thresher. I have seen men come forth from that storm of chaff, straw, dust, and what not of stifling vegetable compound, looking more dead than alive, panting for breath, bathed in sweat and trembling from over-exertion. The men who work at the mouth of the machine are in constant danger. The thresher proper is a huge iron cylinder, armed with closely set iron teeth, which, as it revolves, gives forth a loud, humming sound. If fed too rapidly, this cylinder is liable to burst, and in that case someone is killed. Not unfrequently a man's arm is drawn in among these cruel teeth and ground to shreds.

The winter work of our farmers is not, take it altogether, so pleasant as his summer portion. Cutting or sawing wood, husking corn, hauling out fodder to the cattle and sheep, feeding the hogs and attending to the horses, when the wind is in the north and the thermometer indicates 10° below zero, cannot be said to have much genuine poetry in it. But when the winter wanes away and the subtle spirit of spring begins to manifest itself in certain breaths of balm from the south; when the freezes of night are thawed by day, and the sap-sucker—that peculiar little woodpecker—makes his hammer heard in the woods, a saccharine thought enters the good farmer's head, and forthwith all hands are out betimes in the clear, bright morning, boring the maple-trees, setting the little hollow spiles, arranging the troughs and boiling-kettles—in a word, getting ready for sugar-making. The women and children, glad to escape from the house, which has, to some extent, been a winter prison to them, join in this light work with all the zeal and cheery noise of a lot of bluebirds returned from the South. The "first run," as the original potting of sap for any season is termed, makes the choicest, rarest-flavored sugar and sirup, wherefore great pains are expended on its management, and every one on the farm desires to have a hand in the work and a full share of the first ball of maple-wax,—the most delicate, delicious, racy sweet one ever rolled under the tongue. The taste of it will make a very child of whomsoever is not totally depraved.

The maple-groves on the Western farms are called sugar-camps—a name derived from rude tents and camp-fixtures formerly

erected in every one of these groves, near the boiling-furnace, where the farmer's family would take up lodgings during the season. Those were merry days and nights when the young folks met at "wax-pullings" and "stirring-off" parties, eating sweets to surfeit and dancing to the full of their desire, under the wide arms of the trees, by the light of a huge log-fire; but they are ended. The sugar-horns seldom blow now, and a couple of hired men tend the kettles at night, while the farmer and his family sleep at home. Indeed, of late years, the terrible cyclones and other wind-waves have become so frequent and destructive that the maple orchards, owing to the natural weakness of the tree-boles near the root, have been in a measure ruined over very large districts, and in the near future sugar-making from the sap of the maple will be over forever. The forests themselves are doomed to early extermination, unless saved by a judicious system of planting.

But there is a harvest, the grandest harvest in all the grain-growing world, the Indian corn harvest, of which very little has been written in a descriptive way, which yet presents to the observer many a strikingly picturesque scene. The maize-fields of Indiana and Illinois, to say nothing of those of Ohio, Missouri, Kansas and Kentucky, are too vast for the limits of a magazine paper. Indeed I venture the assertion that their immeasurable, or practically immeasurable and monstrous vastness has so cloyed the minds of many a tourist that a study of corn-gathering has never suggested itself to him. This, however, is the one great harvest, the methods of performing which have not been at all altered for many years, by the invention of labor-saving machines. The corn-knife and the husking-peg are just what they were fifty years ago. The method of gathering the ears from the standing stalks is as old as maize culture itself. The ear, husk and all, is wrenched off by a turn of the laborer's hand and flung into a wagon, which is driven down the rows across the field till it is full. The corn is then hauled away and thrown into cribs or pens to be fed out to hogs or cattle, or to be shelled for the market. The method of husking is very simple. A pointed peg of iron or hard wood is held in the right hand, the middle finger of which passes through a leather loop fastened to the middle of the peg. With the point of this the husk is torn open at the end and stripped off the ear, which is then broken from the butt of the husk by

a quick turn of the left hand. This is often so done in the field as to leave the entire husk on the standing stalk, in which case, as soon as all the corn is out of a field, the cattle of the farmer are turned in to feed thereon. Corn-gathering in many of the prairie regions, where one farmer often has a thousand acres to care for, is sometimes a business for all the long, cold winter. I have frequently seen it going on late in March, and I particularly recollect scaring a man's horses, at the time hitched to a wagon loaded with freshly gathered corn, by shooting near them at a flock of wild geese, early in April.

The last decade has been one of vast improvement in the dwelling houses of our farmers. The cabins and hewed-log structures are nearly all gone, and the ambition for building handsome and even quite pretentious residences, has been indulged to an extent which in too many instances, has brought financial trouble, and, quite often, ruin on the land-owners. Many a farmer has demonstrated, to his own sorrow, that to mortgage his land in order to raise the money with which to build a stylish cottage, is a quick road to bankruptcy. But these new homes, so bright and beautiful, shining out from the green setting of the groves, lend a wonderful charm to the landscapes. Somebody will own and enjoy them, even if their builders must abandon them and go farther west in search of better luck. Nor is the beauty of these homes confined to their exterior. Quite often, in the course of my rambles, I have found Western farm-houses furnished in exquisite taste from library to kitchen. Chairs, tables, carpets, curtains and pictures, in many of our country homes, have been chosen with a correctness of judgment rarely evinced by a large class of most excellent city folk. In the matter of books, a farmer of the better class generally selects with great care and with a view to solid mental food. But a taste for light fiction, poetry, music and painting is not wanting. It is surprising, indeed, to find how generally the works of the leading British and American poets and novelists are read among the rural classes of the West. The younger American poets are as well known, by their writings, West as East. Even Hawthorne, whom to read and appreciate, is high evidence of literary taste and intelligence, has found very many of his sincerest admirers inside the homes of the "Hoosier" and the "Buckeye." Not long since, while sojourn-

ing for a fortnight or so on the shore of one of our western lakes, I had the pleasure of spending several evenings at a farm-house where, as a member of the family for the time, I was allowed to hear one of George Eliot's novels read aloud by the farmer's daughter. Everywhere in the West the leading literary journals, both weekly and monthly, are subscribed for by farmers, for the pleasure and instruction of their families, while many of them take a daily paper.

But, despite all that can be said to the contrary, the *genus rusticus*, which has by some one been rendered into English and made to mean "rustycuss," still largely asserts itself in our rural regions,—a genus of the copperas breeches, ginger-cake-loving ilk, to whom we owe the racy, soil-flavored smack of original humor, peculiar to the Ohio and Mississippi river valleys. Farm life in the West seems to have developed broad, comic-humorous ways of speech, and it cannot be denied that much of this humor, coarse though it is, possesses the imitable charm of outright home manufacture. Through certain of our local Western journals, the world has of late caught very distinct glimpses of it. But I am sure that the best Western humor has never yet been reduced to type. It is scattered about in rural neighborhoods, and most of it is finally lost by being carelessly thrown aside as "old." Most of what has been given to the world, in books and monthly magazines, as Western humor, has been first put through a refining process of doubtful doctoring, by which something more than a mere modicum of the home flavor has been allowed to exhale. It may be enunciated as a rule that the more ignorant class of Western farmers discovers a far quicker and finer sense of humor than does the somewhat educated and refined class. So soon as a smattering of books and newspapers gets into a clod, the sharp salt of the earth seems to go out, and there comes self-consciousness and a straining after unnatural effects. To illustrate my meaning, a short digression will be allowable.

I was one day riding along a level Indiana lane, between broad fields. May was hurrying away, with the swift feet of June treading close behind her, and the corn was riant on either hand. The hedges were low, so that I could see over them far along the straight green rows of maize. A number of men and boys were plowing between the plants. One, a young fellow

whom I recognized as a winter school-teacher, drove his horse (a big, bony mare, in fact) close up by the hedge just as I was passing. He lifted his slouched hat and hailed me in a loud, jolly tone, with—

"Hilloo there! That you? S'pose'n' you come over an' rest me a bit—lemme ride awhile an' you plow awhile!"

I declined this friendly offer, whereupon the pedagogue, reclining between the handles of his plow, and closing one eye while with the other he squinted at me quizzically, delivered a thin stream of tobacco-juice, and said:

"How d'ye like the looks o' my mare?"

I have said that this animal was big and bony. She was more. She was really deformed, having very camel-like withers and hind parts so low that, at first glance, she looked not unlike a half-starved giraffe. The harness or gear by which she was expected to pull the plow was a wonder of patch-work, consisting of an old gunny-sack for back-band, one chain and one rope for "tugs" or traces, and a bit of leather bridle-rein for a belly-band. The collar was of plaited corn-husks, and the hames were not mates, one being of iron, the other of wood.

"Oh, she's good enough, I dare say, for this purpose. What is her name?" I responded, in an idle way.

"Her name," he drawled, with another volley of amber juice, "her name is not adzactly pronounceable in English, but, as near as I can get at it, it's—*Lay cavale au beau harnais*. I've hunted it out 'n the French on purpose for her. Jist suits her, don't it? G'long here, Nance!" And away they went, mare and man, leaving the merest hint of a dust-cloud behind them, with a decided soily aroma following them, to say nothing of my amused and puzzled stare and the suppressed tittering of the bluebirds on the hedge-rows. I saw in the incident evidence of the first vague movement of the spirit of culture somewhere deep down in the youthful pedagogue's nature.

The pastoral phase of farm life has always possessed a peculiar charm for me. On the prairies large bodies of pasture land are still unhedged, and one may see the herders watching their cattle, just as it used to be done in the dreamiest days of old. True enough, there are few of the Arcadian features left with herding, when he who tends the flocks is mounted on a horse and carries, instead of a wolf-spear, a double-barreled

shot-gun with which to shoot prairie-chickens. Nevertheless, the vast rolling plain of green grass, the peaceful flocks, and the delightful, breezy weather of our prairie summers get into one's dreams with a good deal of power, and I am not sure that, after all, this modern cow-herd, riding slowly here and there, pipe in mouth and gun on shoulder, is not happier, by at least the pipe's solace, than any trudging flute-player of the olden plains. Not unfrequently it is the owner of the flock who thus drifts about the green sea of grass, complacently watching how, mouthful by mouthful, his cattle take up the wild, sweet food which broadens and fattens them. Moment after moment they grow heavier, and as pound by pound shows in their sleek sides, he can pretty accurately compute his own thrift. Yonder is his home—a very humble one, built of boards, in the midst of a bright grove of young oak-trees, crowning a conical swell of the prairie. If his "live stock" thrive, he will build him a pretty cottage next year, and send his daughter away to school. Formerly, the dwellings of the inhabitants of the prairies were comfortless in the last degree, and even now the best of them are not to be compared with the beautiful, home-like residences of the timbered regions. No doubt this difference is mainly owing to the exceedingly muddy, filthy condition of the prairie fields and roads during a large portion of the year. Macadamized roads are very rare in the prairies, whilst in the timbered regions of the older Western states turnpikes and gravelled highways are quite common. Along these roads one may travel for a whole day without seeing any but the most comfortable farm-houses. A cottage, built at the cost of ten thousand dollars, is not at all a rare thing on Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois farms, especially along the principal public roads within a radius of six or eight miles from the "county-seats," as the court-house villages are called, and many can be found fitted up with all the "modern improvements," even to heating with steam or hot air. When it is considered that fifty years ago Indiana was, for the most part, a swampy wilderness, the home of Indians, wolves and bears, one at once falls to wondering how it is that such a transformation has been accomplished in so short a period. But the explanation covers too broad a field for this paper. Indeed, there is no forthright way of telling how it comes that the battle-field of Tippecanoe looks to-day as old and as classically historic as Bunker Hill or Brandywine; yet

it does. So, in looking at the intellectual side of Western farm life, I cannot undertake to explain why it is that "Hoosier" and "Buckeye" and "Sucker" tillers of the soil are to-day far ahead of the same class in the Eastern states, as regards a broad, liberal knowledge of men and things, and a thorough-going, virile way of thinking and acting for themselves. A competent observer living in the West cannot fail to note the rapid growth of eloquence, art-culture, philosophical inquiry, and all else tending to a lifting of the masses to a high intellectual plane. When Mr. Greeley used to din his "Go West, young man, go West!" in the ears of poor fellows, he little thought how soon the stream of emigration he helped to start toward the setting sun, would begin to recoil upon the cultured East. He was not, clear-sighted as he seemed, able to foreknow that, out of the great, wild West, would come men, taught on the prairies and drilled in the girdled forests in their youth, and prepared for their trust by the vicissitudes of new-country life, to take charge of the highest offices and to fill the choicest literary and scientific places of honor; that the rugged vigor of the Western mind, with the keen, incisive mode of thought born of the exigencies of Western progress, would soon give a hearty, healthful impetus to the realistic side of art, and that finally the great West would lift itself up and control the destinies of the republic.

The West, as it is, may be marked out in two great divisions: the Middle West and the Frontier West. The first-named division covers Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, southern Michigan, Iowa, and Missouri; the second division reaches from Missouri to the Rocky Mountains. The first division, of itself, in point of climate, soil, and commercial advantages, is capable of supporting and making rich fifty million people. Its prairies are black loam, deeper than any plow can reach, and richer in the mineral salts and vegetable remains necessary to a powerful productiveness than any other region on the globe. The great farms are yearly being divided and subdivided, so that as the agricultural population increases the number of landed estates increases, and the building of new, neat homes keeps well apace with marriage and the demands of immigrants. The business of farming is thus being elevated, in the view of the people, to its proper plane, and young men, educated at the best colleges, are not ashamed of taking to wife a farmer's daugh-

ter and setting themselves to work improving, beautifying, and pushing to its limit the productiveness of an eighty-acre farm.

In short, the Middle West is fast becoming a mere extension of the East. If Boston and New York represent the two divisions of our national brain, then Cincinnati and Indianapolis, Toledo, Chicago, and St. Louis may be called divisions in the great vertebral through which passes the spinal marrow of the republic, the very life of which is that of a thrifty, ever progressive, honest, honorable rural population. What Lincoln was to Charles Sumner, the West was to the East some twenty years ago. To-day the lines draw closer at every point.

And so it comes to pass that the farmers of the old *régime* in the Middle West must choose between the alternatives of submitting to the influence of progress, or of loading their lumbering old wains with all their antiquated implements and household furniture and setting their faces westward for another long "move" toward the setting sun. As a rule, they accept the latter horn of the dilemma and trundle away to Kansas or Nebraska. Every summer the great highways leading westward across Illinois are at times crowded with these odd-looking "movers' wagons." Not unfrequently the moving family consists of three generations,—tough-looking, wrinkled grandparents, their children, and their children's children,—accompanied by some dogs. In the wagon are some beds and blankets, a tent possibly, cooking utensils, some bacon and meal, a chest or so, and the women and children. The men and boys walk apace with the team, "grandpap" perhaps carrying on his shoulder a long rifle made in the days of the Indian wars. They all have a wistful expression of face, as if sorry to leave their old haunts, and yet unable to bear the burthen and uncertainty of the new order of things. They know full well that they have no place to fill in this rushing, hurrying, steaming, patent-right age, and they are going out and back to the times of forty years ago. The farmer's daughter, hearing their wagons rattling along the road, gets up from her sewing, her book, or her organ, and goes to the door to see them pass. They eye her half-stolidly, half-admiringly as, in her neat calico wrapper and white collar, she shines upon them a very star of beauty. The youths plowing in the

fields beside the way halloo at them saucily, and even the dogs of the residents have a pick at the superannuated-looking curs that follow the wagon. And so with a kick, as it were, the new pushes out the old.

It may be that the new is rushing on too rapidly, and, indeed, some patent facts point to this. The recent years of financial trouble have induced many farmers to mortgage their lands heavily, for a series of years, at the rate of nine or ten per cent. per annum, to Eastern capitalists. The amount for which the mortgage is written usually somewhat exceeds one-third the value of the pledged lands. The per cent. per annum is more than can be realized from the crops over and above the farmer's living, and the outlook is anything but cheering to many. But this is no place for a discussion of finance and economy; nor, indeed, is there need for such discussion, seeing that if all the mortgages were foreclosed to-morrow, the great West would not feel the shock, but would plunge on with all her industries, little heeding who went under meanwhile.

In concluding these glimpses, it may not be amiss to say that if the world of the East has formed an entirely erroneous notion of what Western farm life really is, the literary folk of the East are almost wholly to blame for it. As a rule, *littérateurs* are apt to believe that literature is everything; that a country or province is to be judged solely by the books it has uttered, and that because a population is slow to buy books, therefore it is composed of boors and bumpkins. These forget that Hawthorne and Irving are in no way representative of the New York or New England masses, but only of the cultured few, and that literature, no matter how desirable or how much desired, can never originate or thrive, to any satisfactory extent, outside the great cities, and that all culture, in the literary sense, is exclusive, aristocratic, and always has been, and always will be, confined to the few.

What is needed for the general public good is that we of the republic shall know each other,—North, South, East, West. Till we do, the best and of course the most characteristic features of our national life will fail to enter into history, much less into song and story, and unity of purpose, among the great laboring classes, which means true patriotism, will not be reached or known.

THE TRANSPORTATION QUESTION.

THE question, "How shall we cheapen transportation?" is one of paramount importance. I propose to answer it. The profits on agriculture and on manufactured articles constitute, to a great extent, national wealth; these profits depend largely upon the cost of transportation. Lord Bacon says that a fertile soil, busy workshops, and cheap transportation constitute the immediate means of the wealth of a people. Transportation is now dear; it should be cheap. It is obstructed by monopolies; it should be open to all. It is subject to conditions which double its cost, from which it should be relieved.

Railroad transportation is cumbersome, inefficient, and needlessly expensive. It demands power it cannot utilize, doubling its cost. It makes the carrying of passengers its primary, and freight its secondary object, at the expense of the products of the land. It is inefficient, because its roadways, its engines and cars are so constructed, owing to the width of gauge, as to require four tons of dead weight to carry one ton of freight, and needless expense in structure, sacrificed by the force it is compelled to support; a system is practical which can be made to carry two and eight-tenth tons of freight to one ton of dead weight, and in the same ratio diminishing wear and tear. It is needlessly expensive, for the present system costs forty per cent. more for roadway, and a third more for operating expenses, while it can do little more than a third the work the less expensive system can perform.

These assertions need proofs. I proceed to offer them. The railroads between the Mississippi valley and the Atlantic, except the New York Central and portions of the Pennsylvania, have been built, equipped, and are worked upon a theory which has been demonstrated to be unfit for freight transportation. The gauges all run from four feet, eight inches to five feet, six inches, and six feet. The war of the gauges has resulted in the victory of the narrow gauges. In the mountains of Wales, slate mines invited capital. Easy and cheap transportation were essential to profit. Thirteen miles separated Festiniog, the place of the mines, from Port Modoc, the sea-port for shipping. The route was mountainous and difficult. Festiniog is

700 feet above Port Modoc. The route had to be scooped out of mountain-sides, while ravines continually intercepted the way and had to be crossed by wall works and stone embankments. So crooked was the route, that its line was almost a continual repetition of the letter S. Its curves were so sharp that a moderately long train would be on three curves at the same time. These obstacles were in the way of cheap transportation. In 1839, a horse tram-way was constructed with a two-feet gauge, and a sixteen-pound rail, which in a few years was replaced by a thirty-pound rail, and the track was adapted to steam-engines. After eighteen years' use, the thirty-pound rails were replaced by forty-eight pound rails. The original capital stock of the road was £36,000. The earnings expended in construction increased the capital to £86,000, making the cost \$30,000 per mile. It pays 29½ per cent. on its original, and 12½ on its present, capital. It is worked with the Fairlie engine, and is the most successful railway in England. This statement raises the question, Why is it that this narrow gauge road has always paid large dividends, when nearly every wide-gauge in Great Britain has failed to pay? In answering this, I shall demonstrate that narrow gauge roads are essential to cheap transportation. I shall proceed to proofs by showing, first: saving in construction; second: in equipment; third: in dead weight; fourth: in increased relative power to carry freight; fifth: decrease in wear and tear; sixth: decrease in running expenses. Establishing these positions, I shall proceed to inquire, seventh: can a pure freight road be made to pay? eighth: how should such a road be operated? Finally, I shall show the demand for cheap transportation and compare the relative ability of our water means of transport with that of narrow-gauge roads. The first inquiry is as to

SAVING IN CONSTRUCTION.

THIS cannot be accurately settled until the exact gauge is fixed and the route is established. Three feet, or three feet, six inches should be settled upon. With either of these gauges the saving will vary but little, if any, from forty per cent. Actual and varied experiences have established this

conclusion. These experiences have resulted from works entered upon on the report of a committee appointed by various European, Asiatic, and South American governments to visit the Festiniog road, and examine its working capacity, feasibility, and general utility. In July, 1870, this committee met. It was composed of the most experienced and thoroughly educated railroad engineers of Europe. They examined in detail the engines, cars, and every element of practical importance in their weight, construction, size, durability, etc., etc. The result was a unanimous concurrence in a report favorable to narrow gauges, and all the details so successfully demonstrated in the twenty years' experiment of the Festiniog road. Russia at once adopted the report of its commission, and constructed the Imperial Livny narrow-gauge road, which it has since operated with triumphant success. Its cost (it is a three feet six inch track) was forty per cent. less than four feet eight and a half inch gauge, through a corresponding country and grades. Uniformity of result has shown that the cost diminishes with the width of the track. In India, Australia, Norway, Canada, North Germany and the United States, the cost has been as follows per mile: Australia, \$32,000; India, \$19,000; Norway, from \$15,000 to \$26,600; Canada, \$14,000; Western states, \$10,000 to \$12,000; Tennessee, \$11,500. "The Railway Times" estimates the cost in ordinary routes at \$13,500 against \$24,000 for four feet eight and a half inch grade. The "New York Tribune," after exhaustive examination, fixed the cost of a fully equipped single track at \$16,400, as against \$25,400 for four feet eight and a half. The Denver and Rio Grande narrow gauge cost \$13,500, against \$23,500 for a four feet eight and a half inches on like routes.

SAVING IN EQUIPMENT.

THIS cannot be accurately settled until the gauge is settled and the route established. The committee of European governments, before alluded to, examined every detail in the Festiniog road. The Russian, Indian, South American, Australian and North American roads have verified the conclusions there reached. The capacity of platform, gondola and box cars weighing 1,776 lbs., would average 18,200 of freight. The cost of platform cars, carrying for each wheel 3,150, would be \$350, or \$18.42 for each 1,000 lbs. of capacity, and

the capacity of freight to dead weight 1 to $2\frac{1}{5}$. The gondola would carry to each wheel 3,156; cost \$385, or \$21.39 for 1,000 lbs. of capacity: proportion of dead weight 1 to $2\frac{4}{5}$. Box cars carrying to each wheel 3,300, cost \$450, or \$25.71 for each 1,000 lbs. of capacity, with capacity as one is to two.

The Russian narrow gauge has demonstrated that a platform car, weighing 1 ton, 1,300 lbs., will carry 5 tons, 1,900 lbs. An open car weighing 1 ton, 1,700, will carry 5 tons, 1,600 lbs. A closed car, weighing 2 tons, 100 lbs., will carry 5 tons, 900 lbs., so that in carrying 350 tons, 242 would be freight and 108 dead-weight. The difference in weight, capacity and cost, between eight-wheeled cars for a four feet eight inch and a three feet six inch gauge is as follows: Three feet,—weight, 8,800 lbs.; capacity, 17,600; cost \$458. Four feet eight inches,—weight, 19,000; capacity in full, 18,000; cost \$735. Platform three feet gauge,—weight, 6,250; capacity, 19,000; cost, \$350. For four feet eight and a half inches gauge,—weight, 18,000; capacity, 18,000; cost, \$575. For gondola three feet gauge,—weight, 7,250; capacity 18,000; cost, \$385. For four feet eight and a half inches gauge, weight, 18,500; cost, \$625. These estimates are taken from actual working weight on cars on the Pennsylvania road, as compared with the Denver and Rio Grande narrow gauge.

SAVING IN DEAD-WEIGHT.

THE saving in dead-weight, on the narrow gauge, in cars to carry 100 tons is 103,000 lbs. The most expert and experienced engineers give the result as averaging on a three feet track two and eight-tenths of paying freight to one ton of dead-weight; and it is not contended that on a four feet eight inch track, the capacity to carry freight is beyond the dead-weight. This is the result of actual and prolonged experiments. The difference is demonstrated by the operations of two representative roads. On the London and North-Western, wide gauge, a freight train, weighing, with freight, 250 tons, is made up of 50 tons of freight to 200 tons of dead-weight. On the Imperial Livny Russian, narrow gauge, a train weighing 354 tons is made up of 260 tons of freight and 94 tons of dead-weight. To carry this 260 tons of freight, the wide gauge requires as an average 1,040 tons of carriages. As 94 tons is to 1,040, so is the difference between the two systems. This brings me to

THE INCREASED POWER TO CARRY
FREIGHT.

ACTUAL statistics show, that the four feet eight inch gauge uses four tons of dead-weight to carry one ton of freight. The fact is deduced from a report of Mr. Sweet, an eminent and well-known engineer of New York, made up from the working tables of various prominent wide-gauge roads. All freight carried on passenger roads—and nearly every road in the United States has been constructed with special reference to passenger traffic—is carried at double the expense at which it could be carried on pure freight roads. I have shown that it can be carried on narrow gauge at one-half the expense it can be carried on wide gauges. These facts established, I am brought to the question of

DECREASED WEAR AND TEAR.

THIS results from decreased friction, decreased weight, and decreased collusions. The wear and tear in rolling stock, and on the rails and road-bed is conceded to be in an exact ratio to the width between the rails and to the weight and speed with which trains are rolled over the track. On the basis I have shown, a four feet eight inch track would have to bear the friction of 50,000,000 tons, to 20,000,000 tons on a three-feet track, to carry the same amount of freight. The ratio then is as 20 is to 50, in favor of the narrow gauge. So too, the wear and tear as the train is drawn faster than ten miles an hour, is increased in the exact ratio of the increase of speed. The principles which determine these results are too plain to require further elucidation, and I proceed to the matter of

DECREASED RUNNING EXPENSES.

THE expenses of running a railroad are measured generally, first, by the cost of construction and equipment, and second, by the passengers and freight it carries. The cost of rolling stock between the three feet and the four feet eight inch track is as 21 is to 32, and the structure as 20 is to 30. The capacity as $2\frac{8}{16}$ is to 1, so that the cost of running a narrow gauge would be less than one-half the cost of running a wide gauge. The question, then, is:

CAN A PURE FREIGHT ROAD BE MADE TO PAY?

THE earnings of all the railroads in the United States in 1850 were \$39,466,358, of

which, \$20,192,104 was for freight. The earnings for the year ending May 1, 1873, estimated at \$9,000 per mile, which is regarded as a fair estimate, amounted to nearly \$600,000,000. More than five-eighths of the earnings of the trunk lines are for freight, and two-thirds of all the profits earned accrue from the freight carried. The expense of carrying freight is conceded to be not more than forty per cent. of the gross earnings. With freight to be carried, as it can be carried at less than half the expense on a three feet gauge of the cost of carrying it on a four feet eight inch gauge, it needs no argument to show, that pure freight roads will pay, if there is freight enough to be carried to keep them in motion. It is conceded that the whole country between the Mississippi valley, and the waters of the Missouri, and the Atlantic coast is demanding increased facilities, and that just in proportion as the freight is reduced will its quantity be increased. The subject of cheap and rapid transportation has elicited general attention. Congress has carefully examined it. The Hon. Samuel Shellabarger, as chairman of the committee of commerce, has reported, "That the great necessity is cheaper channels of transportation not liable to protracted interruptions for any cause." He shows that the charges on wheat, by railroads, often reach seventy-five cents per bushel from the Mississippi to New York; that the water charges are often as high as fifty cents during the months of navigation from Chicago to New York, and sixty-two cents from the Mississippi; in fact, that the charges are often so high as to be prohibitory. And it must be borne in mind, that the West and the South-west are but commencing their development and production. Ten years will more than double the demand for transportation. Past experience and statistics may enlighten us as to the future. In 1707, a wagon express, running once in two weeks, carried all the freight between New York and Philadelphia. In 1754, there was mail between these cities but once a week. In 1776, they commenced running three times a week. The year ending January 1, 1873, the receipts for freights by the Pennsylvania Railroad, between the two cities, were \$3,287,196.72. Between Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, the receipts for freights for the same time were \$16,856,891.41. Prior to 1825, freight was carried between Albany and Buffalo in wagons. The cost was \$100 per ton between New York and Buffalo. The Erie Canal was completed November

8, 1825. Four great lines for freight transportation were commenced,—one each by the states of New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia, to connect the navigable waters of the interior, with the tide-waters of the East and South. But the obstacles were too great to be overcome before railroads occupied the field. Only one of the great canals was successfully completed. Transportation was reduced to one-tenth, or, to \$10 a ton between New York and Buffalo, and finally reduced to \$3 per ton. Yet a large—by far the largest—part of valuable freight is carried by railroads. In 1850, all the railroads in the United States carried but 5,000,000 tons. In 1873, they carried 140,000,000 tons. The value of the freight carried by railroads in 1851 was \$810,725,200. In 1870 it was \$10,875,750,000. The increase was 3,375,000 tons annually, or more than the average annual tonnage of the Erie Canal. These facts prove that there is to be freight enough to sustain freight railroads. But let us look further. The present cost of transportation, on railroads, is claimed to be from nine to thirteen mills per ton per mile. Taking this as the basis, the circle within which corn at seventy-five cents per bushel, and wheat at one dollar and fifty cents, will have a merchantable value will be a radius of one thousand six hundred miles for corn, and three thousand two hundred miles for wheat. The exact charge for transporting wheat, corn, and flour from Chicago to Buffalo, and from Buffalo to New York, for ten years, from 1860 to 1870, inclusive, averaged as follows: On wheat, from Chicago to Buffalo, 8 cents and $8\frac{3}{4}$ mills; from Buffalo to New York, 15 cents and $8\frac{1}{2}$ mills—aggregating from Chicago to New York, 24 cents and $7\frac{1}{4}$ mills per bushel. Corn from Chicago to Buffalo has cost 7 cents $9\frac{1}{2}$ mills, and from Buffalo to New York, 13 cents and 6 mills per bushel—aggregating from Chicago to New York 22 cents. The average for a barrel of flour for the whole distance has been 95 cents. The cost of transporting a bushel of wheat from Chicago to New York at $9\frac{2}{3}\frac{1}{2}$ mills per ton per mile, calling the distance one thousand miles, is about $27\frac{7}{10}$ cents, and at 95 cents per barrel the cost is equivalent to $9\frac{1}{2}$ mills per ton per mile. It is safe to say that grain and flour can be carried on a narrow-gauge freight railroad at four mills per ton per mile, or at less than half the present water rates, as they have averaged for fifteen years.

The average freight on the Lake Shore

Railroad, for 1870, was 15, and for 1871, $13\frac{9}{10}$ mills per ton per mile. On the Pennsylvania roads for 1872, the charge was $13\frac{1}{2}\frac{1}{2}$ mills, and the cost $8\frac{7}{16}\frac{1}{2}$ mills per ton per mile. The cost on the New York Central was $7\frac{7}{10}\frac{1}{2}$, and the charge about $13\frac{1}{2}$ mills. The New York Central has now a double freight-track, and the Pennsylvania is gradually laying a like double freight-track, recognizing the fact that on wide-gauge pure freight tracks they can carry freight at a cost of five mills per ton per mile.

These statistical facts render the question pertinent:

How can a freight railroad be operated so as to pay dividends at four mills per ton per mile?

Having shown that narrow-gauge railroads can be built, equipped, and run at greatly diminished cost from the cost of building, equipping, and running wide gauges, and the fact being authoritatively established that a narrow gauge can carry as much, if not more freight than a wide gauge, the questions, How shall such roads be built, and how shall they be operated? are the pertinent inquiries to be answered. Here, theory, to a certain extent, will have to take the place of experience, and yet the theory I adopt is the result of positive experience evolved out of facts recognized as beyond dispute. The great feature is for the government to build a public highway, for freight, in the form of a double-track narrow-gauge railroad from the Missouri and the Mississippi, to be fed by branches from all points of production to the Atlantic ports, which shall be exclusively dedicated to the transportation of freight and its owners; second, that it shall be owned, controlled, and its tolls on freight shall be established exclusively by the government; third, that such tolls on freight shall be established with the sole view of keeping the road in substantial repair, and of creating a small sinking fund to pay for its construction; and, fourth, it shall be open, like the Erie Canal, to all who choose to place their freight trains upon it, subject to the regulations for controlling its working operations. The route would form nearly an air line from the Missouri, starting at Council Bluffs, to Toledo, diverging there for Pittsburgh, and so on to Philadelphia, and continuing from Toledo to Buffalo, and on to Albany, where it would again separate, one line going to New York and the other to Boston, as is shown by the map of the route on next page.



MAP OF PROPOSED NARROW-GAUGE RAILROAD.

The regulations would establish an exact and peremptory rate of speed, not to exceed twelve miles per hour. All startings, and stoppings, and obstructions would be reported by telegraph, and no train would start except in subordination to the movement of the trains reported. With a highway so constructed and so worked, every town could have its side track, and enterprise and competition would set in motion all the agencies to meet the full demands of the public.

With a highway constructed on the most approved principles of engineering,—solid, substantial, with steel rails, iron bridges, perfected turn-outs, and such appliances as experience has dictated,—feeders would find their way to it as naturally as water finds its level. With a road so built and regulated, there could hardly be a limit to its transit power. It would do away practically with commission merchants and middle-men, for each town or producer, if he is a large one, could follow his own freight, market it, know the exact expense and the exact time it will take him to realize. There would be no monopoly, for every train would be run on exact terms of equality. It would be transportation at the cheapest rates steam in engines on rails can effect. This conclusion brings me to the comparative capacities and cost of

RIVER, CANAL, AND LAKE TRANSPORTATION AS OPPOSED TO THE SYSTEM PROPOSED.

THE advocates of the water-courses are numerous, but there are insurmountable obstacles to their being made available for the requirements of transportation. Water-courses can only succeed where there is adequate and continuous supply of water. There are but few such points. Railroads can be made to every point where transportation is needed. At the St. Louis convention held a few years since, the question was elaborately, and one side of it at least, ably examined, perhaps with more direct

reference to the capacities and obstructions of the Mississippi than with the more extended idea of making our whole river communication available by connecting with the canals, and so making a continuous and direct means of cheap transportation. At that convention, or congress, as it was called, the discussions were directed more to making the Mississippi and its tributaries a means of reaching the sea-board than to perfecting the old design of making Norfolk the great seat of commerce, by uniting the Potomac and the James to the waters of the Ohio, and thus forming through our great south and south-western rivers on the one hand, and the Illinois, Lake Michigan, the Detroit and Lake Erie, an outlet through the Erie Canal on the other, for all the products of the South and West. If the rivers could be so united by canals as to afford transportation without breaking bulk, and if the Ohio, the Tennessee, the Arkansas,—indeed, most of the rivers in the great chain,—did not practically dry up in the summer and freeze up in the winter, it might be well to discuss the subject; but, as it is, it is an idle waste of time. The principal reason urged against a railroad system was that it could not be made to compete with water transportation either in point of capacity or cheapness. If this were true, then all means should be adopted to develop the water-courses; but I contest both assumptions. I shall, therefore, take the capacities of the two systems as developed and the cost of the two, to determine the issue.

It has been argued that the inadequacy of the present means is such and the pressure on the water routes is so great during the limited season between the harvesting of crops and the close of navigation, that exorbitant prices are demanded for water freight, and the distance is so great by rail, that transportation can never be brought down to prices such as afford a living profit to the producer. The great question for

solution was, What can be done to cheapen transportation? The enthusiasts of the convention pointed to the majestic river which sweeps the continent, as an easy answer. The trouble of the matter was, that the solution, easy by words, was extremely difficult of practical operation. But, evading all the manifold obstructions to be removed before river navigation can be available only for a very brief part of the year, and its almost invincible barrier at the mouth of the Mississippi, the actors of that convention and the advocates generally of the water-courses directed and still direct their attention to the inadequacy of the railroads to carry the freight, and to the prohibitory expense even if they could be made to possess the capacity to carry the millions of tons of freight, especially breadstuffs, which are wasted or consumed for fuel, for want of cheap transportation. They demonstrated with unanswerable clearness that the increase in population is in the West and the South-west, and that production in manufacturing and in all the products of the soil was immensely greater there than at the East. They then contented themselves with examining the existing system of railroad transportation, to demonstrate its inadequacy to answer the necessities of the producing West. But they failed to reach the plane of the easy probability that it could be made to furnish not only adequate, continuous and never-failing capacities for transporting the products of the West, but to do so at a cost such as would afford a solution of all the difficulties in the way as they now exist. They assumed that it must cost *thirteen mills* per ton per mile to transport freight by railroads, when it can be done at a profit at *four mills*. They admitted that canal transportation cost seven mills per ton per mile; lake, five mills per ton per mile, or one-fifth more than the cost by a narrow-gauge pure freight road; and they assert that it can be carried by river at three mills per ton per mile. Yes, providing you have rivers where you want them, that they have full capacity of water, are not obstructed, do not dry up in the summer or freeze in winter; but they did not and can not find such rivers. The rivers they have are full of obstructions, are dry for considerable portions of the ordinary eight months of navigation, and entirely useless for four months of the year. They simply asserted that the Mississippi for a short period, when water was high, could transport grain twelve hundred

miles to the Gulf of Mexico, at three mills per ton per mile. They did not assert that it has done so, or that such rates can be relied upon, for every year's experience demonstrates that when its water is high the demand for transportation, for the short period of its safe capacity, is so far beyond the shipping means as to more than double, treble and often more than quadruple, the cost of three mills per ton per mile. So that the advocates of the Mississippi and its tributaries were and are bound to admit that its uncertainties at its mouth, the obstructions all the way of its grand flowing, and the varied impediments of its tributaries are such as to render safe and reliable transportation exceptional, and only for a brief period of the year. They admit that its sand-bars are so certain that some means must be adopted to get round or over them or to remove them, before shipping from New Orleans is practically safe; they admit that the grand waters of the great river "do not run un vexed to the sea," but are so obstructed that, while the rate of transportation is possible at eleven cents per bushel during high water, the *low-water rate is thirty cents*. Or, as the "Missouri Republican" states the case: "The rate of carriage from St. Louis to New Orleans is fifteen cents a hundred at high water, and the low-water rate is fifty cents a hundred; and the difference between these two rates marks precisely the difference between free navigation of the river and the present navigation of the river." The writer continues: "For all practical purposes, we might as well be paying \$7.50 a ton on all low-water freights down the Mississippi to some foreign power, as to be paying it to the reefs and shallows which obstruct its channel." In fact, the Mississippi never can be made reliable for transportation without wing-dams, jetties, revetments, and the removing of constantly recurring obstructions, all of which are subject to being swept away and removed from one place but to be found in another with each recurring high water; and its uncertainties are too certain and too constant, for the brief period it can be made reliable, to be relied upon by producers who must have certainty in transportation. The Mississippi is a brilliant shadow of the transcendent to political idealists looking for a great freight highway; but it is a shadow when demanded for practical use to the producer. The American people are too cautious to rely upon the uncertain. The water-courses are uncertain. Congress, for decade

after decade, has labored over their obstructions, their want of water, and the immense difficulties in the way of making them available for the constantly increasing necessities of the nation; but the magnitude of the difficulties in the way of success has been such as to stay the most venturesome. Assuming that the rates of transportation by water and by railroads, as now built and worked, are so high as to paralyze the profits of production, the necessity for a cheap means of transportation becomes urgent and absolute. The narrow-gauge, pure freight highway, upon the facts shown and upon other facts I shall proceed to develop, may be made to lessen the cost of freight to a point such as our public necessities demand. Such as highway can easily be constructed. It can be made as durable as our mountains, as certain as our necessities, and as cheap as a transporter of our production as the lakes from Chicago to Buffalo, if not cheaper, without the occasion of breaking bulk from the time it is transferred from the field to the car, till it reaches the markets of the Atlantic, or the steamships for European transport.

These considerations are sufficient, at least, to command the most thorough examination, without referring to the immense expense which must necessarily attend any experiment to overcome the innumerable obstacles in the way of the water-courses, and without the never-to-be-overcome fact that nature stands between them and availability for use, during all the dry and cold seasons of each recurring year.

In fact, in comparing the cost of transportation as it may be carried on by a pure freight road system, with any other means possibly available, it will be seen that it is the cheapest possible mode of carrying freight. Canal transportation costs seven mills per ton per mile. This is the rate when boats are plenty and freight is scarce; in pressing times the price is increased in the exact ratio to the demand for transport, and seven and a half months limit the time within which they can be used at all. But no canal of sufficient capacity to carry the increased freight can be built; or, if it could, it would be utterly impossible to supply it with sufficient water to float and lock the boats or ships requisite for the work. This brings up the relative capacity of narrow-gauge freight railroads, as compared with canals and the present railroad system.

It may be well, first, to see what our actual railroad and canal tonnage has been and is.

The Reading Railroad carried, in 1860,

1,695,927 tons; in 1870 it carried 7,449,922 tons of freight.

The Pennsylvania Railroad carried between Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, in 1861, 1,620,586 tons; in 1870 it carried 5,427,401 tons; in 1872, it carried 8,459,535 tons.

The New York Central carried in 1861, 1,537,400 tons; in 1870, it carried 4,122,-000 tons.

The whole freight carried by the railroads in the state of Massachusetts, in 1862, was 3,708,670 tons; in 1872, 9,160,729 tons; in New York, in 1862, was 5,803,955 tons; in 1872, 17,309,894 tons; in Pennsylvania, in 1862, was 15,745,375 tons; in 1872, 55,012,051 tons. The Erie Canal carried in 1850, 3,076,613 tons; in 1856, it carried 4,116,032, and in 1865, 4,729,644 tons.

In 1869, the total tonnage taken from all quarters to the Hudson River by canal was 2,257,689 tons; which, estimating the freight moving west, at one-half, would make its year's tonnage at 3,386,533 tons. The sum received for freight on all the canals of New York, including toll, in the year 1866, was \$10,160,051. The same year, the freight-money received by the New York Central and the Erie railroads, was \$21,282,043, or more than double the receipts of all of the state canals. The gross earnings of all the railroads in the United States, in 1872, were \$473,241,055, of which, \$132,309,270 was for passengers, and \$340,931,785, or, 72 per cent. of the whole receipt, was for freight.

It is indisputable that railroads are fast superseding canals for carrying freight. Speed and certainty are essential elements in transportation; canals have reached their culminating point, while railroads, as carriers of freight, are in the infancy of their development. The Hon. Freeman Clark, in a report made in 1867, on the Erie Canal, says, "There is no necessity for enlarging the capacity of the Canal, or its locks, since builders of boats do not adapt them to the capacity of the locks." He shows that the average tonnage of 485 boats built in 1866 was only 164 tons, while boats of 300 tons can as easily pass through the locks as smaller ones. He further shows that four boats, making one round trip, could have carried the entire average increase of tonnage on the canals. All existing railroads, in the United States, have been built with reference to passenger traffic, and not one for exclusive freight transportation, and yet the increase of freight, has been greatly beyond the increase of passengers.

Having thus shown the relative progress

of canals, railroads, and freights, I now propose to show what narrow-gauge railroads can do. But, before proceeding to this inquiry, let us see what the production of wheat and corn has been, in the states finding a market on the Atlantic, to show what the demands for transportation will be likely to be. It will doubtless be said that it would be unreasonable to predicate the demand for transportation on the entire product of grains, but in answer to this it may be said that the products of other commodities which find their way to tide-water are in excess of the grain used, or wanted, for home consumption, where they are raised. The dependent states produce 243,230,258 pounds of butter; 14,436,713 pounds of cheese; and these, with lumber, cattle, swine, hemp, tobacco, oats, horses, and other products, create a demand for transportation greatly in excess of the amount of cereals used for home consumption. The states of Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, Ohio, Tennessee and Wisconsin, produced in the year 1850, 47,674,226 bushels of wheat, and of corn, 282,685,996 bushels; in 1870, the same states produced 207,188,893 bushels of wheat, and 530,226,425 bushels of corn. This increase of wheat is more than four-fold, in twenty years, and that of corn more than double. The tonnage of wheat and corn for these states alone, reckoning the weight of 36 bushels as equal to a ton, would make 20,488,758 $\frac{3}{4}$ tons of freight.

This shows the demand for transportation, as based on wheat and corn, for states finding their market on the Atlantic border. The actual average, from 1861 to 1871 inclusive, of the tonnage on the Erie Canal, from all sources, Canada included, has been 2,196,324 tons per year, going east. The average of flour and wheat shipped east from Buffalo and Oswego for three years—taking 1846, '47 and '48, 1860, '62 and '63, 1869, '70 and '71—was as follows yearly: from Buffalo 605,720 $\frac{1}{2}$ bbls. of flour, and of wheat, 14,590,082 bushels; and from Oswego 358,681 bbls. of flour, and of wheat 3,312,572 bushels. Reducing the flour to wheat the aggregate annual average would be 22,724,663 bushels, which would be less than half the wheat of 1850, raised in the states named, and not one ninth of the product of the same states in 1870, making the business of the Erie Canal as compared with the production as one is to 9 $\frac{1}{4}$. But it is claimed that notwithstanding the stationary business of

the Canal, as compared with railroads, the Canal can be made capable of greatly increasing its business. The Hon. Israel T. Hatch, one of the best informed canal advocates of New York, proposes to double the locks, the capacity of the Canal being measured by the number of lockages possible. Assuming the theory to be correct, and that the tonnage would increase with the capacity, there would arrive at the Hudson by the Canal 4,515,378 tons, that being double the amount which reached that point in 1869. But it is further contended that steam being successfully introduced on the Canal, for towing purposes, its business will be again doubled. That must depend upon the capacity of the locks, and it has been estimated by Mr. C. A. Sweet, one of the most experienced engineers connected with the Canal, that the maximum capacity for lockages is 46,000 per year of 214 days, or 217 lockages per day, which would be 23,000 each way. Double this, so as to bring the Erie Canal to the full capacity of double locks and steam, and fixing the tonnage of the boats at 200 tons for each boat, that being 50 tons above the present average, it would give the utmost capacity of the Canal at 46,000 lockages,—equal to 9,200,000 tons going east. This amount of lockages with successful steam towage would depend upon a constant and adequate supply of water, while it is well known that the present supply, for double locks only, is inadequate. The demand for water on the long level has always been beyond the supply; how it is to be increased has not been shown as yet, and unless the supply can be doubled, all idea of increasing the locks must be abandoned. Yet there is still another proposed mode of enlarging the capacity of the Canal, so as to make it equal to ships or boats of 1,200 tons burthen. And this plan has been urged upon the committee appointed by the United States Senate, as possible and feasible. Mr. McAlpine fixes the cost of transportation by ship canals at four mills per ton per mile, exclusive of toll. A ship canal would, of course, be wholly dependent upon a water supply, and it would be a waste of time to speculate about such a canal for ships of 1,200 tons burthen, when it is difficult to supply a canal of 300-ton boats. The whole argument in favor of water-courses is based upon theories and conditions which are not alone speculative, but impossible of performance. Year after year, its advocates have struggled to sur-

mount the impossible; they have urged their views with the energy and zeal the great importance of the interests involved demanded; and yet each year they had seen the transportation on the Canal, and the internal water-courses steadily decrease in proportion to the freight to be carried, while freight on the railroads has steadily and rapidly increased. Nothing is intended to be said against the Erie Canal: it has accomplished a great work, and done much to cheapen transportation; it is to be hoped its work is far from finished, but it cannot be made to do the work required. Time is money. The canal is slow. The growth of the West is yearly greater in its production than the entire capacity of the Erie Canal. It belongs to the past.

I have thus cleared the way to examine the capacity of narrow-gauge freight railroads.

Such a road, with rolling stock adapted to it, can transport with the same power of engine, as compared with a 4 feet $\frac{3}{4}$ inch gauge, as follows:

	ON 4 FT. $\frac{3}{4}$ GAUGE.	ON 3 FT. GAUGE.
	Gross Weight tons. of cars.	Weight Freight. of cars. Freight.
On a level.....	1,290 602 tons	689 tons 364 tons 926 tons
" 10 ft. grade.....	900 428 "	472 " 240 " 660 "
" 20 " "	674 328 "	346 " 203 " 471 "
" 30 " "	500 250 "	250 " 130 " 350 "
" 40 " "	457 231 "	226 " 137 " 320 "
" 50 " "	400 206 "	200 " 120 " 280 "
" 60 " "	345 173 "	172 " 104 " 241 "
" 70 " "	320 160 "	160 " 97 " 223 "
" 80 " "	277 138 "	139 " 81 " 196 "

I do not claim that this table is strictly accurate, but I do claim that it is practically so.

The capacity of a wide-gauge road, of double track, exclusively devoted to freight, running trains of two hundred tons of freight two miles apart, at eight and ten miles an hour, between Buffalo and Albany, is as follows:

At 8 miles an hour, 7,008,000 tons each way, equal to 14,016,000
" 10 " " " 8,750,000 " " " " 17,500,000

The same at one mile between trains:

At 8 miles an hour, 14,016,000 tons each way, equal to 28,032,000
" 10 " " " 17,500,000 " " " " 35,040,000

Space half mile apart:

At 8 miles an hour, 28,032,000 tons each way, equal to 56,064,000
" 10 " " " 35,040,000 " " " " 70,080,000

With like tractive power in the engines, the aggregate of freight would be increased on a narrow gauge as $2\frac{1}{3}$ is to one. For the wide gauge, using its maximum of capacity, would carry but one ton of freight to one ton of dead weight, but it ordinarily

uses four tons of dead weight to one ton of freight; while the narrow gauge, using its maximum, would carry two and eight-tenths tons of freight to one ton of dead weight, and ordinarily carrying a larger ratio of freight than of dead weight. The wide gauge carrying but 200 tons of freight at ten miles an hour, half a mile between trains, as above shown, would transport 35,040,000 tons each way. The narrow gauge would carry 98,112,000 tons each way, or to reduce the speed to eight miles an hour, trains one mile apart, on the wide gauge, would carry 14,016,000. The narrow gauge, with the same power and speed, would carry 38,934,000 tons.

The result thus reached is taken from tables prepared by the late Hon. Lorenzo Sherwood and Henry O. Riley, Esq. The calculations are based on rules which regulate navigation on the Erie Canal, it being assumed that a road which has double tracks and but one rate of speed may be kept filled with trains at the distances named as easily as canal-boats can be regulated on the canals. I do not subscribe to this position in its entirety, nor do I anticipate the necessity for trains running in closer proximity than two miles, which is entirely practicable, provided the terminal facilities for storing and handling freight are equal to the demand for them. The amount of freight which may be offered for transportation, provided the cost is reduced to four mills per ton per mile, can hardly be overestimated, especially when we know that the coal tonnage of 1872 was 20,000,000 tons in Pennsylvania, and the general railroad tonnage of the United States was 140,000,000 tons for the same year, at an average cost of thirteen mills per ton per mile. If immigration again reaches its standard from 1860 to 1873,—and there are manifold reasons why it should, especially if cheap transportation is secured,—the increase of wealth from this source alone would build a narrow-gauge road from New York to the Missouri River every year. In contemplating the probabilities of the future, it should be remembered that it is only thirty-five years since there was no railroad west of Buffalo; that a greater part of the country to which railroads now invite immigration was, until recently, inaccessible; that the vast resources of the South-west and the West are but beginning to be developed; that a new empire, stretching from Lake Superior to the Pacific Ocean, with its virgin soil, its mines of wealth, and its manifold resources,

has but just been opened, as the great highway for the nations and riches of the Eastern world, to the Atlantic; that the possibilities of our future are daily magnifying in fields for energy, wealth, labor, and enterprise. The past half century has startled the world by its progress, and yet we have hardly broken the crust of the resources waiting for the enterprises of thought, labor, and development.

In the facts and considerations I have presented, I have indulged in no idle speculations; the figures and statistics represent the real and the authentic in the progress of our necessities for cheaper transportation. From these facts certain conclusions seem to be inevitable:—

First, that a three-feet-gauge railroad, exclusively for the transportation of freight, can be built forty per cent. less than a 4 feet $\frac{1}{2}$ inch gauge can be built; that such a road can be run at one-third less expense than a wide gauge can be run; that by so narrowing the gauge the dead weight in engines and cars can be so diminished and the carrying power of the road be so increased as to make the narrow gauge capable of enlarging, with the same power, the capacity of carrying freight, from a ratio of 1 to $2\frac{8}{10}$; that from these facts the result is clear, that the cost of transportation by railroads can be easily so reduced by a plainly practical system that freight which it now costs thirteen mills per ton per mile to transport can profitably be transported at four mills per ton per mile, thus enabling wheat and corn to be transported from Chicago to New York for eleven cents per bushel, or from Council Bluffs to the Atlantic for sixteen cents per bushel, or at less than one-half the average cost by lake, canal and river navi-

gation for the last ten years, and as cheap as it could be transported if there was a ship canal for the whole distance with capacity for 1,200-ton ships;—

Second, that the present means of water transportation is wholly inadequate to transport the freight to be moved; that the Erie Canal is stationary in its business, as it is in its capacity; that it cannot be enlarged, for lack of water; that its capacity cannot be made adequate to the requirements of freight, as its locks, as well as want of water, limit the possibilities of its freightage; that the Mississippi route, with all its tributaries, is dominated over by obstructions it is difficult, if not impossible, to overcome; that besides, it is subordinate to the natural laws of heat and cold, which so dry up its waters in summer and so congeal them in winter as to render the route uncertain at all times and absolutely unavailable for at least one-third of the time;—

Third, it follows from the premises presented that the problem, How shall transportation be cheapened? may be solved by constructing a narrow-gauge freight highway from the Missouri to New York, Philadelphia and Boston, making a governmentally organized highway from the growing and productive region through whose heart it would pass. That such a highway, built by the government and controlled by it, with uniform rules, rates and speed, so that the road would be open to all upon conditions applicable to all, and be beyond the manipulation of capital, as it would be above the greed of power, would successfully meet the demand for cheap freight, is capable, I believe, of the clearest, easiest and most absolute demonstration.

THE DRAGON-FLY.

WHEN brooks of Summer shallow run,
And fiercely glows the ardent sun;
Where waves the blue-flag, tall and dank,
And water-weeds grow rich and rank,
The flaunting dragon fly is seen,
A wing'd spindle, gold and green.

Born of the morning mists and dews,
He darts—a flash of jeweled hues—
Athwart the waterfall, and flings,
From his twice-duplicate wet wings,
Diamonds and sapphires such as gleam
And vanish in a bridesmaid's dream!

Sail not, O Dragon-Fly, too near
The lakelet's bosom, dark and clear!
For, lurking in its depths below,
The hungry trout, thy fatal foe,
Doth watch to snatch thee, unaware,
At once from life, and light, and air!

O brilliant fleck of Summer's prime,
Enjoy thy brief fleet span of time!
Full soon chill Autumn's frosty breath
Shall blow for thee a wind of death,
And dash to dust thy gaudy sheen—
Thy glittering mail of gold and green!

A SPOOL OF THREAD.



THE SPINSTER.

It takes seven million miles of thread to hold the people of the United States in their clothes. If each person has three sets of clothing a year,—and certainly that is a low average,—there is created in consequence a yearly demand for more than twenty million miles of this little strand, which, by itself and on the spool, seems so insignificant that it is only by taking an aggregate view that we realize the importance of the thread-making industry. It is one of the oldest occupations of the race; indeed, there is no record of when spinning-wheels began to turn, and the complete story of the development of the fine six-cord spool-cotton of to-day from the old-fashioned hand-made yarn, involves a large part of the romance of human invention and almost the whole history of mechanical progress. It could not be given without a sketch of cotton, in its political as well as physical relations; nor without accounts of the inventions and improvements

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of the cotton-gin, the spinning-jenny, the "mule," the water-wheel, the steam-engine, and countless other contrivances for quick and accurate work.

The making of the spool-cotton used in this country is mainly confined to a few large manufactories, for the processes are so elaborate and expensive that it is not possible to conduct the whole business, except upon a large scale. There is, we believe, but one company in America which makes all the numbers of six-cord sewing cotton from the raw material. This is the "Willimantic Linen Company" of Connecticut. Other makers take for their finer numbers cotton yarn, which is spun abroad, and twist it into thread here. The company began business for the manufacture of linen; but the managers, deprived of flax by the breaking out of the Crimean war, turned their attention to cotton thread, and that is now the entire product, though it bears the



ROMAN GIRL WITH DISTAFF.

stamp of the original corporate name, and is the Willimantic Linen Company's spool-cotton.

Many visitors to the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia will remember the interested crowds that gathered about the exhibit made by the company; and the legend, "America Ahead," with which the award of the judges was announced. The award was the more welcome to Americans, because it used to be accepted as a fact, that suitable yarn for fine thread could not be spun in the United States. The moisture of Great Britain, especially the atmosphere of Scotland, was believed to be desirable in making the yarn properly. But this obstacle—which is not the only one that was met and removed in the business—was finally overcome. A certain amount of moisture in the atmosphere was necessary, and a certain amount of heat; and, as these enter directly into all the calculations of the work, it was absolutely essential to complete success that, being established, they should not vary. Now, the climate does change in New England,—

and got over this serious bar to making thread by first making a climate; and, while the work was being undertaken, instead of imitating the Scotch, or any other foreign climate, a perfect and original one was created. Steam heat keeps the air in each room of an even temperature all the time, and escaping steam, rising gently from the floor, moistens the atmosphere to just the necessary extent. More or less of heat or dampness can be had by the turning of a handle; and, right in the middle of a state where snow falls on ripe strawberries and the January thermometer rises to the eighties, there is already one spot that knows no change. In its perpetual evenness, the fibers of cotton are spun into a uniform thread.

Willimantic, where the works of this company are located—the business offices are at Hartford—is situated upon Willimantic River, about 100 miles from New York and 90 from Boston, on the New York and Boston Air Line Railroad. Two other railroads, the Hartford and Providence and the New London Northern, pass through the place, and hundreds of their passengers every day catch sight of the great, gray, six-story mills of the thread company, built up of granite quarried out of the very ground on which they stand; and see, too, the rows of neat and comfortable tenements ranged along the streets. There are four large mills, picturesquely set upon the east bank of the river, and stretching, with their surrounding grounds, over a space of three-quarters of a mile. The buildings and grounds are noticeably clean and orderly in appearance. By a series of dams, aided by a sharp natural fall, a force of fifteen hundred horse-power is secured from the river for the factories. In these mills more than a thousand work-people—women and men, and girls and boys—are kept constantly busy at the various labors that combine to make thread. The process is one of the cleanest, cleverest and most entertaining and the accuracy and apparent intelligence of the machinery employed put human nature's best endeavors to the blush, until reflection gives the re-assurance that man made the machinery.

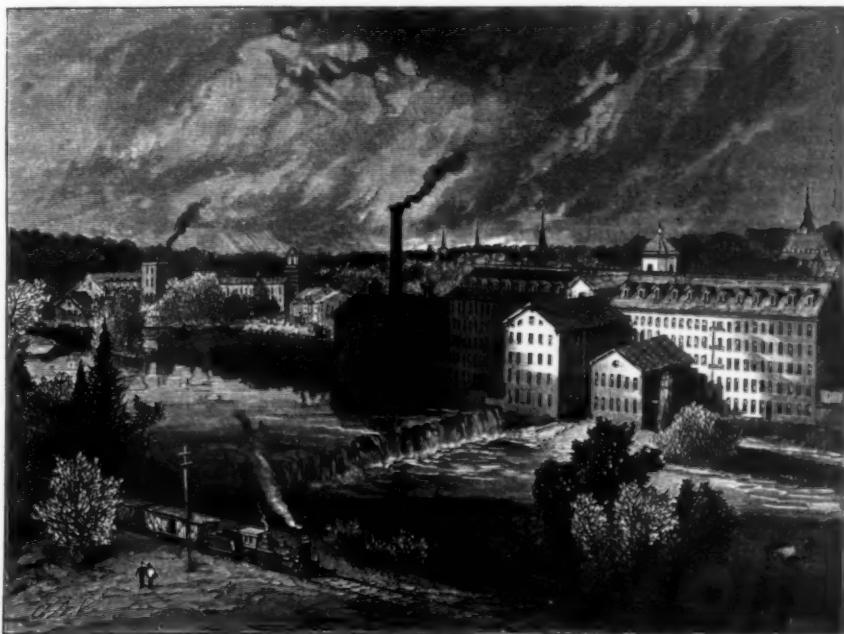
There is not room here for, nor have people any inclination to read, technical de-



INDIAN GIRL SPINNING.

that is, assuming that there is one there at all,—and the ingenuity which eventually, perhaps, will conquer the whole region, first took up the matter in the Willimantic Mills

the re-assurance that man made the machinery.



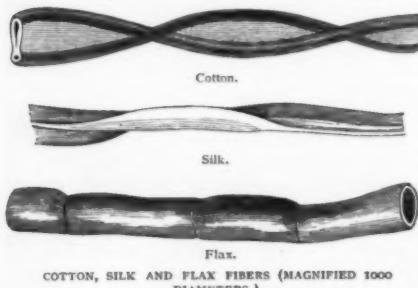
MILLS OF THE WILLIMANTIC LINEN COMPANY, WILLIMANTIC, CONN.

scriptions of the various machines employed, but a few words as to the difference between the old-time and modern methods of treating cotton and of spinning may be of interest in this connection. The first attempts at working cotton over were slow and clumsy. To clean out the dirt and seeds from it was a long, difficult work, done, of course, by hand. The cotton was spread out and beaten, and a day's work would not clean enough for a yard of cloth. Now the "picker" cleans about a thousand pounds a day, and needs no attention but to be kept supplied. Carding, which is really combing out the fibers, just as a woman combs her hair, except without a mirror, was all hand work, and thus with much time and effort the workmen only partly succeeded in laying the fibers parallel to one another. Now, a carding-machine catches the confused mass that comes from the picker, and smoothes out the strands with an almost fairy-like hand into a gossamer web that is even and clean and nearly light enough to float in air. These filaments, drawn out and worked over by machinery, are finally spun into yarn upon the "mule," that ingenious machine which takes the place of the old-time "spinster,"

and mutely does as much spinning in a day as she could do in ten years, besides doing it better. It has not, however, thrown woman out of work. It has merely changed the nature of her occupation, so that she is now able to give to making clothes the time formerly given to spinning the yarn the clothes were to be made of, and the increase of cleanliness that has come from this cheapening and increase of clothing has been an important factor in improving the physical and moral health of the people.

The term "spinster," by the way, as is probably generally known, comes from the spinning-wheel. This was introduced from India into England in the time of Henry VIII, and spinning became so important and general an element of household work that it gave its name to the women to whom that duty fell. The spinning-wheels "came over in the Mayflower," and the women continued to spin here until the English jenny and mule were so perfected as to take away their tiresome but rather picturesque employment. Even now, spinning-wheels are very plenty, and thousands of them, only partly broken down by age and neglect, are stowed away in country garrets

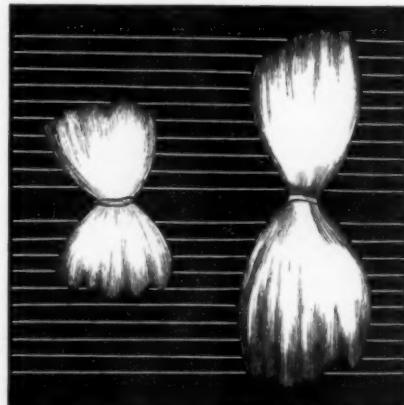
all through the older states. The present revival of the antique and disabled in domestic furniture, and their utter uselessness, have combined to give them a passing pop-



COTTON, SILK AND FLAX FIBERS (MAGNIFIED 1000 DIAMETERS.)

ularity as parlor ornaments. They were used for wool and flax, but the cheapening of cotton by the Whitney gin was the means of superseding them, as there was thus provided something against which domestic competition was useless, while the same principles of spinning machinery, of course, came into play in woolen as in cotton manufacturing. As we have said, woman was promoted from spinning to sewing, and later she has to a great extent ceased to sew, and merely guides the machine that does the work for her. Never, in the history of the world, has she worn so many and such various products of the spinning-wheel and needle as now, showing that the change effected by machinery has been steadily increasing her comfort.

Cotton yarn and cotton fabrics are old to



Georgia.

Sea Island.

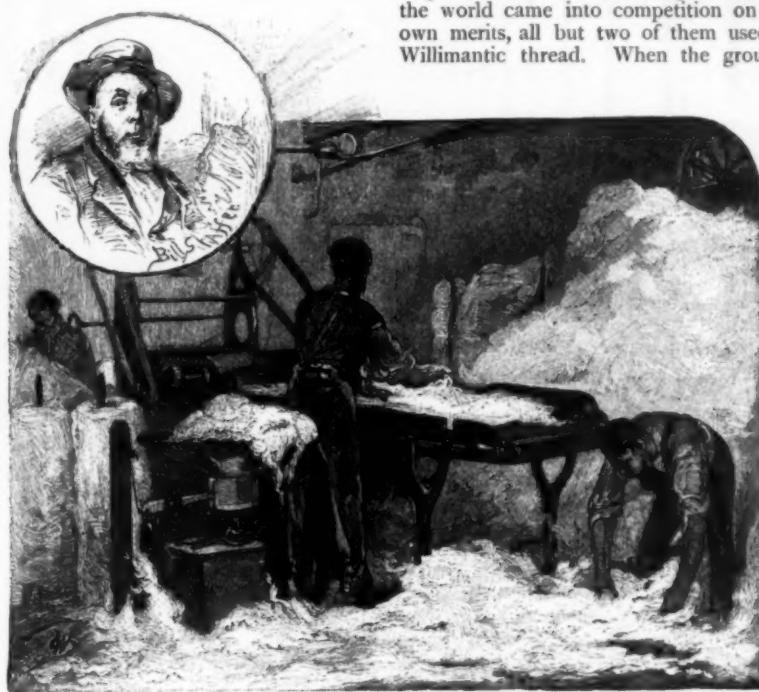
COTTON STAPLE.—FULL SIZE.

the world. Herodotus told of the vegetable fleeces of India that grew finer than wool, on trees. But it is only recently that sewing-thread of this material has come into use. It was a New England woman who developed the idea. Up to that time people had sewed mainly with linen and silk, but about the beginning of this century Mrs. Samuel Slater of Pawtucket, R. I., while spinning into yarn some of the fine Sea Island cotton, took the notion of making sewing-thread from it, and it proved so very serviceable that it has virtually superseded all other substances for ordinary use. It is cheaper than silk, more pliant than linen, and smoother than wool, and it is stronger than any of them. While it will not lift the same weight to its size that silk or linen will, it is to be remembered that this is not the especial purpose of thread. It is made for holding seams together and to bear a certain strain, to be sure, but especially to withstand the friction that comes of wear; and to-day, if a piece of Willimantic spool-cotton and a piece of silk or linen of the same size be drawn, one against the other, until the weaker is worn out by the rubbing, it will be found that the cotton holds firmer, and finally wears the rival strand in two. This only illustrates the peculiar fitness of the Sea Island cotton for thread-making. It is the best adapted of all fibers for twisting. It does it from force of habit. Each filament of it has a natural twist of a thousand turns to the inch of its length, and is a delicate corkscrew in shape, of such airy lightness that it takes twenty-five hundred fibers, laid side by side, to measure an inch in width. These fibers, called the staple, twist almost of their own accord into a perfect strand, round and compact. The difference between the Sea Island and the ordinary cotton of manufacture—the Georgia or Texas product, for instance—is shown in the cut, which is a careful reproduction from actual full-size copies. Its staple is much longer and finer, and it is only on the Carolina coast islands that this fine staple can be raised. It is in limited supply, and always the most expensive in the market, but the results of its use are so superior to any from the shorter staple, that the addition in cost is compensated by the addition in quality, and in the Willimantic six-cord thread nothing else is used from the coarsest to the finest sizes. It is the only thread all of the numbers of which are made of Sea Island cotton.

The requirements of good thread are that

it shall be smooth and round, and of even size and equal strength. And when it is remembered that each needleful, as drawn off by the seamstress for use, is a test of the whole spool, and any spool is a test of the entire product of the factory where it is

The difference between the living and the automatic seamstress is that the former can get along with an inferior article but the latter cannot, and the best incidental evidence of the success of the Willimantic efforts is found in the fact that at Philadelphia, where all the sewing-machines of the world came into competition on their own merits, all but two of them used the Willimantic thread. When the group of

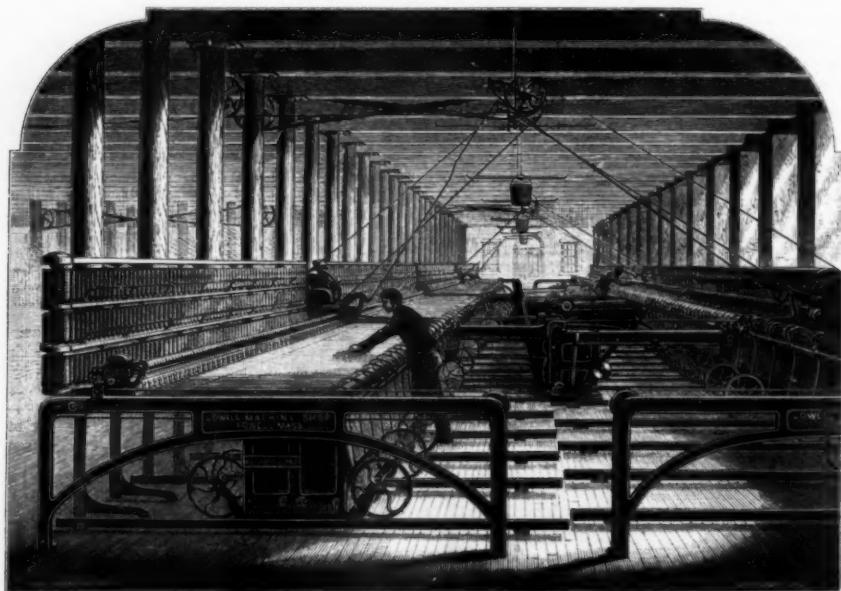


PICKING-ROOM.

made, it will be seen that every yard of the thread is a specimen sample, and that the manufacture is constantly under the closest supervision by consumers. But while hand-sewing, as a matter of convenience and ease, called for an even thread, the introduction and very wide-spread use of the sewing-machine has called for the same qualities as absolutely essential. Sewing-machines take now ninety per cent. of the thread that is made, and in order to do their own work these automatic seamstresses must be satisfied or they summarily strike. It was just as sewing-machines began to come into use that the manufacture of Willimantic thread on an extensive scale began, and the whole bent of the business there has been to supply a proper thread for machine use, since any thread that suits a machine suits anywhere.

Judges tested the machines, they tested them all with Willimantic thread. Its peculiar twist and finish are such that it makes a surer and better "loop" for the machine stitch than any other thread.

In the elaborateness of the processes of manufacturing, and in the single devotion to purpose found everywhere, the Willimantic mills show the constant care necessary to maintain the quality of the product. The chief purpose is to secure evenness. From beginning to end the effort is to get a strand so uniform that any two yards of it taken at random will be exactly alike in size and weight, and the working-over of the material for this object is so frequent that each individual fiber of cotton in any spool of this thread has traveled over more than three thousand miles of space



MULE SPINNERS.

within the mills during its transformation. Beginning at the opening of the bale, we will follow it somewhat along its journey.

It is first piled in great heaps upon the floor of the "picking-room." This is the Sea Island cotton of commerce, with its inevitable impurities. A fixed quantity of this is weighed out upon the scales and spread over a fixed space upon the machine, and this relation of space to weight, begun here, is never to the end of the work lost sight of. Upon the constant observance of it depends the quality of the thread itself. The picker picks or beats out the dirt and seeds, and the purified cotton rolls out of the machine, drawn into a form very much like cotton batting. This is carried to the carding-room. The principle of the carding-machine is the same as that of the hair-brush or the curry-comb. It arranges the cleaned fibers parallel to each other. After this has brushed the knots and snarls and confusion out of the cotton, the strand is again run between sets of rollers, one set revolving faster than the other. This is "drawing," and the drawing is one of the most important parts of thread-making. If one set, for instance, turns ten times as fast as the other, the strand that passes out between them is, of course, ten times lengthened and ten times

as fine as the original. This is a "draft of ten," as it is called. The drawing may be in any ratio, and any number of strands may be run together into one at the same time that that is drawn. Five strands, for example, drawn with a draft of ten, would make a new strand half the size and ten times as long. This process of uniting strands is called doubling, and the doubling, running together, drawing down, and reuniting and redrawing are kept careful account of, so that the size of the strand and the amount of work on it are, or may be, constantly known. The operation is repeated again and again, until the original strand, if it could be followed up, would be found reduced to millions of its original size. The doubling from first to last is about ninety million times! This means that the cotton is so worked over that it is entirely mixed, the identity of everything but the fibers themselves has disappeared, and one piece of the strand is so much like another that the two cannot be distinguished. But all this doubling is not done without interruption. After the first few drawings, the long white ribbons of cotton which, in this condition, are called "slivers," are put into another machine, which combs them over again to make certain of getting

out all foreign substances, and it also, with a sense that never misses, deliberately combs out the short fibers and allows only the long, selected and precisely suitable staples for making the best thread to pass its sentry-post. The short fibers, which are about a quarter of the whole, are not wasted, but are sold for other manufactures. The cotton which has passed the approval of this critical guardian of the future thread is still further drawn and doubled and reduced in size, until it has almost lost its inclination to hold

ing it, which is traditionally characteristic of the beast of the same name. Mule spinning is too intricate to describe, but a constant entertainment to watch. The roving, having been wound upon bobbins, is ranged in long rows of them before corresponding rows of spindles, and the two are connected by it. The frame of spindles moves quietly away and they begin to revolve, and at once the strand is drawn by the motion of the frame and twisted by the revolution of the spindles. When the length taken out has received



"COTTON NEEDS WATCHIN'."

together. At this point it is put upon still other machines, and receives there its first twist. This makes it "roving." This roving is further drawn and doubled and reduced, until finally it is ready to be spun into yarn.

Right here, a few definitions are necessary. The "sliver" is the cotton "drawn" and doubled; as soon as it has received a twist it becomes "roving," and "roving," when it is spun, becomes yarn. Spinning is the simultaneous "drawing" and twisting, and is done by the "mule." There is a fastidious philology that says the "jenny" is a vulgarism for "engine," and the "mule," a derivative of the German "mühle," mill. But there is really no doubt that the poor mechanic, Hargreaves, who invented the jenny, named it for his wife, or, that the title mule means mule, and was given to the machine because of the difficulty of manag-

sufficient twist the spindle as quietly gathers it in and winds it up as it goes back for a fresh start. The marvel of it all is the mathematical precision with which it begins, stops, and reverses, and the care with which it suitably varies its work each time to the needs of its case. The mule is all the while attended by a barefooted and lightly dressed man or boy, whose business it is to unite such strands as accidentally part. He is kept as busy as a dog in a tread-mill, since the constant motion to and fro of the frames would make it necessary for him to shift position constantly to avoid being hit; but, as he flies about, he catches up

the broken strands and starts them together again with consummate skill, and as deftly as if it were the simplest thing in the world, instead of a very clever trick. On these mules the yarn is made of any size that is required. It is at Willimantic spun down to a fineness that rivals even the spider's work, and is so delicate that a single pound of it is one hundred and ninety-one miles

acts directly to make them more pliant and quiet. It was an old idea of the business that foreign mules were as necessary for fine spinning as was a foreign climate; but the Lowell, Mass., Machine Shop, having built for this company mules that are at least the



SPOOLING-ROOM.

long, or almost the distance from New York to Boston, or more than that from New York to Baltimore. In all the rooms where the twisting and spinning are done, the thermometer and hygrometer are consulted to keep the atmosphere of even warmth and moisture, and the electricity developed in the friction is drawn off from the cotton by the moisture, and so the fibers lose the inclination to separate that they would otherwise have, and the moisture also

equals of imported machinery, has added another to the successes of American ingenuity, and, with American machinery, in an American mill, spinning American cotton, we have in the thread a thoroughly home-made article.

The process of making the yarn has thus been hurriedly outlined. It is full of interest at every step, but a written description cannot reproduce the sight and sound of the busy rooms, with the buzz of machinery,

the rush of belts, the clatter of spindles revolving thousands of times a minute, and the men, women and children moving to and fro waiting upon the great machines and the tiny threads that they seem almost to be playing with—a thousand people dancing attendance all their lives upon these petty strands that can hardly be seen across the room. Once made into yarn the cotton in that form is twisted into thread. In old times three strands of yarn were put together and made into spool-cotton, and three-cord cotton is still in common use. But the need of the sewing-machine for a rounder thread led to six-cord spool-cotton which is made of six strands of yarn ; and this is the standard thread of to-day. Take a spool and examine it. See if the strength through each length of it is not uniform. Try if possible to find any flaws or uneven spots in it. Slide it over the finger and think of all that has been done to give it this uniformity, and de-

cide then whether the product is not a success, and the sufficient proof of the process.

But still it is not only proved at the end but at every step and all the time, and only that which stands every test survives to be finished. Instruments of precision are scattered all over the mills, and each room vies with the other in its devotion to absolute accuracy. We have seen that the very first start of the cotton in the picker-room is in the scales, where a certain number of pounds are spread over a certain number of yards and a ratio between length and weight is established. Everywhere this is traced and maintained, and at every fluctuation it is checked at once by the proper contrivances.

"Why," I asked the foreman of the carding-room in the main mill, as he was reeling off a sample of roving to test, "why, when you have started the stuff right in the works and have your machinery in good order, do you keep up this constant testing ?"

"Well," said he, and he answered with the sobriety of a philosopher, "cotton needs watchin' all the time.

The fact is, it's just like human nature, you know. Some days it's too thick



DYE-ROOM.

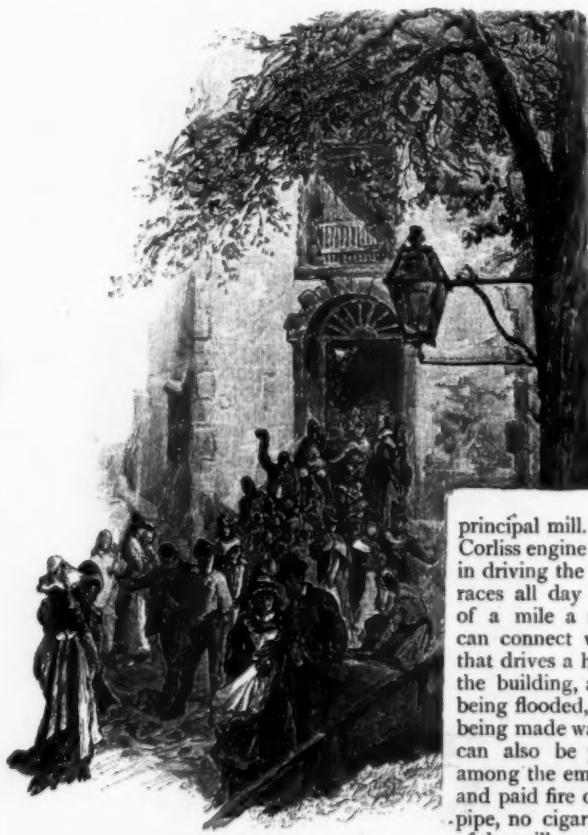
and other days it's too thin. There's no dependin' on it at all, and you've all the time got to keep your eye on it and keep makin' allowance for its failin'; I don't try to account for it, I watch it."

And this "watching" is the repeated trial of the success of the work. It is established by all spinners that seven thousand grains shall be a pound in cotton and that yarn of which 840 yards weigh this pound shall be number "1." Every now and then, therefore, all through the mill, a very accurately gauged reel or some similar instrument is used to measure off an even fraction of 840 yards. The measurer may be careless in taking off his sample, but that makes no matter. At exactly the right point the reel breaks the strand and calls attention to the fact by ringing its signal bell. Then this sample, say 120 yards or one-seventh of "a hank,"

is weighed on scales also gauged to show the most delicate variations. If the yarn or roving is number one and weighs one-seventh of 7,000 grains it is exactly correct, if 120 yards of No. "30," for instance, were being sampled, it should weigh one thirtieth of one-seventh of 7,000 grains. Every time a variation appears, the cotton is made to thicken up or thin out as is needed. This testing is done repeatedly and the results are recorded in books kept for the purpose, so that the course of any of the cotton on its three weeks' cruise of three thousand miles through the factory can always be traced and faults found and corrected at once. Nothing more impresses one with the wonderful accuracy of the process than to watch one of these testings, note the exact measurement of the sample and rigidly careful weighing, and see the gravity with which the overseer marks down the pettiest variations to the 28,000th of a pound! It all tells upon the thread, and making it correct through all its processes guarantees it correct, of course, when it is finished.

But after the thread is made the work upon it is far from ended. To prepare it for market it must be inspected, washed, bleached, dried, perhaps dyed, spooled and boxed, and the spools and boxes are made in the factory too. Besides this work and the work of the machine and repair shop which so large an establishment makes necessary, there are other objects of interest to be seen before leaving the

principal mill. A double 175-horse-power Corliss engine supplements the water-wheels in driving the main shaft. The great belt races all day around its course at the rate of a mile a minute. A single movement can connect with this power a force-pump that drives a heavy stream of water all over the building, and every room is capable of being flooded,—the door-sills and belt-holes being made water-tight by guards. Streams can also be poured into any room, and among the employés there is an established and paid fire department. No matches, no pipe, no cigar, can ever cross the threshold of the mill under any pretext.



TWELVE O'CLOCK.

Taking up again the thread of our narrative, or the narrative of our thread: after the making is complete, the skeins are marked, each with a special knot, to indicate their size, and carried first before experienced women who inspect every skein carefully and reject at once any where a flaw appears. After it has passed this scrutiny it is washed and either bleached or dyed. The drying-machine is one of the curiosities of the dye-house. It is a great revolving iron bowl which whirls about with a surface velocity

the works wherever it is possible to use it. As was said, the "mule" alone, attended by one man, does the work once done by 3,600 women. And yet with all the automatic help that exists the force of working people amounts to over one thousand persons. Each day at noon the moment the reduced speed of the spindles shows that the power is being shut off, the scramble for home

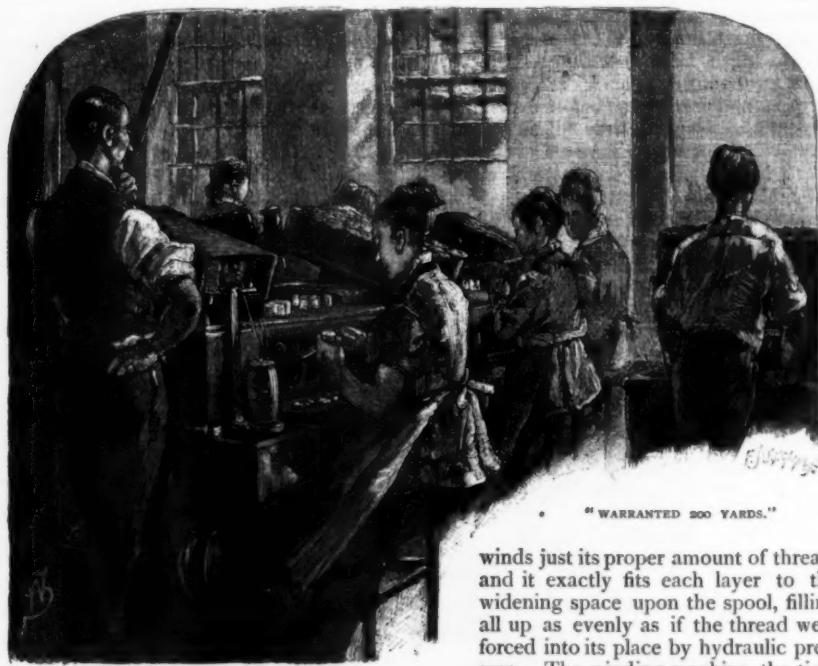


TICKETING SPOOLS.

of seven miles a minute, and the wet thread, packed around the edge of this, throws out its moisture by the centrifugal force it receives in this tremendous whirlpool. The dyeing is an especial feature of the Willimantic factory, and the dye-house with its misty atmosphere, its boiling cauldrons and its many-colored bunches of thread is a strange and truly a stirring sight. Recently, new methods have been adopted in this department with signal success.

Automatic machinery prevails all through

begins, and out through the great doors the throng start for dinner. A large part of them are girls and many of these work upon the thread after it is finished, in the necessary labor of fixing it for market. The box factory is an establishment by itself where the paste-board and the glue fly together under cunning fingers at an amazing rate. Then, before they are boxed, the spools are made up in bunches of a dozen, wrapped in paper and tied with a string. This work the girls do, and, being paid by the dozen, they rattle



"WARRANTED 200 YARDS."

together about 1,300 dozen spools each a day.

What takes every one's eye first, however, in this department, as it did at Philadelphia, is the machine for ticketing the spools. One girl supplies it with sheets of printed labels, and another feeds it with spools; it does all the rest for itself. Provided with the labels, it cuts out, pastes, and fastens the proper mark for each end of the spool, and prepares a hundred spools a minute. Formerly, the labels were cut out by hand with a stamp, and then affixed to the spools by the aid of the tongue. It was a dry, fatiguing business, and not especially attractive. Licking spools was not even so exhilarating as school-teaching, and though a triumph of industry, perhaps, it still was not a conquest to boast of. But now the machine does the work of many girls, and its health never suffers. It is a machine without a tongue. The spools, each previously covered by an almost equally adroit machine with exactly 200 yards of thread, slide down their appointed path to this spot, where they are duly marked and labeled.

The winding-machine, which puts the "Warranted 200 yards" upon each spool, does its work with marvelous precision. It

winds just its proper amount of thread, and it exactly fits each layer to the widening space upon the spool, filling all up as evenly as if the thread were forced into its place by hydraulic pressure. The winding-machine, the ticketing-machine, and the automatic spool-making machine, inventions belonging to the Willimantic Company, are so essential to the thread business that the privilege of using them is rented by other manufacturers, and they yield a handsome revenue in this way.

Everybody knows the sizes of thread. Every seamstress knows whether she wants No. 30 or 60 or 120, and knows, when she hears the number, about what is the size of the strand alluded to; but how the numbers happen to be what they are, and just what they mean, not one person in a thousand knows. It is a simple matter to explain. The standard of measurement is the same already recited. When 840 yards of yarn weigh 7,000 grains (a cotton pound), the yarn is No. 1; if 1,680 yards weigh a pound, it will be No. 2 yarn. For No. 50 yarn it



TICKETS FOR THREAD.

would take 50x840 yards to weigh a pound. This is the whole of the yarn measurement. Thread measurement rests on it. The early thread was three-cord, and the thread took



SPOOL ROUGHING MACHINE.

its number from the number of the yarn it was made of. No. 60 yarn made No. 60 thread, though in point of fact the actual caliber of No. 60 thread would equal No. 20 yarn, being three 60 strands. When the sewing-machine came into market as the great consumer, unreasoning in its work and inexorable in its demands for mechanical accuracy, six-cord cotton had to be made, as a smoother, rounder product. As thread numbers were already established, they were not altered for the new article, and No. 60 six-cord and No. 60 three-cord are identical in size as well as number. To effect this, the six-cord has to be made of a yarn twice as fine as the three-cord demands. The No. 60 six-cord would be six strands of No. 120 yarn. To summarize: yarn gets its number from the arbitrary formula that 840 yards weigh 7,000 grains. Three-cord spool-cotton is the same number as the yarn it is made of. Six-cord spool-cotton is made of yarn that is double its number.

Up to No. 60, this is true of the foreign thread also; but, beginning with this number, the foreign makers diminish the ratio in the six-cord, thus 60 is made of 110 yarn, instead of 120, 70 of 120, and so on, 100 being made of 150 yarn. In the Willimantic thread the original ratio is maintained all the way, and the size 100 is made of No. 200 yarn. The careful selection of long staples makes these numbers fully equal in strength to the parallel numbers of the

coarser thread of other makers, and the traditional mathematical ratio and exact accuracy are thus positively maintained. One of the products of the company, the "Reid's Thread," named from Mr. J. M. Reid, the superintendent of the dyeing department, is a general substitute for silk and linen thread, to which in its peculiar manufacture it is made to bear a very close resemblance. It has proved so serviceable because of the especial toughness of the cotton, which has been already alluded to, that it has met a very general demand, and already a counterfeit of it is being extensively sold as "French spool cotton," while the original is purely an American invention.

The spools that the thread is wound on are made of white birch. Years ago the "birch lot" became the by-word among farmers for worthlessness in New England. It still is so in many places, but not about Willimantic. There it is as good as any land, and there is a sure demand for its yield at the mills, where about 3,000 cords are made into spools every year. In the fall, when most of the year's supply is bought, the procession of teams, from most ordinary to nondescript, is one of the sights of Willimantic, as they come winding in from all the surrounding country, with their great loads of white birch piled up behind all the live stock of the farm that has locomotive ability. A horse, a mule and a cow will often haul together at the cart. The factory where, twenty-



"FASTER THAN ONE A SECOND."

five years ago thread-making was begun on what was thought a large scale, is now entirely given up to making spools, and the sawdust and shavings go far to keep up the

fires in all the mills. The spool-making machinery works almost like magic. One operation turns down the wood to proper size, bores the hole in it, and cuts it off, and another takes this cylindrical block, and, with a whirl and a puff of shaving, trims it down to be a complete spool, and the spools roll into barrels faster than one every second, and all alike.

As simple a thing as thread seems to be, the Willimantic Company makes 1,200 different kinds, and it takes 10,000 dozen spools to hold each day's product. There are 200 yards to a



THE COMPANY'S BUILDING.

1, Dunham Hall (the library); 2, to the library; 3, "Modern Gothic"; 4, decorative art.

spool, and a little calculation will show that this means that, simply at the Willimantic mills, 13,600 miles of thread are made each day, or about 4,100,000 miles a year. This means more than 1,200 miles of thread an hour, or 20 miles every minute. And, as the combined work of 1,000 employés makes 13,600 miles of thread, even division demonstrates that the work of each is equivalent to $13\frac{1}{2}$ miles of thread daily. Yet it is evidently not an exhausting life. There is a look of health about the people and of content about the place.

The company has lately added much to the comfort and beauty of the place by putting up, opposite the main mill, a graceful and

out of the clouds for "Colonel Dyer" and "Elderkin, too" (two prominent men of the place). The calls were heard and the



WINDHAM FROG-POND.

attractive public building. It is of unpainted brick, in the modern Gothic style of architecture. On the ground floor are a grocery and household provision store and a meat-market, and a broad stair-way leads to the dry goods and millinery and boot and shoe departments on the next floor. The whole is fitted up in admirable taste. On the third floor is a free reading-room, with a free circulating library. The privileges of the place are thoroughly appreciated. The well-clothed, comfortable, healthy-looking people of the factories have not a dissatisfied appearance. In the twenty-five years of the company's existence there has never yet been a general reduction of wages.

The making of spool-cotton is only twenty-five years old in Willimantic; but Windham, of which Willimantic is a borough, more than a hundred years ago offered bounties for the best linen thread, and has a traditional reputation for spinning yarns. The greatest yarn in Windham is that about the "frog-pond scare." A few rods east of Windham proper is a pond of moderate size, out of which flows a small stream. It is related that one night in July, 1758, during the war, when the people slept rather uneasily for fear of attack, mysterious cries came down

people gathered, and finally the town reached a pitch of terror that only daylight could relieve. It did relieve it, and it showed the shores of the pond green with the bodies of dead frogs. Some said there had been a frog battle; others that the frogs had had a sudden plague, and had sung as they died, like their colleagues, the swans; others that the pond had been evacuated by the frogs, under some unaccountable freak, and that they had marched through the town, threading their way to Willimantic River. Some take old Samuel Peters's account of the affair, published as a specimen lie in SCRIBNER for June, and, showing its falsity, argue the falsity of the whole story. Young people joke on the matter now; but it once admitted of only sober consideration at Windham.



"ELDERKIN TOO!"

MY WOLVES.



THREE gaunt, grim wolves that hunt for men,
Three gaunt, grim wolves there be;
And one is Hunger, and one is Sin,
And one is Misery.

I sit and think till my heart is sore,
While the wolf or the wind keeps shaking
the door,
Or peers at his prey through the window-pane
Till his ravenous eyes burn into my brain.

And I cry to myself, "If the wolf be Sin,
He shall not come in—he shall not come
in;
But if the wolf be Hunger or Woe,
He will come to all men, whether or no!"

For out in the twilight, stern and grim,
A destiny weaves man's life for him,
As a spider weaves his web for flies;

And the three grim wolves, Sin, Hunger,
and Woe,
A man must fight them, whether or no,
Though oft in the struggle the fighter dies.

To-night I cry to God for bread,
To-morrow night I shall be dead;
For the fancies are strange and scarcely
sane,
That flit like specters through my brain,
And I dream of the time, long, long ago,
When I knew not Sin, and Hunger, and
Woe.

There are three wolves that hunt for men.
And I have met the three,
And one is Hunger, and one is Sin,
And one is Misery;
Three pairs of eyes at the window-pane
Are burned and branded into my brain,
Like signal lights at sea.

MOLLY.

A SMALL clearing on a hill-side, sloping up from the little-traversed mountain-road to the forest, upon whose edge, in the midst of stunted oaks and scraggy pines stood a rude cabin, such as one comes upon here and there in the remote wilds of West Virginia. The sun, pausing just above the sharp summit of Pinnacle Mountain, threw slant rays across the rugged landscape, which spring was touching up with a thousand soft tints. A great swelling expanse of green, broken at intervals by frowning ledges, rolled off to the low-lying purple mountain ranges, whose summits still swam in sunset light, while their bases were lost in deepest shadow. Over all, a universal hush, the hush which thrills one with a sense of utter isolation and loneliness.

The man and woman who were seated before the cabin door hardly perceived these things. What their eyes saw, doubtless, was the fair promise of the corn-field which stretched along the road for some distance, the white cow with her spotted calf, and the litter of lively pigs which occupied inclosures near the cabin, and—the tiny baby, who lay, blinking and clutching at nothing, across the woman's lap. She was looking down upon the child with a smile upon her face. It was a young and handsome face, but there were shadows in the dark eyes and around the drooping lids, which the smile could not chase away—traces of intense suffering, strange to see in a face so young.

The man, a young and stalwart fellow, shaggy of hair and long of limb, had placed himself upon a log which lay beside the door-step, and was lost in contemplation of the small atom of embryo manhood upon which his deep-set blue eyes were fixed. He had been grappling for three weeks with the overpowering fact of this child's existence, and had hardly compassed it yet.

"Lord! Molly," he exclaimed, his face broadening into a smile, "jess look at him now! Look at them thar eyes! People says as babies don't know nuthin. Durned ef thet thar young un don't look knowin' er 'n old Jedge Wessminster hisself. Why, I'm mos' afear'd on him sometimes, the way he eyes me, ez cunnin' like, ez much ez ter say 'I'm hyar, dad, an' I'm agoin' ter stay, an' you's jess got ter knuckle right down tew it, dad!' Lord! look at

thet thar now!" And the happy sire took one of the baby's small wrinkled paws and laid it across the horny palm of his own big left hand.

"Jess look, Molly! Now you aint agoin' to tell me ez thet thar hand is ever agoin' to handle a ax or a gun, or—or—" pausing for a climax, " sling down a glass o' whisky? Taint possible!"

At this juncture, an inquisitive fly lit upon the small eminence in the center of the child's visage destined to do duty as a nose. Hardly had the venturesome insect settled when, without moving a muscle of his solemn countenance, that astonishing infant, with one erratic, back-handed gesture, brushed him away. The enraptured father burst into a roar of laughter.

"I tolle ye so, Molly! I tolle ye so! Babies is jess a-puttin' on. They knows a heap more 'n they gits credit fur, you bet!"

Something like a smile here distended the child's uncertain mouth, and something which might be construed into a wink contracted for an instant his small right eye, whereupon the ecstatic father made the welkin ring with loud haw-haws of appreciative mirth.

Molly laughed too, this time.

"What a man you are, Sandy! I'm glad you feel so happy, though," she continued, softly, while a flush rose to her cheek and quickly subsided. "I aint been much comp'ny for ye, but I reckon it'll be different now. Since baby come I feel better, every way, an' I reckon —"

She stopped abruptly and bent low over the child.

Sandy had ceased his contemplation of the boy, and had listened to his wife's words with a look of incredulous delight upon his rough but not uncomely face. It was evidently a new thing for her to speak so plainly, and her husband was not unmindful of the effort it must have cost her, nor ungrateful for the result.

"Don't say no more about it, Molly," he responded, in evident embarrassment. "Them days is past an' gone an' furgotten. Leastwise, I aint agoin' to think no more about 'em. Women is women, an' hez ter be 'lowed fur. I don't know ex 'twas more'n I cud expect; you a-bein' so porely, an' the old folks a-dyin', an' you a-takin' on it so hard. I don't go fur ter say ez I aint been

outed more'n wunst, but that's over'n gone; an' now, Molly," he continued cheerfully, "things is a-lookin' up. Ez soon ez you're strong ag'in, I reckon ye'll be all right. The little un'l keep ye from gittin' lonesome an' down-spirited; now wont he, Molly?"

"Yes, Sandy," said the woman earnestly, "I begin to feel as if I could be happy—happier than I ever thought of bein'. I'm goin' to begin a new life, Sandy. I'm goin' to be a better wife to ye than—I *have been*."

Her voice trembled, and she stopped suddenly again, turning her face away.

She was a strangely beautiful creature to be the wife of this brawny mountaineer. There was a softness in her voice in striking contrast to his own rough tones, and although the mountain accent was plainly observable, it was greatly modified. He, himself, ignorant and unsophisticated, full of the half-savage impulses and rude virtues of the region, was quite conscious of the incongruity, and regarded his wife with something of awe mingled with his undemonstrative but ardent passion. He sat thus looking at her now, in a kind of adoring wonder.

"Wall!" he exclaimed at last, "blest ef I kin see how I ever spunked up enough fur ter ax ye, anyhow! Ye see, Molly, I'd allers liked ye—allers; long afore ye ever thought o' goin' down to Richmon'."

The woman moved uneasily, and turned her eyes away from his eager face; but Sandy failed to notice this, and went on, with increasing ardor:

"After ye'd gone I missed ye powerful! I used ter go over the mountin' ter ax after ye whenever I cud git away, an' when they told me how ye war enjoyin' yerself down thar, a-arinin' heaps o' money an' livin' so fine, it mos' set me wild. I war *allers* expectin' ter hear ez how ye'd got married, an' I kep' a-tellin' myself 'twa'n't no use; but the more I tol' myself, the wuss I got. An' when you come home, Molly, a-lookin' so white an' mizzable like, an' everybody said ye'd die, it—why, it most killed me out, Molly, 'deed it did, I sw'ar!"

Sandy did not often speak of those days of his probation; but, finding Molly in a softened mood,—Molly, who had always been so cold and reticent, so full of moods and fancies,—he felt emboldened to proceed.

"Lord, Molly, I didn't hev no rest night nor day! Bob'll tell ye how I hung around, an' hung around; an' when ye got a little better an' come out, a-lookin' so white an' peaked, I war all of a trimble. I don't know now how I ever up an' axed ye. I

reckon I never *would* a-done it ef it hadn't been fur Bob. He put me up tew it. Sez Bob, 'Marm's afraid as Molly'll go back to Richmon' ag'in,' an' that war more'n I *could* stand; an' so I axed ye, Molly."

Sandy's face was not one adapted to the expression of tender emotion, but there was a perceptible mellowing of the irregular features and rough voice as he went on.

"I axed ye, Molly, an ye said 'Yes'; an' I aint never hed no call to be sorry ez I axed ye, an' I hope you aint, nuther,—say, Molly?" and the great hand was laid tenderly on her arm.

"No, Sandy," said she, "I aint had 'no call to be sorry. You've been good to me; a heap better'n I have been to you."

Truly, Molly *was* softening. Sandy could hardly credit his own happiness. He ran his fingers through the tawny fringe of his beard awhile before he answered.

"That's all right, Molly. I laid out to be good to ye, an' I've tried to be. Say, Molly," he continued, with a kind of pleading earnestness in his voice, "ye've done hankerin' arter the city, aint ye? Kind o' gettin' used to the mountings ag'in, aint ye, Molly?"

It was quite dark on the little hillside now, and Molly could turn her face boldly toward her husband.

"What makes ye keep a-harpin' on that, Sandy? I aint hankered after the city—not for a long time," and a slight shudder ran over her. "Just put that idea out of your head, Sandy. Nothin' could ever tempt me to go to the city again. I hate it!"

She spoke with fierce emphasis, and rose to go in. Sandy, somewhat puzzled by her manner, but re-assured by her words, heaved a sigh and rose also.

The stars were out, and from a little patch of swamp at the foot of the hill came the shrill piping of innumerable frogs, and a whip-poor-will's wild, sad cry pierced the silence. The baby had long since fallen asleep. The mother laid him in his cradle, and night and rest settled down over the little cabin.

Spring had passed into summer, and summer was already on the wane; an August morning had dawned over the mountains. Although the sun shone warmly down upon the dew-drenched earth, the air was still deliciously cool and fresh.

Molly stood in the door-way, holding in her arms the baby, whose look of preternat-

ural wisdom had merged itself into one of infantile softness and benignity. She was holding him up for the benefit of Sandy, who, as he went down the red, dusty road, driving the white cow before him, turned now and then to bestow a grimace upon his son and heir. That small personage's existence, while perhaps less a matter of astonishment to his father than formerly, had lost none of the charms of novelty. He was a fine, robust little man, and cooed and chuckled rapturously in his mother's arms, stretching out his hands toward the scarlet blossoms of the trumpet-vine which climbed around the door-way. Mother and child made a fair picture in the twining green frame touched up with flame-like clusters of bloom—a picture which was not lost upon Sandy, who, as he passed out of sight of the cabin, shook his head, and said to himself again, as he had many and many a time before :

"Blest ef I see how I ever got up spunk enough to ax her!"

Molly watched her husband out of sight, and then let her eyes wander over the summer landscape. There was a look of deep content in her face, which was no longer pale and worn. The traces of struggle and suffering had disappeared. The past may have had its anguish, and its sins perhaps, but the present must have seemed peaceful and secure, for she turned from the doorway, with a song upon her lips,—a song which lingered all the morning as she went in and out about her household tasks, trying to make more trim and bright that which was already the perfection of trimness and brightness. When she had finished her work the morning was far advanced and the sun glared hotly in at door and window.

She had rocked the baby to sleep, and came out of the inner room with the happy mother-look upon her face. She turned to look back, to see, perhaps, if the fly-net were drawn carefully enough over the little sleeper. As she stood thus she was conscious of a human shadow which fell through the outer door and blotted out the square of sunshine which lay across the floor, and a deep voice said :

"I'd thank you for a drink of water, ma'am."

Molly turned quickly and the eyes of the two met. Over the man's face came a look of utter amazement which ended in an evil smile.

Over the woman's face came a change so sudden, so terrible, that the new-comer, base and hardened as he looked, seemed

struck by it, and the cruel smile subsided a little as he exclaimed :

"Molly Craigie, by all that's holy!"

The woman did not seem to hear him. She stood staring at him with wild incredulous eyes and parted lips, from which came in a husky whisper the words :

"Dick Staples!"

Then she struck the palms of her hands together and with a sharp cry sank into a chair. The man stepped across the threshold and stood in the center of the room looking curiously about him. He was a large, powerfully built fellow and in a certain way a handsome one. He was attired in a kind of hunting costume which he wore with a jaunty, theatrical air.

"I swear!" he exclaimed, with a low, brutal laugh, as his eyes took in the details of the neat little kitchen, and came at last to rest upon the woman's white face. "I swear! I do believe Molly's married!"

The idea seemed to strike him as a peculiarly novel and amusing one.

"Molly Craigie married and settled down! Well, if that isn't a good one!" and he burst into another cruel laugh. His mocking words seemed at last to sting the woman, who had sat smitten mute before him, into action. She rose and faced him, trembling, but defiant.

"Dick Staples, what brought ye here only God knows, but ye mus'n't stay here. Ye must go 'way this minute, d'ye hear? Ye must go 'way!"

She spoke firmly but hurriedly, glancing down the road as she did so. The man stared blankly at her a moment.

"Well, now, if that aint a nice way to treat an old friend! Why, Molly, you aint going back on Dick you aint seen for so long, are you? I'd no idea of ever seeing you again, but now I've found you, you don't get rid of me so easy. I'm going to make myself at home, Molly, see if I don't." And the man seated himself and crossed his legs comfortably looking about him with a mocking air of geniality and friendliness. "Why, d——n it!" he continued, "I'm going to stay to dinner and be introduced to your husband!"

Molly went nearer to him; the defiance in her manner had disappeared and a look of almost abject terror and appeal had taken its place.

"Dick," she cried, imploringly, "oh, Dick, for God's sake hear me! If ye want to see me, to speak with me, I wont refuse ye, only not here, Dick,—for God's sake not

here!" and she glanced desperately around. "What brought ye here, Dick? Tell me that, and where are you stayin'?"

"Well, then," he answered surlily, "I ran up for a little shooting, and I'm staying at Digby's."

"At Digby's! That's three miles below here." She spoke eagerly. "Dick, you noticed the little meetin'-house just below here in the hollow?"

The man nodded.

"If ye'll go away now, Dick, right away, I'll meet ye in the woods. Follow the path that leads up behind the meetin'-house tomorrow mornin' between ten and eleven an' I'll meet ye there, but oh, Dick, for God's sake go away now, before—before he comes!"

The desperation in her voice and looks produced some effect upon the man apparently, for he rose and said:

"Well, Molly, as you're so particular, I'll do as you say; but mind now, don't you play me no tricks. If you aint *there*, punctual, I'll be *here*; now see if I don't, my beauty." He would have flung his arms about her, but she started back with flaming eyes.

"None o' that, Dick Staples!" she cried, fiercely.

"Spunky as ever, and twice as handsome, I swear!" exclaimed the fellow, gazing admiringly at her.

"Are ye goin'?"

There was something in her voice and mien which compelled obedience and the man prepared to go. Outside the door he slung his rifle over his shoulder and looking back, said:

"Remember now, Molly, 'meet me in the willow glen,' you know. Punctual's the word!" and with a meaning smile he sauntered down the slope, humming a popular melody as he went.

The woman stood for a time as he had left her, her arms hanging by her side, her eyes fixed upon the door-way. The baby slept peacefully on, and outside the birds were twittering and calling, and the breeze tossed the vine-tendrils in at door and window, throwing graceful, dancing shadows over the floor and across her white face and nerveless hands. A whistle, clear and cheery, came piping through the sultry noon tide stillness. It pierced her deadened senses, and she started, passing her hand across her eyes.

"God!"

That was all she said. Then she began

laying the table and preparing the midday meal. When Sandy reached the cabin she was moving about with nervous haste, her eyes gleaming strangely and a red spot on either cheek. Her husband's eyes followed her wonderingly. The child awoke and she went to bring him.

"I wonder what's up now?" he muttered, combing his beard with his fingers, as he was wont to do when perplexed or embarrassed. "Women *is* cur'us! They's no two ways about it, they *is* cur'us! They's no 'countin' fur 'em no how, 'deed they aint!"

At this point the baby appeared, and after his usual frolic with him, during which he did not cease his furtive study of Molly's face, Sandy shouldered his hoe and started for the field. As he reached the door he turned and said:

"O Molly, I seen a man agoin' across the road down by the crick; one o' them city fellers, rigged out in huntin' traps. Did ye see him?"

Molly was standing with her back toward her husband putting away the remains of the meal.

"A man like that came to the door an' asked for a drink," she answered, quietly.

"He warn't sassy nor nothin'?" inquired Sandy, anxiously.

"No—he wasn't sassy," was the answer. Sandy breathed a sigh of relief.

"Them city fellers is mighty apt to be sassy, and this time o' year theyse allers prowlin' 'round," and bestowing another rough caress on the baby he went his way.

That evening as they sat together before the door Sandy said:

"O Molly, I'm agoin' over ter Jim Barker by sun-up ter-morrer, ter help him out with his hoein'. Ye wont be lonesome nor nothin'?"

"No—I reckon not," replied his wife. "Twont be the first time I've been here alone."

Involuntarily the eyes of the husband and wife met, in his a furtive questioning look which she met with a steady gaze. In the dusky twilight her face showed pale as marble and her throat pulsated strangely. The man turned his eyes away; there was something in that face which he could not bear.

And at "sun-up" Sandy departed.

Molly went about her work as usual. Nothing was forgotten, nothing neglected. The two small rooms shone with neatness and comfort, and at last the child slept.

The hour for her meeting with Staples had arrived, and Molly came out and closed the cabin door behind her—but here her feet faltered, and she paused. With her hands pressed tightly on her heart she stood there for a moment with the bright August sunshine falling over her; suddenly she turned and re-entered the cabin, went noiselessly into the bedroom and knelt down by the sleeping child. One warm, languid little hand drooped over the cradle's edge. As her eyes fell upon it a quiver passed over the woman's white face, and she laid her cheek softly against it, her lips moving the while.

Then she arose and went away. Down the dusty road, with rapid, unfaltering steps and eyes that looked straight before her, she passed, and disappeared in the shadow of the forest.

When Sandy came home at night he found his wife standing in the door-way, her dark braids falling over her shoulders, her cheeks burning, her eyes full of a fire which kindled his own slow but ardent nature. He had never seen her looking so beautiful, and he came on toward her with quickened steps and a glad look in his face.

"Here, Molly," said he, holding up to her face a bunch of dazzling cardinal-flowers, "I pulled these fur ye, down in the gorge."

She shrank from the vivid, blood-red blossoms as if he had struck her, and her face turned ashy white.

"In the gorge!" she repeated hoarsely—"in the gorge! Throw them away! throw them away!" and she cowered down upon the door-stone, hiding her face upon her knees. Her husband stared at her a moment, hurt and bewildered; then, throwing the flowers far down the slope, he went past her into the house.

"Molly's gittin on her spells ag'in," he muttered. "Lord, Lord, I war in hopes ez she war over 'em fur good!"

Experience having taught him to leave her to herself at such times, he said nothing now, but sat with the child upon his lap, looking at her from time to time with a patient, wistful look. At last the gloom and silence were more than he could bear.

"Molly," said he softly, "what ails ye?"

At the sound of his voice she started and rose. Going to him, she took the child and went out of the room. As she did so, Sandy noticed that a portion of her dress was torn away. He remarked it with won-

der, as well as her disordered hair. It was not like Molly at all; but he said nothing, putting this unusual negligence down to that general "cur'usness" of womankind which was past finding out.

The next day and the next passed away. Sandy went in and out, silent and unobtrusive, but with his heart full of sickening fears. A half-formed doubt of his wife's sanity—a doubt which her strange, fitful conduct during these days, and her wild and haggard looks only served to confirm—haunted him persistently. He could not work, but wandered about, restless and unhappy beyond measure.

On the third day, as he sat, moody and wretched, upon the fence of the corn-field, Jim Barker, his neighbor from the other side of the mountain, came along, and asked Sandy to join him on a hunting excursion. He snatched at the idea, hoping to escape for a time from the insupportable thoughts he could not banish, and went up to the cabin for his gun. As he took it down, Molly's eyes followed him.

"Where are ye goin', Sandy?" she asked.

"With Jim, fur a little shootin'," was the answer; "ye don't mind, Molly?"

She came to him and laid her head upon his shoulder, and, as he looked down upon her face, he was newly startled at its pinched and sunken aspect.

"No, Sandy, I don't mind," she said, with the old gentleness in her tones. She returned his caress, clinging to his neck, and with reluctance letting him go. He remembered this in after times, and even now it moved him strangely, and he turned more than once to look back upon the slender figure, which stood watching him until he joined his companion and passed out of sight.

An impulse she could not resist compelled her gaze to follow them—to leap beyond them, till it rested upon the Devil's Ledge, a huge mass of rocks which frowned above the gorge. Along these rocks, at intervals, towered great pines, weather-beaten, lightning-stricken, stretching out giant arms, which seemed to beckon, and point down the sheer sides of the precipice into the abyss at its foot, where a flock of buzzards wheeled slowly and heavily about. The woman's very lips grew white as she looked, and she turned shuddering away, only to return, again and again, as the slow hours lagged and lingered. The sunshine crept across the floor never so slowly, and passed at length away; and, just as the sun was setting, Sandy's tall form appeared, coming up the slope. Against

the red sky his face stood out, white, rigid, terrible. It was not her husband; it was Fate, advancing. The woman tried to smile. Poor mockery of a smile, it died upon her lips. The whole landscape—the green forests, purple hills and gray rocks—swam before her eyes in a lurid mist; only the face of her husband—that was distinct with an awful distinctness. On he came, and stood before her. He leaned his gun against the side of the cabin, and placed the hand which had held it upon the lintel over her head; the other was in his breast. There was a terrible deliberation in all his movements, and he breathed heavily and painfully. It seemed to her an eternity that he stood thus, looking down upon her. Then he spoke.

"Thar's a dead man—over thar—under the ledge!"

The woman neither moved nor spoke. He drew his hand from his breast and held something toward her; it was the missing fragment torn from her dress.

"This yer war in his hand——"

With a wild cry the woman threw herself forward, and wound her arms about her husband's knees.

"I didn't go for to do it!" she gasped; "fore God I didn't!"

Sandy tore himself away from her clinging arms, and she fell prostrate. He looked at her fiercely and coldly.

"Take your hands off me!" he cried. "Don't tech me! Thar's thet ez mus' be made cl'ar between you an' me, woman,—cl'ar ez daylight. Ye've deceived me an' lied to me all along, but ye wont lie to me now. Taint the dead man ez troubles me," he went on grimly, setting his teeth, "taint him ez troubles me. I'd a' hed to kill him myself afore I'd done with him mos' likely —ef you hadn't. Taint that ez troubles me—it's what went afore! D'y'e hear? Thet's what I want ter know an' all I want ter know."

He lifted her up and seated himself before her, a look of savage determination on his face.

"Will ye tell me?"

The woman buried her face upon her arms and rocked backward and forward.

"How can I tell ye,—O Sandy, how can I?" she moaned.

"Ye kin tell me in one word," said her husband. "When ye come back from Richmond' thar wuz them ez tole tales on ye. I hearn 'em, but I didn't believe 'em—I wouldn't believe 'em! Now ye've only ter answer me one question—wur what they said true?"

He strove to speak calmly but the passion within him burst all bounds; the words ended in a cry of rage, and he seized her arm with a grip of iron.

"Answer me, answer me!" he cried, tightening his hold upon her arm.

"It was true, oh my God, it was true!"

He loosened his grasp and she fell insensible at his feet.

There was neither tenderness nor pity in his face as he raised her, and carrying her in, laid her upon the bed. Without a glance at the sleeping child he went out again into the gathering darkness.

Far into the night he was still sitting there unconscious of the passing hours or the chilliness of the air. His mind wandered in a wild chaos. Over and over again he rehearsed the circumstances attending the finding of the dead man beneath the ledge, and the discovery of the fragment of a woman's dress in the rigid fingers; his horror when he recognized the man as the one he had seen crossing the road near the cabin, and the fragment as a portion of Molly's dress. He had secured this and secreted it in his bosom before his companion, summoned by his shouts, had come up. He knew the pattern too well—he had selected it himself after much consideration. True, another might have worn the same, but then the recollection of Molly's torn dress arose to banish every doubt. There was mystery and crime and horror, and Molly was behind it all—Molly, the wife he had trusted, the mother of his child!

It must have been long past midnight when a hand was laid upon his shoulder and his wife's voice broke the stillness.

"Sandy," said she, "I've come—to tell ye all. Ye won't refuse to listen?"

He shivered beneath her touch but did not answer, and there in the merciful darkness which hid their faces from each other, Molly told her story from beginning to end, told it in a torrent of passionate words, broken by sobs and groans which shook her from head to foot.

"I met him in the woods," she went on. "I took him to the ledge, because I knew nobody would see us there, an' then I told him everything. I went down on my knees to him an' begged of him to go away an' leave me; for I couldn't bear to—to give ye up, an' I knew 'twould come to that! I begged an' I prayed an' he wouldn't hear; an' then—an' then—" she sobbed, "he threatened me, Sandy, he threatened to go an' tell you all. He put his wicked face

close up to mine, I pushed him away an' he fell—he fell, Sandy, but God knows I didn't go fur to do it!"

She stopped, her voice utterly choked with agonizing sobs, but the man before her did not move or speak. She threw herself down and clasped her arms about him.

"Sandy! husband!" she cried. "Do what ye please with me—drive me away—kill me, but remember this—I *did* love ye true an' faithful—say ye believe that!"

The man freed himself roughly from her arms.

"I do believe ye," he answered.

There was something horrible in his fierce repulsion of her touch, in the harsh coldness of his voice, and the woman shrank back and crouched at his feet, and neither spoke or moved again until with the first twitter of the birds, the baby's voice mingling, the mother rose instinctively to answer the feeble summons. She was chilled to the marrow, and her hair and garments were wet with the heavy dew. Sandy sat with averted head buried in his hands. She longed to go to him, but she dared not, and she went in to the child. Weak and unnerved as she was, the heat of the room overcame her, and sitting there with the baby on her lap she fell into a deep, death-like slumber. She returned to consciousness to find herself lying upon the bed with the child by her side. Some one had laid her there, and drawn the green shade close to shut out the bright light. She started up and listened; there was no sound but the whir of insects and the warbling of birds. She arose, stiff and bewildered, and staggered to the door. Sandy was gone.

The day dragged its mournful length along and as night fell steps were heard approaching. Molly's heart gave a great leap, but it was not her husband's step—it was that of Bob, her brother, who came slowly up the path, a serious expression on his boyish face. She would have flown to meet him, but she could not stir. Her eyes fastened themselves upon him with a look that demanded everything.

The young fellow came close up to his sister before speaking.

"How d'y'e, Molly, how d'y'e?" he said, seating himself beside her and glancing curiously at her white, desperate face.

"What is it, Bob?" she gasped; "what is it? Ye can tell me—I can bear it."

"I ain't got nothin' much to tell," he answered with a troubled air. "I war think-

in' ez you mought hev somethin' ter tell me. Sandy he come by an' said as how he mus' go down ter Gordonsville, he an' Jim Barker, on account o' the man ez fell over the ledge."

The shudder which passed through the woman's frame escaped Bob's notice, and he continued:

"He said ez how he mus' stay till th' inquist war over, an' moughtn't be back for a day or two, an' axed me fur ter keep ye comp'ny till he comes back."

"Till he comes back!" she repeated in a whisper.

She hid her face in her hands, and Bob, who, like Sandy, was used to Molly's strange ways, did not question her further.

Days, weeks and months passed away, and Sandy King had not returned. Jim Barker, who had seen him last, knew only that he had expressed an intention to remain a few days longer in the town, and all further inquiries revealed nothing more.

Bob remained with his sister, and, after the first few weeks of excitement, settled quietly down in charge of the little farm—"until Sandy gits back," as he always took pains to declare.

This stoutly maintained contingency was regarded by the scattered inhabitants of that region with doubt and disbelief. Sandy's mysterious disappearance excited much comment, and gave rise to endless rumors and conjectures. The current belief, however, was, that being himself a man of peaceable habits, he had found his wife's temper too "cantankerous," and had gone in search of the peace denied him beneath his own roof, such an event having occurred more than once within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

Molly knew nothing of all this. She never left her own door from the day of her husband's departure, and Bob,—warm-hearted fellow,—had stood valiantly between his sister and the prying eyes and sharp tongues which sought to pluck out the heart of her mystery or apply venom to her bleeding wounds.

That something very serious had occurred, he, more than any other, had cause to suspect, but he respected his sister's reticence, and watched with secret pain and anxiety her increasing pallor and weakness. The hopes he had at first cherished of Sandy's return died slowly out, but he hardly confessed it, even to himself.

Autumn passed into winter, and winter into spring, and in the meantime, as Molly

faded, the little boy thrived and waxed strong. He could now toddle about on his sturdy legs, and his prattle and laughter filled the lonely cabin. His mother watched his development eagerly.

"See, Bob!" she would say, "see how he walks, an' how plain he can talk! What'll Sandy say when he sees him?"

Then she would hold up before the round baby-eyes a distorted, shaggy likeness of Sandy, which he had once exhibited with great pride on his return from Gordonsville, and try to teach the baby lips to pronounce "Dad-dy."

"He'll know him when he comes, Bob, see if he don't. He'll know his own daddy, wont he, precious man? An' he'll be here by corn-plantin', Bob, sure!"

And Bob, who always entered with a great assumption of cheerfulness into all her plans, would turn away with a sinking heart.

"Ef he's ever a-comin'," he would say to himself, "he'd better come mighty soon, or—" and then something would rise in his throat, and he could never finish the sentence.

The gray-brown woods had changed to tender green and purple, the air teemed with the sounds, and the earth with the tints, of early spring. The corn was not only planted, but was already sending up sharp yellow-green spikes out of the soft red loam, and yet Sandy had not returned.

A strange woman had taken Molly's place in the household, for Molly could no longer go about—could hardly sit at the window, looking down the lonely road or over the distant hills with her eager, hollow eyes. She had never complained, and up to this time had refused to see a physician. And now when one was summoned, he only shook his head in response to Bob's questions, and hinted vaguely at mental causes beyond his reach.

She lay for the most part with closed eyes, and but for the heaving of her breast, one might have believed her no longer of the living, so white and shadow-like had she become. She seldom spoke, but not a night fell, that she did not call Bob to her side and whisper, with upturned, anxious eyes:

"I reckon he'll come to-morrow, don't you?"

One evening, after a restless, feverish day, she woke from a brief nap. Her brother was seated by her side, looking sadly into her waxen face. She started up with a strange glitter in her eyes, and seized his arm.

"Bob," she whispered, "he's comin'!" "He's most here! Go and meet him quick, Bob, an' tell him to hurry, to *hurry*, mind, or I sha'n't be here!"

The wildness in her face and voice deepened.

"Go, I tell you! Quick! He's comin'!" and she would have sprung from the bed.

"There, there, Molly," said her brother, soothingly, "jess lay right down an' be quiet, an' I'll go."

She lay upon the pillow as he placed her, panting and trembling, and he went hastily out, pausing, as he went through the kitchen, to say a few words to the woman who sat at the table, feeding the little boy.

"She's a heap wusser," he said, "an' out of her head. Keep a watch over her while I go for the doctor."

He ran quickly down the slope toward the field where the horse was tethered. As he reached the road he saw a tall form advancing through the dusk with rapid strides. Something in the gait and outline set his heart to throbbing; he stopped and waited. The man came nearer.

"Bob!"

"Sandy!"

The two men clasped hands. "Molly?" said her husband, brokenly For answer Bob pointed silently toward the cabin, and Sandy passed up the slope before him. As he entered the little kitchen the child stopped eating and stared with wide-open eyes at the stranger.

"Dad-dy! dad-dy!" he babbled.

Sandy saw and heard nothing, but went blindly on into the inner room.

There was a glad cry, and Molly was in her husband's arms.

"I knew ye'd come!" she said.

"Yes, darlin', I've come, an' I'll never —" The words died upon his lips, for something in the face upon his breast told him that Molly was listening to another voice than his.

MISS EDITH MAKES IT PLEASANT FOR BROTHER JACK.

"CRYING!" Of course I am crying, and I guess you'd be crying too
 If people were telling such stories as they tell about me, about *you*.
 Oh yes, you can laugh, if you want to, and smoke as you didn't care how,
 And get your brains softened like Uncle's.—Dr. Jones says you're gettin' it now.

"Why don't you say 'stop!' to Miss Ilsey? she cries twice as much as I do.
 And she's older and cries just from meanness—for a ribbon or anything new.
 Ma says it's her 'sensitive nature.' Oh my! No, I sha'n't stop my talk!
 And I don't want no apples nor candy, and I don't want to go take a walk!

"I know why you're mad!—Yes, I do, now!—You think that Miss Ilsey likes *you*.
 And I've heard her *repeatedly* call you the bold-faced boy that she knew;
 And she'd 'like to know where you learnt manners.' Oh yes! Kick the table—that's right!
 Spill the ink on my dress, and then go 'round telling Ma that I look like a fright!

"What stories? Pretend you don't know that they're saying I broke off the match
 'Twixt old Money-grubber and Mary, by saying she called him 'Crosspatch'!
 When the only allusion I made him about sister Mary was she
 Cared more for his cash than his temper, and you know, Jack, *you* said that to me!

"And it's true! But it's *me* and I'm scolded and Pa says if I keep on I might
 By and by get my name in the papers! Who cares! Why 'twas only last night
 I was reading how Pa and the sheriff were selling some lots, and it's plain
 If it's awful to be in the papers why Papa would go and complain.

"You think it aint true about Ilsey? Well, I guess I know girls—and I say
 There's nothing I see about Ilsey to show she likes you anyway!
 I know what it means when a girl who has called her cat after a boy
 Goes and changes its name to another's. And she's done it—and I wish you joy!"

DAYS AND NIGHTS IN CONCORD.

FROM MANUSCRIPT PAPERS BY HENRY D. THOREAU.*

[The time of year is August and September.]

I do not remember any page which will tell me how to spend this afternoon. I do not so much want to know how to economize time as how to spend it; by what means to grow rich. How to extract its honey from the flower of the world,—that is *my* every-day business. I am as busy as a bee about it. Do I not impregnate and intermix the flowers, produce rarer and finer varieties, by transferring my eyes from one to another? It is with flowers I would deal. The art of spending a day! If it is possible that we may be addressed, it be-

hooves us to be attentive. So by the dawning or radiance of beauty are we advertised where are the honey and the fruit of thought, of discourse and of action. The discoveries which we make abroad are special and particular; those which we make at home are general and significant. My profession is to be always on the alert, to find God in nature, to know his lurking-places, to attend all the oratorios, the operas in nature. Shall I not have words as fresh as my thought? Shall I use any other man's word? A genuine thought or feeling can find expression for itself if it have to invent hieroglyphics. It has the universe for type-metal.

Since I perambulated the "bounds of the

* Other extracts from this journal may be found in "Thoreau, the Poet-Naturalist," published by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

town," I find that I have in some degree confined myself (my vision and my walks). On whatever side I look off, I am reminded of the mean and narrow-minded men whom I have lately met there. What can be uglier than a country occupied by groveling, coarse and low-lived men?—no scenery can redeem it. Hornets, hyenas and baboons are not so great a curse to a country as men of a similar character. It is a charmed circle which I have drawn about my abode, having walked not with God, but the devil. I am too well aware when I have crossed this line. * * * * *

The Price-Farm road is one of those everlasting roads, which the sun delights to shine along in an August afternoon, playing truant; which seem to stretch themselves with terrene jest as the weary traveler travels them on; where there are three white sandy furrows (*lira*), two for the wheels and one between them for the horse, with endless green grass borders between, and room on each side for blueberries and birches; where the walls indulge in freaks, not always parallel to the ruts, and golden-rod yellows all the path, which some elms began to border and shade over, but left off in despair, it was so long. From no point of which can you be said to be at any definite distance from a town. * * *

Old Cato says well,—*patrem familias vendacem, non emacem esse oportet.* These Latin terminations express better than any English I know, the greediness as it were, and tenacity of purpose, with which the husbandman and householder is required to be a seller and not a buyer; with mastiff-like tenacity, these lipped words collect in the sense, with a certain greed. Here comes a laborer from his dinner to resume his work at clearing out a ditch, notwithstanding the rain, remembering, as Cato says, *per ferias potuisse fossas veteres tergeri.* One would think I were come to see if the steward of my farm had done his duty.

The prevailing conspicuous flowers at present [August 21] are the early golden-rods, tansy, the life-everlastings, fleabane (though not for its flower), yarrow, rather dry; hardhack and meadow-sweet, both getting dry; also Mayweed, purple eupatorium, clethra, rhexia, thoroughwort, *Polygala sanguinea*, prunella and dogsbane (getting stale), touch-me-not (less observed), Canada snapdragon by road-sides, purple gerardia, horse-mint, veronica, marsh speed-well, tall crowfoot (still in flower), also the epilobium and cow-wheat.

Half an hour before sunset I was at Tupelo cliff, when, looking up from my botanizing (I had been examining the *ranunculus filiformis*, *conium maculatum*, *sium latifolium*, and the obtuse *galium* on the muddy shore), I saw the seal of evening on the river. There was a quiet beauty on the landscape at that hour, which my senses were prepared to appreciate. When I have walked all day in vain under the torrid sun, and the world has been all trivial, as well field and wood as highway, then at eve the sun goes down westward, and the dews begin to purify the air and make it transparent, and the lakes and rivers acquire a glassy stillness, reflecting the skies, the reflex of the day. Thus, long after feeding, the diviner faculties begin to be fed, to feel their oats, their nutriment, and are not oppressed by the body's load. Every sound is music now. How rich, like what we like to read of South American primitive forests, is the scenery of this river; what luxuriance of weeds, what depths of mud along its sides! These old ante-historic, geologic, antediluvian rocks, which only primitive wading-birds still lingering among us are worthy to tread! The season which we seem to live in anticipation of is arrived. With what sober joy I stand to let the water drip, and feel my fresh vigor, who have been bathing in the same tub which the muskrat uses,—such a medicinal bath as only nature furnishes! A fish leaps, and the dimple he makes is observed now. Methinks that for a great part of the time, as much as is possible, I walk as one possessing the advantages of human culture, fresh from the society of men, but turned loose into the woods, the only man in nature, walking and meditating, to a great extent, as if man and his customs and institutions were not. The cat-bird, or the jay, is sure of your whole ear now; each noise is like a stain on pure glass.

The rivers now,—these great blue subterranean heavens reflecting the supernal skies and red-tinged clouds; what unanimity between the water and the sky,—one only a little denser element than the other,—the grossest part of heaven! Think of a mirror on so large a scale! Standing on distant hills you see the heavens reflected, the evening sky in some low lake or river in the valley, as perfectly as in any mirror that could be; does it not prove how intimate heaven is with earth? We commonly sacrifice to supper this serene and sacred hour. Our customs turn the hour of sunset to a

trivial time, as to the meeting of two roads, one coming from the noon, the other leading to the night. It might be well if our reports were taken out-of-doors in view of the sunset and the rising stars; if there were two persons whose pulses beat together; if men cared for the *Kosmos* or beauty of the world, if men were social in a rare or high sense; if they associated on rare or high levels; if we took with our tea a draught of the dew-freighted, transparent evening air; if with our bread and butter we took a slice of the red western sky; if the smoking, steaming urn was the vapor on a thousand lakes and rivers and meads. The air of the valleys at this hour is the distilled essence of all those fragrances which during the day have been filling, and have been dispersed in the atmosphere,—the fine fragrances perchance which have floated in the upper atmospheres now settled to these low vales. I talked of buying Conantum once, but for want of money we did not come to terms. But I have farmed it, in my own fashion, every year since.

I find three or four ordinary laborers today, putting up the necessary out-door fixtures for a magnetic telegraph. They carry along a basket of simple implements, like traveling tinkers, and with a little rude soldering and twisting and straightening of wire, the work is done. As if you might set your hired man with the poorest head and hands, with the greatest latitude of ignorance and bungling, to this work. All great inventions stoop thus low to succeed, for the understanding is but little above the feet. They preserve so low a tone, they are simple almost to coarseness and commonplaceness. Some one had told them what he wanted, and sent them forth with a coil of wire to make a magnetic telegraph. It seems not so wonderful an invention as a common cart or plow.

The buckwheat already cut [September 4] lies in red piles in the field. In the Marlboro' road I saw a purple streak like a stain on the red pine leaves and sand under my feet, which I was surprised to find was made by a dense mass of purple fleas, like snow-fleas. And now we leave the road and go through the woods and swamps toward Boon's pond, crossing two or three roads, and by Potter's house in Stow, still on the east side of the river. Beyond Potter's, we struck into the extensive wooded plain, where the ponds are found in Stow, Sudbury and Marlboro'; part of it is called Boon's Plain. Boon is said to have lived

on or under Bailey's Hill, at the west of the pond, and was killed by the Indians, between Boon's and White's Pond, as he was driving his ox-cart. The oxen ran off to the Marlboro' garrison-house,—his remains have been searched for. There were two hen-hawks that soared and circled for our entertainment when we were in the woods on this plain, crossing each other's orbits from time to time, alternating like the squirrels in their cylinder, till, alarmed by our imitation of a hawk's shrill cry,—they gradually inflated themselves, made themselves more aerial, and rose higher and higher into the heavens, and were at length lost to sight; yet all the while earnestly looking, scanning the surface of the earth for a stray mouse or rabbit. We saw a mass of sunflowers in a farmer's patch; such is the destiny of this large coarse flower, the farmers gather it like pumpkins. We noticed a potato-field yellow with wild radish. Knight's new dam has so raised the Assabet as to make a permanent freshet, as it were, the fluvial trees standing dead for fish-hawk perches, and the water stagnant for weeds to grow in. You have only to dam up a running stream to give it the aspect of a dead stream, and in some degree restore its primitive wild appearance. Tracts are thus made inaccessible to man and at the same time more fertile,—the last gasp of wilderness before it yields to the civilization of the factory; to cheer the eyes of the factory people and educate them,—a little wilderness above the factory.

As I looked back up the stream, I saw the ripples sparkling in the sun, reminding me of the sparkling icy fleets which I saw last winter; and I thought how one corresponded to the other,—ice waves to water ones; the erect ice-flakes, were the waves stereotyped. It was the same sight, the same reflection of the sun sparkling from a myriad slanting surfaces; at a distance, a rippled water surface, or a crystallized frozen one. We climbed the high hills on the west side of the river, in the east and south-east part of Stow. I observed that the walnut-trees conformed in their branches to the slope of the hill, being just as high from the ground on the upper side as the lower. I saw what I thought a small red dog in the road, which cantered along over the bridge, and then turned into the woods; this decided me, this turning into the woods, that it was a fox, the dog of the woods. A few oaks stand in the pastures, still great ornaments. I do not see any young ones springing up to supply their places, and will there

be any a hundred years hence? We are a young people and have not learned by experience the consequences of cutting off the forest. I love to see the yellow knots and their lengthened stain on the dry, unpainted pitch-pine boards on barns and other buildings, as the Dugan house. The indestructible yellow fat, it fats my eyes to see it, worthy for art to imitate, telling of branches in the forest once.

From Strawberry Hill we caught the first, and but a very slight, glimpse of Nagog Pond, by standing on the wall. That is enough to relate of a hill, methinks,—that its elevation gives you the first sight of some distant lake. The horizon is remarkably blue with mist; looking from this hill over Acton, successive valleys filled with this mist appear, and are divided by darker lines of wooded hills. The shadows of the elms are deepened, as if the whole atmosphere were permeated by floods of ether, that give a velvet softness to the whole landscape; the hills float in it; a blue veil is drawn over the earth. Annursac Hill had an exceedingly rich, empurpled look, telling of the juice of the wild grape and poke-berries. Noticed a large field of sunflowers for hens, in full bloom at Temple's, now—at six P. M.—facing the east. The larches in the front yards have turned red; their fall has come; the Roman wormwood (*ambrosia artemisiaefolia*) is beginning to yellow-green my shoes, intermingled with the blue-curls in the sand of grain-fields. Perchance some poet likened this yellow dust to the ambrosia of the gods.

Do not the songs of birds and the fire-flies go with the grass, whose greenness is the best symptom and evidence of the earth's health or youth? Perhaps a history of the year would be a history of the grass, or of a leaf, regarding the grass-blades as leaves. Plants soon cease to grow for the year, unless they may have a fall growth, which is a kind of second spring. In the feelings of the man, too, the year is already past, and he looks forward to the coming winter. It is a season of withering; of dust and heat; a season of small fruits and trivial experiences. But there is an aftermath, and some spring flowers bloom again. May my life be not destitute of its Indian-Summer! I hear the locust still; some farmers are sowing their winter rye; I see the fields smoothly rolled. I see others plowing steep, rocky, and bushy fields for rolling. How beautiful the sprout-land! When you look down on it, the light-green of the maples shaded off with the darker red, enlivening the scene yet

more. Surely this earth is fit to be inhabited, and many enterprises may be undertaken with hope, where so many young plants are pushing up. Shall man then despair? Is he not a sprout-land, too, after never so many searings and witherings? If you witness growth and luxuriance, it is all the same as if you grew luxuriantly. The woodbine is red on the rocks. The poke is a very rich and striking plant, cardinal in its rank, as in its color. The downy seeds of the groundsel are taking their flight; the calyx has dismissed them and quite curled back, having done its part.

When I got into Lincoln Road [September 11] I perceived a singular sweet scent in the air; but, though I smelled everything around, I could not detect it. It was one of the sweet scents which go to make up the autumn, which fed and dilated my sense of smell. I felt the better for it. Methinks that I possess the sense of smell in greater perfection than usual. How autumnal is the scent of wild grapes, now by the road-side! The cross-leaved polygala emits its fragrance as at will; you must not hold it too near, but on all sides and at all distances. The pendulous, drooping barberries are pretty well reddened. I am glad when the berries look fair and plump.

Windy autumnal weather is very exciting and bracing, clear and cold after a rain. The wind roars loudly in the woods, the ground is strewn with leaves, especially under the apple-trees. The surface of the river reflecting the sun is dazzlingly bright; the outlines of the hills are remarkably distinct and firm, their surfaces bare and hard, not clothed with a thick air. I notice one red maple, far brighter than the blossom of any tree in summer. What can be handsomer for a picture than our river scenery now? First, this smoothly shorn meadow on the west side of the stream, looking from the first Conantum cliff, with all the swaths distinct, sprinkled with apple-trees casting heavy shadows black as ink [9 A. M.], such as can be seen only in this clear air, this strong light,—one cow wandering restlessly about in it and lowing; then, the blue river, scarcely darker than, and not to be distinguished from, the sky, its waves driven southward (or up the stream), by the wind, making it appear to flow that way, bordered by willows and button-bushes; then the narrow meadow beyond, with varied lights and shades from its waving grass, each grass-blade bending south before the wintry blast, as if looking for aid in that

direction; then the hill, rising sixty feet to a terrace-like plain covered with shrub-oaks, maples, and other trees, each variously tinted, clad all in a livery of gay colors, every bush a feather in its cap; and further in the rear the wood-crowned cliffs, some two hundred feet high, whose gray rocks project here and there from amid the bushes, with its orchard on the slope, and the distant Lincoln Hills in the horizon. What honest, homely, earth-loving houses they used to live in, so low you can put your hands on the eaves behind!—the broad chimney, built for comfort, no alto or basso relieu! The air is of crystal purity,—both air and water so transparent, the fisherman tries in vain to deceive the fish with his baits. Walden plainly can never be spoiled by the wood-chopper; for, do what you will to the shore, there will still remain this crystal well. The intense brilliancy of the red, ripe maples, scattered here and there in the midst of the green oaks and hickories on its hilly shores, is quite charming. Alternating with yellow birches and poplars and green oaks, they remind one of a line of soldiers, red-coats and riflemen in green, mixed together.

From Ball's Hill [September 26th], the meadows, now smoothly shorn, have a quite imposing appearance, so spacious and level. There is a shadow on the sides of the hills surrounding (it is a cloudy day), and where the meadow meets them it is darkest. Now the sun in the west is coming out, and lights up the river a mile off so that it shines with a white light, like a burnished silver mirror. The poplar-tree on Miss Ripley's hill seems quite important to the scene. The patches of sunlight on the meadow look lividly yellow, as if flames were traversing it. It is a day for fishermen. The farmers are gathering in their corn. The climbing hemp-weed (*mikania scandens*), and the button-bushes and the pickerel-weed are sere and flat with frost. We fell into the path printed by the feet of the calves. The note of the yellow-hammer is heard from the edges of the fields.

Sitting by the spruce swamp in Conant's woods, I am reminded that this is a perfect day to visit the swamp, with its damp, mistling, mildewy air, so solemnly still. There are the specter-like black spruce hanging with usnea lichens, and in the rear rise the dark green pines and oaks on the hill-side, touched here and there with livelier tints where a maple or birch may shine,

—this luxuriant vegetation standing heavy, dark, somber, like mold in a cellar. * * *

Has one moon gone by unnoticed? It is peculiarly favorable to reflection,—a cold and dewy light in which the vapors of the day are condensed, and though the air is obscured by darkness it is more clear. Lunacy must be a cold excitement, not such insanity as a torrid sun on the brain would produce. But the moon is not to be judged alone by the quantity of light she sends us, but also by her influence on the thoughts. No thinker can afford to overlook her influence any more than the astronomer can. Has not the poet his spring-tides and his neap-tides, in which the ocean within him overflows its shores and bathes the dry land—the former sometimes combining with the winds of heaven to produce those memorable high tides which leave their mark for ages, when all Broad street is submerged and incalculable damage done the common shipping of the mind? I come out into the moonlit night where men are not, as if into a scenery, *anciently* deserted by men; the life of men is like a dream. It is three thousand years since night has had possession. Go forth and hear the crickets chirp at midnight. Hear if their dynasty is not an ancient one and well founded. I feel the antiquity of the night; she merely repossesses herself of her realms, as if her dynasty were uninterrupted, or she had underlaid the day. No sounds but the steady creaking of crickets, and the occasional crowing of cocks. I go by the farmer's houses and barns, standing there in the dim light under the trees, as if they lay at an immense distance, or under a veil. The farmer and his oxen are all asleep, not even a watch-dog is awake. The human slumbers; there is less of man in the world. To appreciate the moonlight, you must stand in the shade and see where a few rods or a few feet distant it falls in between the trees. It is a "milder day," made for some inhabitants whom you do not see. I am obliged to sleep enough the next night to make up for it (after being out)—*Endymionis somnum dormire*—to sleep an Endymion's sleep, as the ancients expressed it.

The fog on the lowlands (on the Corner Road) is never still. It now advances and envelops me as I stand to write these words before sunrise, then clears away with ever noiseless step. It covers the meadows like a web,—I hear the clock strike three. The light of Orion's belt seems to show traces of the blue day through which it

came to us. The sky at least is lighter on that side than in the west, even about the moon. Even by night the sky is blue and not black, for we see through the veil of night into the distant atmosphere. I see to the plains of the sun where the sunbeams are reveling. The crickets' song by the causeway is not so loud at this hour as at evening, and the moon is getting low. I hear a wagon cross on one of the bridges leading into the town. I smell the ripe apples many rods off beyond the bridge. Will not my townsmen consider me a benefactor if I conquer some realms from the night, if I can show them that there is some beauty awake while they are asleep; if I add to the domains of poetry; if I report to the gazettes anything transpiring in our midst worthy of man's attention? I will say nothing here to the disparagement of Day, for he is not here to defend himself.

I hear the farmer harnessing his horse and starting for the distant market, but no man harnesses himself and starts for worthier enterprises. One cock-crow tells the whole story of the farmer's life. I see the little glow-worms deep in the grass by the brook-side. The moon shines dim and red, a solitary whip-poor-will sings, the clock strikes four, a few dogs bark, a few more wagons start for market, their faint rattling is heard in the distance. I hear my owl without a name, the murmur of the slow approaching freight-train as far off perchance as Waltham, and one early bird. The round red moon is disappearing in the west. I detect a whiteness in the east. Some dark, massive clouds have come over from the west within the hour, as if attracted by the approaching sun, and have arranged themselves raywise across the eastern portal as if to bar his coming. They have moved, suddenly and almost unobservedly, quite across the sky (which before was clear) from west to east. No trumpet was heard which marshaled and advanced the dark masses of the west's forces thus rapidly against the coming day. Column after column the mighty west sent forth across the sky while men slept, but all in vain.

The eastern horizon is now grown dun-colored, showing where the advanced guard of the night are already skirmishing with the vanguard of the sun,—a lurid light tinging the atmosphere there,—while a dark-columned cloud hangs imminent over the broad portal untouched by the glare. Some bird flies over, making a noise like the barking of a puppy (it was a cuckoo). It is yet so

dark that I have dropped my pencil and cannot find it. The sound of the cars is like that of a rushing wind; they come on slowly; I thought at first a morning wind was rising.

The whip-poor-wills now begin to sing in earnest about half an hour before sunrise, as if making haste to improve the short time that is left them. As far as my observation goes they sing for several hours in the early part of the night, are silent commonly at midnight,—though you may meet them sitting on a rock or flitting silent about,—then sing again at just before sunrise. It grows more and more red in the east (a fine-grained red under the overhanging cloud), and lighter too, and the threatening clouds are falling off to southward of the sun's passage, shrunken and defeated, leaving his path comparatively clear. The increased light shows more distinctly the river and the fog. The light now (five o'clock) reveals a thin film of vapor like a gossamer veil cast over the lower hills beneath the cliffs, and stretching to the river, thicker in the ravines, thinnest on the even slopes. The distant meadows to the north beyond Conant's grove, full of fog, appear like a vast lake, out of which rise Annursac and Ponkawtasset like wooded islands. And all the farms and houses of Concord are at the bottom of that sea. So I forget them, and my thought sails triumphantly over them. I thought of nothing but the surface of a lake, a summer sea over which to sail; no more would the voyager on the Dead Sea who had not the Testament think of Sodom and Gomorrah and cities of the plain. I only wished to get off to one of the low isles I saw in the midst of the sea (it may have been the top of Holbrook's elm) and spend the whole summer day there. Meanwhile the redness in the east had diminished and was less deep. And next the red was become a sort of yellowish or fawn-colored light, and the sun now set fire to the edges of the broken cloud which had hung over the horizon, and they glowed like burning turf.

It is remarkable that animals are often obviously, manifestly related to the plants which they feed upon or live among, as caterpillars, butterflies, tree-toads, partridges, chewinks. I noticed a yellow spider on a golden-rod,—as if every condition might have its expression in some form of animated being. I have seen the small mulleins in the fields for a day or two as big as a ninepence; rattlesnake grass is ripe; a stalk of purple eupatorium, eight feet, eight inches high, with a large convex corymb

(hemispherical) of many stories, fourteen inches wide, and the width of the plant, from tip of leaf to tip of leaf, two feet, the diameter of its stalk one inch at the ground. Is not disease the rule of existence? There is not a lily-pad floating in the river but has been riddled by insects. Almost every tree and shrub has its gall, oftentimes esteemed its chief ornament, and hardly to be distinguished from its fruit. If misery loves company, misery has company enough. Now at midsummer find me a perfect leaf or fruit. The difference is not great between some fruits in which the worm is always present and those gall-fruits which were produced by the insect. The prunella leaves have turned a delicate claret or lake color by the road-side [September 1st]. I am interested in these revolutions as much as in those of kingdoms. Is there not tragedy enough in the autumn? The pines are dead and leaning red against the shore of Walden Pond (which is going down at last), as if the ice had heaved them over. Thus by its rising it keeps an open shore. I found the succory on the railroad. May not this and the tree primrose, and other plants, be distributed from Boston on the rays of the railroads? The feathery-tailed fruit of the fertile flowers of the clematis are conspicuous now. The shorn meadows looked of a living green as we came home at eve, even greener than in spring. This reminds me of the "*fenum cordum*," the aftermath "*sicilimenta de pratis*," the second mowing of the meadow, in Cato. I now begin to pick wild apples.

I walk often in drizzly weather, for then the small weeds (especially if they stand on bare ground), covered with rain-drops like beads, appear more beautiful than ever,—the hypericums, for instance. They are equally beautiful when covered with dew, fresh and adorned, almost spirited away in a robe of dew-drops. The air is filled with mist, yet a transparent mist, a principle in it which you might call flavor, which ripens fruits. This haziness seems to confine and concentrate the sunlight, as if you lived in a halo,—it is August. Some farmers have begun to thresh and to winnow their oats. Not only the prunella turns lake, but the *hypericum virginicum* in the hollows by the road-side, a handsome blush, a part of the autumnal tints. Ripe leaves acquire red blood. Red colors touch our blood and excite us as well as cows and geese. We brushed against the *polygonum arcuatum*, with its spikes of reddish-white flowers,—a

slender and tender plant which loves the middle of dry and sandy, not-much-traveled roads; to find that the very stones bloom, that there are flowers we rudely brush against which only the microscope reveals. The dense fog came into my chamber early, freighted with light, and woke me. It was one of those thick fogs which last well into the day. The farmers' simple enterprises! They improve this season, which is the dryest, their haying being done, and their harvest not begun, to do these jobs,—burn brush, build walls, dig ditches, cut turf, also topping corn and digging potatoes. Sometimes I smell these smokes several miles off, and, by their odor, know it is not a burning building, but withered leaves and the rubbish of the woods and swamps. Methinks the scent is a more oracular and trustworthy inquisition than the eye. When I criticise my own writing I go to the scent, as it were. It reveals what is concealed from the other senses. By it I detect earthiness.

The jays scream on the right and left as we go by, flitting and screaming from pine to pine. I hear no lark sing at evening as in the spring, only a few distressed notes from the robin. I saw a pigeon-place on George Heywood's cleared lot, with the six dead trees set up for the pigeons to alight on, and the brush-house close by to conceal the man. I was rather startled to find such a thing going now in Concord. The pigeons on the trees looked like fabulous birds, with their long tails and their pointed breasts. I could hardly believe they were alive and not some wooden birds used for decoys, they sat so still, and even when they moved their necks I thought it was the effect of art. I scare up the great bittern in the meadow by the Heywood brook near the ivy. He rises buoyantly as he flies against the wind, and sweeps south over the willow, surveying. I see ducks or teal flying silent, swift and straight, the wild creatures! The partridge and the rabbit, they still are sure to thrive like true natives of the soil, whatever revolutions occur. If the forest is cut off many bushes spring up which afford them concealment. In these cooler, windier, crystal days the note of the jay sounds a little more native.

I found on the shores of the pond that singular willow-herb in blossom, though its petals were gone. It grows up two feet from a large woody horizontal root, and drops over to the sand again, meeting which, it puts a myriad rootlets from the side of its stem, fastens itself and curves upward again to

the air, thus spanning or looping itself along. The bark, just above the ground, thickens into a singular cellular or spongy substance, which at length appears to crack nearer the earth, giving that part of the plant a winged or somewhat four-sided appearance. The caducous *polygala* is faded in cool places almost white; knot-grass or door-grass (*Polygonum aviculare*) is still in bloom. I saw the lambkill in flower (a few fresh blossoms), beautiful bright flowers, as of a new spring with it, while the seed-vessels, apparently of this year, hung dry below. The ripening grapes begin to fill the air with their fragrance.

I hear the red-wing blackbirds and meadow-larks again by the river-side [October 5], as if it were a new spring. They appear to have come to bid farewell. The birds seem to depart at the coming of the frost, which kills the vegetation and directly or indirectly the insects on which they feed. As we sailed up the river, there was a pretty good sized pickerel poised directly over the sandy bottom close to the shore, and motionless as a shadow. It is wonderful how they resist the slight current, and remain thus stationary for hours. He no doubt saw us plainly on the bridge,—in the sunny water, his whole form distinct and his shadow,—motionless as the steel-trap which does not spring till the fox's foot has touched it. In this drought you see the nests of the bream on the dry shore. The prinos berries are quite red, the dogwood by the Corner Road has lost every leaf, its branches of dry greenish berries hanging straight down from the bare stout twigs, as if their peduncles were broken. It has assumed its winter aspect,—a Mithridatic look. The black birch is straw-colored, the witch-hazel is now in bloom. The little conical burrs of the agrimony stick to my clothes; the pale lobelia still blooms freshly, and the rough hawk-weed holds up its globes of yellowish fuzzy seeds, as well as the panicled.

The reclining sun falling on the willows and on the water, produces a rare soft light I do not often see—a greenish yellow. The milkweed seeds are in the air; I see one in the river which a minnow occasionally jostles. The butternuts have shed nearly all their leaves, and their nuts are seen black against the sky. The white-ash has got its autumnal mulberry hue. It contrasts strangely with the other shade-trees on the village street. It is with leaves as with fruits, and woods, and animals, and men,—when they are mature, their different characters appear. The elms are generally of a dirty or brownish yellow now. Some of the white pines have reached the acme of their fall; the same is the state of the pitch-pines. The shrub-oaks are almost uniformly of a deep red.

The reach of the river between Bedford and Carlisle, seen from a distance, has a singularly ethereal, celestial, or elysian look. It is of a light sky-blue, alternating with smoother white streaks, where the surface reflects the light differently, like a milk-pan full of the milk of Valhalla, partially skimmed; more gloriously and heavenly fair and pure than the sky itself. We have names for the rivers of Hell but none for the rivers of Heaven, unless the milky way may be one. It is such a smooth and shining blue, like a panoply of sky-blue plates.

Some men, methinks, have found only their hands and feet. At least, I have seen some who appeared never to have found their heads, but used them only instinctively. What shall we say of those timid folks who carry the principle of thinking nothing, and doing nothing, and being nothing, to such an extreme? As if in the absence of thought, that vast yearning of their natures for something to fill the vacuum, made the least traditional expression and shadow of a thought to be clung to with instinctive tenacity. They atone for their producing nothing by a brutish respect for something.

FALCONBERG.*

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

CHAPTER III.

NORDERUD.

NILS AMUNDSON NORDERUD was the oldest settler in Hardanger. His history, simple and unromantic as it may seem, still carries a wider significance from the fact that it possessed certain features in common with that of thousands of his countrymen who have since followed in his footsteps, and with that of thousands who are yet to follow.

Nils Norderud's father had been a houseman in the district of Hardanger and the son had early felt with some impatience the narrowing conditions of his birth. In his twentieth year he had married the woman of his choice, and when three sons had been born to him in quick succession the forecasting care for the future of his progeny had led him to ponder more deeply over the hopelessness of his lot, and finally determined him to accept the risk of transplanting his already well-matured life rather than to eke it out in a soil which promised nothing but dependence and penury. Accordingly in the year 1848 he set sail for the New World, and, after a brief sojourn in Michigan, took land under the homestead law in the wild backwoods of Minnesota. There was a vastness of scope in the pioneer's solitude upon the broad breast of this huge new-born continent, a refreshing sense of illimitable freedom, a constant appeal to all the larger faculties of his soul, and like a seed-corn which after a long entombment in an Egyptian sepulcher is planted in fertile soil, he felt the hidden energies of his being shooting forth with a lusty superabundance of strength and his hitherto cramped manhood developing its stature in the scale of dimensions according to which Nature had originally designed it.

Flocks of immigrants of various nationalities followed annually in Norderud's footsteps; his land rose rapidly in value, and a succession of liberal harvests removed the possibility of want for many years to come. Gradually as the comparative security of his position relaxed the strain upon his nerves, he began to feel more keenly the disadvantages of his isolation and to yearn

for a wider companionship. The home memories were aroused within him, and he resolved to lay aside an annual amount for the benefit of countrymen who might wish to tread the same road to fortune which he had trodden. By his aid several of his acquaintances from Hardanger were enabled to take land in his neighborhood, and before long the valley resounded with the tinkling of Norse bells and with the echoes of the Norse cattle-calls.

The new settlers, with an impulse common to their race, sought to gather their own kith and kin about them, and thus it happened that for many years the paths of Norsemen, whose aspirations had been strong enough to conquer their natural *vis inertiae*, were seen to converge toward this isolated little settlement where the clasp of eager hands and the sound of familiar voices were always ready to greet them. With every passing month the pioneer's ax broke an ever widening pathway for the sunlight into the heart of the primeval forest, the little green clearings with their improvised log-cabin grew into large farms with roomy barns and solidly timbered houses, and Norse speech and Norse memories bound all this widely scattered neighborhood together as by a strong invisible tie. The Indians, who had at first assumed a very hostile attitude toward the fair-haired invaders and even deprived them of two or three scalps, now became scarce and the few who remained, with the innate magnanimity of the noble savage, gradually changed their policy in proportion as the settlers grew in numbers.

It was a day of joyful triumph to Norderud when in the seventh year after his emigration, the farmers, at his suggestion, determined to organize into a congregation, to build a church and call a Norwegian minister to preach to them. They had felt themselves little better than heathens hitherto, with their youngest children unbaptized and themselves cut off from the sacraments; although, to be sure, they had been zealous enough in their attendance upon the meetings for prayer and worship which Norderud had held at his own house every Sunday, since the earliest days of the settlement. They had all been accustomed to look upon

him as a leader, and he had, without arrogance or undue assumption of superiority, naturally come to regard himself as a man whose voice was weightier and whose opinions, founded upon a large experience, were entitled to a greater respect than those of the herd of his fellow-creatures. Whenever his deep bass voice was heard in their primitive councils the farmers sat listening to him with a solemn gravity and with a sort of brooding attention which were in themselves an evidence of the significance they attached to his words. Now Norderud advised that they should call the Rev. Marcus Falconberg to become their pastor, and as no one knew of any objections to urge against Mr. Falconberg, the call was tendered and promptly accepted. Within six months the church was completed. It was a square wooden structure, surmounted by a disproportionately small bell-tower, externally barren of ornament but displaying within a half-pathetic attempt at a reproduction of the Norse arrangement of choir, nave and galleries.

About this time a new epoch began in the history of the settlement. As civilization pushed its intenser life ever farther westward and the impetuous spirit of the century made itself felt in the hurried din and rush of locomotives, the fertility of the Hardanger valley could of course no longer remain hidden, and from all sides, foreign farmers, artisans and tradesmen poured in, in an ever thickening current, mingling their noisy and discordant lives with the primitive peace and simplicity of the Norsemen. About the spot where Norderud's farm was located the population gradually centered, and within two or three years, a thriving village, counting some twenty-five hundred souls, had climbed more than half-way up the hill-side, and had sent forth two long antennæ in the shape of unbuilt, but indefinitely prolonged, streets up toward the wall of the ever receding forest. Norderud had had the opportunity to sell part of his land in lots, and had gained a very considerable fortune by the transaction; he had a large, handsome, though architecturally unpretentious, mansion built right by the side of the old farm-house, erected a business block in the town, called "The Norderud Block," and began to be agreeably conscious of that added dignity which wealth and influence give to native skill and merit. As the years advanced, however, and the aspect of the town changed, Norderud's ambition grew, and he was at times haunted by a suspicion that in municipal affairs his voice no longer

carried the same weight as it did in earlier days. He was frequently aware that his Yankee neighbors, by dint of their farsightedness and swiftness of thought, outwitted him, and he saw with a slow-growing irritation that their farms on the same area yielded nearly double what his had ever produced. He had of course, like the stanch old Norseman that he was, looked with a smile of contempt upon their strange new-fangled plows and sowers and reapers, and had only clung the more tenaciously to the stout, old-fashioned Norse implements which his father and his father's father had handled before him, and the excellence of which a long succession of centurys had tested. At last, however, when his neighbor, Tappan, a very good-natured and harmless man, proposed to lend him his plow and afterward his harrows, Norderud, not liking to be unneighborly and regarding the thing rather as a good joke, laughed his skeptical laugh and accepted the offer. The next year (there was no need for indecent haste) when he was once more in his jocose mood he bought a similar plow himself, and slowly but surely, harrows, sowers, reapers and other "destructive innovations" followed. The next logically inevitable step in Norderud's career was to send his younger children to the public school, which the village at its first organization had established. His pastor, Mr. Falconberg, gave him an emphatic warning, and at length attempted to use his authority, as a shepherd of souls, to hinder so disastrous a step. He called the common school godless, demoralizing, "a very hot-bed of all manner of abomination," and threatened his parishioner with eternal damnations, if he did not remove his sons from these pernicious influences. But Norderud did not belong to that genus of men which grasps with hot-headed zeal after innovations and then with equal haste retires. He had taken this step after mature deliberation, and was not to be moved. Many of the other Norse farmers whose confidence in him the years had strengthened, in this instance, too, thought it quite safe to tread where he had trodden; and within another year the clumsy agricultural implements of antediluvian make were exchanged for slender, bright-painted contrivances—"the latest results of time." English speech mingled with, and soon became predominant over, the Norse, and blue-eyed and flaxen-haired children thronged the school-house of the village.

This gradual change of base on Nor-

derud's part was evidently charged with even graver results than he himself had anticipated. But he had once honestly taken his position, and he did not shrink from the consequences. He did once believe that Norway held the foremost rank among civilized nations, and that what people in Norway did not know could hardly be worth knowing. It had never entered his head to doubt that they were in a sense a chosen people and therefore a more direct object of God's care than Englishmen, or Turks, or Frenchmen, or other remote nations who spoke unintelligible and barbarous tongues. But the incident with the plow and the harrows had pierced the hard crust of his mind and made it accessible to the planting of new convictions. For Norderud, though quite deaf to oral arguments, had a great keenness of vision for the interpretation of facts; and the knowledge gained from these wrought its slow way into his mind and in due time stirred it to action. He was well aware that there were those in the congregation who, with the pastor, were inclined to ascribe sordid motives to whatever he did, but suspicions of this kind never disturbed him. This Americanizing process, with him as with thousands of others, was at first but a half-conscious one; it was a tangled and hidden growth, which like young spring-flowers, peeping forth from under the cover of last year's dead leaves, surprise us by their sudden bloom and perfection. Thus in the end Norderud, too, knew where he stood. He had chosen to follow the current of time rather than to strive vainly against it and at length be thrown up like useless dross or barren deposits upon its shores.

Such was the man into whose hands Einar's good fortune had led him.

The sun was near its setting and its long rays fell slanting through the young leaves of the orchard and sprinkled the grassy lawn in front of the house with little quivering bits of subdued light. The spring had been late in its coming; the dead petals of apple and peach blossoms still covered the grass with a thin carpet of intermingled pink and white, and the air was thick with the odors of blooming locust and hawthorn.

"It is a very beautiful garden you have, sir," said Einar, as they walked down through the sunlit avenue.

"The women-folks have been too busy in the kitchen-garden," replied Norderud, walking out upon the lawn to cut off the broken branch of a cherry-tree. "They

haven't had time yet to look after the orchard."

They ascended the steps to the piazza and the host opened the door to a large, airy and clean-swept hall. While putting down his valise and giving a hasty touch to his toilet, Einar heard in the room on the left, which was the sitting-room, the rhythmic strokes of what he at once knew to be a hand-loom, and, on entering, he saw a tall blonde woman with a snowy white cloth bound about her head seated at a large Norse loom near the window and plying the shuttle deftly. As her eye fell upon the stranger she arose quietly, shook the front of her dress, brushed it with her hands and advanced toward him.

"This is Mr. Finnson, Karen," said Norderud, "a young man lately from Norway. He will be our guest for some time."

The matron, whom Einar at once concluded to be Madame Norderud, wiped her right hand carefully with the back of her apron and extended it to the guest.

"You are very welcome, Mr. Finnson," said she. "Guests from Norway have been scarce here of late years."

"You are very kind, madame," replied Einar, with a polite bow. "It is a very long time, too, since I was welcomed anywhere in my native tongue."

Mrs. or Madame Norderud, as she was usually called by the farmers, was a woman in the neighborhood of fifty, and her dress and manner showed far less deference to the customs of the land in which she lived than did those of her husband. She wore a tight-fitting waist of blue cloth, fastened in front with hooks, and a skirt of the same stuff which reached but a little below the ankles; a large bunch of keys depended from her belt. There was a quiet air of housewifeliness about her which was very winning and her calm blue eyes seemed to diffuse a kindly light over everything they rested on. Her features, although covered with a net of minute wrinkles, were of a very pure mold and gained quite a new beauty when lighted up by her rare smile. Einar felt gratefully the effect of this hospitable smile, as he emerged from the chill atmosphere of Norderud's silent criticism into the warm radiance of her presence. He was conscious of having made a favorable impression upon her and could not suppress a childlike gratitude to her for consenting to like him.

Einar, in the meanwhile, at Norderud's request, had seated himself in a large, leather-

cushioned sofa, which covered half the length of the wall between the southern windows. Madame Norderud had retired for a moment to the kitchen and now returned with a large bowl filled with milk which she offered to him.

"You have walked far," said she. "You must be thirsty. Drink this first and I will bring you more."

He took the milk and, yielding to her friendly urging, drank it to the last drop. It seemed so delightfully strange to him that this quaint Norse custom should have survived so long in the heart of a foreign civilization.

Norderud, who was anxious to learn what social and political changes had taken place in Norway during the last decade, once more questioned his guest concerning the tendencies of the Storthing, and especially manifested a lively interest in Bjornson and Sverdrup, for both of whom he entertained the warmest admiration. While they were talking the door suddenly burst open and a young girl, very much flushed and out of breath, rushed in and, to Einar's great relief, interrupted their political discussion.

"Mother," cried she, "Princess was in the rye-field and I chased her out."

"You did well, child," said the mother quietly. Then turning to Einar, "This is our youngest child, Ingrid. Shake hands with the gentleman, Ingrid."

Ingrid, on discovering the handsome young man on the sofa, blushed crimson and in an embarrassed and greatly subdued manner wheeled toward him and hesitatingly extended her hand. Having successfully accomplished this, she made a sudden dash for the door and disappeared. The father, forgetting the momentous political question which had occupied him, laughed and looked up with an air of quiet amusement, while the mother turned a grave countenance toward Einar and said apologetically :

"She is only fifteen years old, Mr. Finnson—not out of school yet."

This little scene, insignificant though it seemed, long remained fresh in Einar's memory. Norderud's parental indulgence was a human trait which he distinctly understood; it revealed an untold wealth of tenderness in this rugged man's bosom, and made Einar suddenly feel at his ease with him. The sight of this fair-haired daughter naturally suggested some allusion to Norderud's family, which, he was informed, included five sons, three of whom were born in Norway while two were native

Americans. The two eldest were married and had bought farms in the neighborhood; two were engaged in business in the town and lived at home, and the youngest was away studying at an eastern college.

CHAPTER IV.

A MUSICAL BATTLE.

EINAR had not remained very long in Norderud's house before his suspicion was confirmed that his host did not cherish a very cordial regard for his native land and its institutions. He was fond of conversing about Norway and displayed a startlingly accurate statistical knowledge of the relation between exports and imports and other problems of political economy; but he had no hesitation in pronouncing his decisive judgment upon the actions of the ministry, principles of government and other profound mysteries which Einar had been accustomed to regard as too deep for common comprehension and had looked upon from afar with a neutral content or with ignorant admiration.

"The Norwegians are a very good sort of people," Norderud said, "but they are hardly out of their swaddling clothes yet. But mark my word, young man, the time will come when they will kick through the useless rags and throw them away. For there is the right sort of stuff in them and they can't be kept in eternal babyhood."

Einar usually listened in silence to these and similar prophecies and contracted his brow with an air of meditation, as if he had suddenly been stimulated to deep thought. The truth was that he found it hard to reconcile this apparent lack of patriotism, on Norderud's part, with his sturdy common sense and his undeniable benevolence and goodness of heart.

In the meanwhile, as the days passed by, the young exile began to feel with some discomfort that the problem of his destiny was as far from a solution as ever. He was aware that he must be the object of much secret comment among the members of this busy and rigidly regulated household, to whom an agreeable young gentleman like himself, of a pleasure-loving temper and unused to toil, must be a very anomalous phenomenon. With the same amiable hopefulness with which he had formerly kept his creditors at bay he had now succeeded in staving off the unpleasant problems; but he soon discovered that the

atmosphere of this crude village with its bustling activity was not congenial to the kind of life he had laid out for himself, and the new-kindled glow of hope within him grew paler as the impetuous season advanced. There seemed to be no comfortable vacant niche here into which he might drop easily, without taking the trouble to fill out the wide *lacunæ* in his previous training. And still, as an academical citizen and a gentleman of culture, with a vast store of miscellaneous knowledge at his disposal, he could not but feel his imagined superiority to these toiling mortals, absorbed in sordid cares and unable to rise into a serene contemplation of scholarly abstractions, while at the same time he secretly envied them and vaguely yearned to be one of them.

It was one pleasant afternoon, as Einar was sitting on the piazza, trying to blow away his restlessness in vigorous puffs of cigar-smoke, that Norderud, having just returned from the village, took a seat at his side and addressed him in his usual blunt fashion.

"What can you do, Mr. Finnson?" said he. "It is time now that we should find some occupation for you, and you know I am ready to do what I can to help you."

Einar's thought skimmed rapidly over the list of his accomplishments, but the impartiality of his tastes prevented him giving preference to any one calling, as there were at least twenty other things which he would like equally well to do.

"I can do almost anything," he answered at last, hesitatingly; "or, rather, I am willing for the moment to try any thing you may select for me."

"That is to say that you can really do nothing," rejoined Norderud, harshly. "Judging from your case, I should be inclined to believe that the effect of university training in Norway was to unfit a man for everything."

Einar felt something akin to wrath kindling within him; but seeing the imperturbable gravity of the farmer's countenance and his evident solicitude for his welfare, he checked his rising indignation, and, with forced self-control, answered:

"I do not wonder that indecision in a man of my age must appear strange and even unpardonable to you, Mr. Norderud. But if you knew the circumstances of my past life you would perhaps not judge me so harshly."

Norderud leaned forward, rested his

elbows on his knees, and fixed his grave, testing glance upon the student.

"It is not my business to judge men," began he, with a slow, measured intonation. "I leave that to God, who alone has the right to judge. I only want to help you, but you make it deuced difficult to me, that is all I have to say. Still," added he, rising, "tell me, have you ever learned to play the organ?"

"Yes; I have had some practice in playing both the organ and the piano."

"If you had told me that at once we might both have been spared this discussion."

He walked rapidly toward the gate, and Einar lapsed once more into profound absorption, striving vainly to find a key to this new enigma. He hardly knew whether to turn, but it mattered little if he could but once more regain his sorrowful liberty.

It was in this state of mind that Norderud found him when a few days later he requested him to bear him company to the church, where he would have an opportunity to show his skill as a musician.

"I have bought an organ for the church, lately," said Norderud, as they started out together. "And I thought that I ought to have the right, too, to appoint the organist. I proposed you, but the pastor had another candidate, and we had some unpleasant squabbling about it in the trustees' meeting yesterday. The end of it was that another meeting was appointed for to-night, and a competition between the candidates will decide the result. The salary is not much, but it is enough to give you a fair start. The trustees and part of the congregation are probably waiting for you now."

Einar felt a sudden flutter running through him at this startling announcement. He stopped abruptly under one of those green-stemmed elm-trees whose crowns, like colonnades with interlacing arches, lined the street, and gazed excitedly at his companion.

"But why have you not told me before?" exclaimed he. "I may only disgrace you now. I have had no time to practice."

"Never mind," answered the other, in his imperturbable bass. "You said you had had considerable practice. If you do your best, it is all that will be expected of you. If this fails, we shall have to find something else."

It was useless to expostulate with one so inaccessible to reason. Norderud appeared to him like a creature of a different

genus, whose modes of thought were utterly alien to his own. He heard the church bells calling the people together, and their clear, strong notes vibrated through the summer air and through his own nerves, calling up to his Norse fancy all manner of solemn associations from the days of his childhood, when other bells had drawn his reluctant feet to the house of worship in a distant land, or on week-days had stirred him with vague apprehension as they gathered the black throngs of mourners about some freshly opened grave. With this dim agitation filling his mind, Einar made his way through the groups of blonde-headed men and women who had gathered on the front steps of the church, and in Norderud's company entered the plain, square edifice.

Hardanger, since the boundary of civilization had long passed it on its westward way, was at present a place where stirring events were of rare occurrence, and where, consequently, so slight a thing as the contest between two aspirants for an organist's place assumed an air of grave significance. The Indian fights had long been forgotten, the Vigilance Committee, with its brief and dramatic existence, had already passed into mythical history, and the settlement was either too civilized or not civilized enough to have matrimonial scandals to feed the public need of excitement.

Einar, blindly following Norderud's guidance, passed rapidly up the aisle of the church, throwing, as he went, a hasty glance at the simply attired men and women who filled the pews. He was, in spite of his agitation, dimly conscious that he must appear like a very distinguished figure amid this rustic crowd.

The structure of the church was the plainest possible imitation of the venerable basilica style; a long rectangular nave with uncarpeted floor and two rows of somber-tinted pews, an apse hedged in by a rudely carved wooden railing, and containing a square altar covered with a red velvet cloth, and on the wall opposite a gallery above which the organ loomed up toward a white stuccoed ceiling.

Norderud stopped and talked in a low voice to a gray-haired man in one of the pews and his protégé remained standing in the aisle, feeling somewhat uncomfortable under the noiseless bombardment of critical glances which were leveled at him from all sides of the church. A white mist hovered before his eyes and even the nearest objects appeared indistinctly remote. It was a great

relief when finally his guide, whose whispering seemed to have no end, took his arm and led him up the winding staircase to the organ. He sat down and opened at random a book of sacred music which was placed on the stand before him. Glancing at the fly-leaf he read the name "Helga Raven" written in a clear feminine hand. He turned over a couple of leaves until his eye was arrested by the words, "As the Hart pants after the Water-Brooks." It was a simple arrangement by Spohr; an air with which he had long been familiar. He struck the first chords and all the volume of latent excitement which had been laboring confusedly within him seemed to shoot in a clear, swiftly gathered current through his nerves and to be tingling out through the tips of his fingers. The melody rolled away in great free waves, filling the air or transforming it into living and pulsating masses of sound. And it filled Einar's soul, too; with every new measure, as the tones poured out their intense life upon him, he lost all sense of dependence upon the composer and sailed along rapturously upon the strong tide of melody which seemed to be rising from some deep well-spring of his own being. As he reached the bottom of the page and flung forth the last full-toned chords in a triumphant staccato, he threw a quick glance behind him and saw a throng of eager upturned faces gazing up to him in breathless wonder. His fingers half unconsciously lingered on the keys, then wandered away with rapid transitions into a fervid minor movement, touching the theme remotely, and again gathering it with tender gradations into a full-swelling focus of sound. Thus he sat—he knew not how long—wrapt in this joyful melodious monologue, merely obeying the tuneful promptings of his own nature, when the thought suddenly struck him that his rival, whom he had quite forgotten, was probably awaiting with impatience the end of his improvisations. So he dropped one by one the more complex accessories of thought in the variations, turned on the full force of the organ and ended with a slow, full movement of simple solemnity.

As he arose he saw Norderud standing at his side looking down upon the audience below with an air of triumphant satisfaction.

"If you will play like that to us every Sunday," said he, turning to Einar, while his slow smile spread over his features, "I will add a hundred dollars to your salary, and

say 'thank you' in the bargain. There is no man in this town, or woman either for that matter, who can beat you, and the little Raven might just as well throw up her hand at once."

Einar hardly gathered the full meaning of this allusion to "the little Raven," and in the joyful agitation of the moment did not think of connecting it with the name he had read on the fly-leaf of the music-book. He tried hard to show an unperturbed countenance, but could not, in spite of all his efforts, prevent the pleasure he felt at this first manifestation of approval, on Norderud's part, from imparting a vivider flush of animation to his mobile features. He was dimly ashamed of the emotion he experienced, and in the momentary need of some outward movement to give vent to his inward tumult began to stroke his thick blonde beard which he had allowed to grow unchecked since the day he left his home.

"I shall wait until Miss Raven has played before introducing you to the pastor," whispered Norderud. "Look, there they are both coming! You needn't mind, if he shows you his teeth and growls a little at you. His humor is probably somewhat overcast. He is aware beforehand that he is defeated."

Einar turned his head quickly and saw at the top of the stairs a burly, middle-aged gentleman with a large massive head, cold gray eyes and close-trimmed grayish side-whiskers. His broad form moved aside slowly as if it were a somber back curtain in a theater revealing some warmly flushed scene of beauty behind; for following close in his footsteps came a tall, slenderly built young girl. Einar strained his eye and could hardly suppress an exclamation of wonder. She sprang upon his vision like a sudden rush of mellow, fragrant air on a chill spring day; her very apparition seemed to be a mysterious appeal to some higher, darkly divined plane of his being, and a quick pang darted through him at the thought that his own late triumph must be her defeat, and perhaps a cruel frustration of her long-cherished and well-founded hope. The sight of youth and beauty naturally awakens all the generous impulses of a man's heart; and Einar, to whom the love of gain had been utterly alien as a motive of action, now felt his joy blended with bitterness. He inwardly reproached Norderud for not having told him that his rival was a lady, and he reproached himself, too, for having heedlessly and ignorantly rushed

into a contest which his sense of chivalry would have shown him to be unequal.

The young lady, in the meanwhile, had taken her seat at the organ, and Einar had, from where he stood, a good opportunity to admire her at his leisure. She crossed her hands listlessly in her lap, and as the pastor stationed himself behind her, raised her large, candid eyes to his with a look of irresistible appeal. But the pastor shook his head and raised his hand deprecatingly, then bent down and whispered something in her ear.

"It would be a mere farce, Mr. Falconberg," she replied, in an intense undertone; "all I could do would be to furnish a somber background upon which his magnificent performance would stand out in more brilliant relief. And you will admit that would be rather an extraordinary generosity toward an enemy."

"Don't be a goose, Helga," grumbled the pastor, impatiently. "Not this excessive modesty, pray. Remember it is a serious affair both to you and your mother, and it is a Christian duty on your part to put your foolish pride in your pocket."

Einar stood near enough to hear every word that was said, and he swore in his heart that his reverend uncle was a brute. How could he assume this censorious tone of reprobation toward a creature so marvelously complete, so absolutely adorable? His generous indignation, however, made him quite forget that his own attitude was becoming every moment more conspicuous, and that hundreds of curious eyes were just then directed toward him. His gaze dwelt upon Miss Raven with a full unthinking intensity, of which she was instinctively conscious, although her own eyes were staring with a dimmed intentness at the opening bars of the fugue she had selected to play. The superb lines of her head, with all its sunny northern splendor, recalled vividly to Einar the image which his boyish fancy had created of Ingeborg when he read Tegnér's "*Frithjof's Saga*." Her lustrous yellow hair was gathered behind in a single massive knot, from which the bright curls rippled downward with a lusty luxuriance of growth. The clear brow, the delicate, sensitive nose, the line of whose bridge approached the parallel to that of the forehead, the pure curves of the lips, and the finely balanced chin, were all in their way magnificent pieces of modeling, but nevertheless seemed unimpressed with the stamp of any strong,

or, at least, easily legible individuality. In their capacity for expression, Einar thought, they were positively boundless; in their plastic completeness they were simply divine. Imagine this countenance breathed upon by some vivifying passion, and—what need afterward of declaiming about ideals? They were once for all within reach. Thus ran the Norseman's reflections; he had hitherto conscientiously disbelieved in love at first sight, but he found in this instant that he had come to the end of his philosophy.

Miss Raven raised her hands from her lap—they were hands of a firm, delicate-lined purity—and put her fingers on the keys of the organ. She began abruptly, traveling with a cold precision of touch through the long, solemn avenues of tone, following the often intricate unfolding of the musical phrase with a delightfully distinct articulation, and with here and there a flush of warmer coloring, when the composer rose above his common key of deep, devout meditation into a more impassioned strain of entreaty. The pastor stood frowning behind her, and could hardly restrain his growing impatience. Again and again he pulled his red-and-yellow silk handkerchief from his pocket and wiped the perspiration from his forehead with a greater elaboration of gesture than so simple an operation seemed to demand, and when Miss Raven had at length finished, apparently as abruptly as she had begun, he once more bent over her, and said quite audibly and with a touch of irritation in his voice:

"My dear, I certainly credited you with more sense than you have shown on this occasion. Do you suppose these peasants have the patience to follow you on these mile-long, rambling tirades? What do they understand of Bach and all his long-winded sentiment? You might with equal profit talk Hebrew to a babe. Well, you certainly cannot blame me. I warned you beforehand. I told you not to try to shoot over their heads."

"No one will ever think of blaming you, Mr. Falconberg," answered she, lifting again that simple, earnest glance of hers to her officious persecutor. "I thank you for your good advice, but prefer to bear the responsibility for my own actions."

"You are a very headstrong little creature," murmured the pastor, with a somewhat forced attempt at playfulness. "Come, let me conduct you out through this crowd. You will probably not care to stay and listen

to the deliberations of the board of trustees."

She pulled up the light summer shawl which she had allowed to glide down below her waist while she was playing, gave one grand toss of her golden coronet of locks and let them shower down on the outside of the shawl. The simple, unconscious grace of her motions as she arose, took the music-book from the stand and departed leaning on the pastor's arm, impressed Einar even more than the marvelous beauty of her face. He stood still, gazing with a supreme heedlessness of appearances toward the staircase where she had vanished, when Norderud came up and grasped him somewhat ungently by the arm.

"Come," said he, "I want you to talk to the pastor, before the meeting of the board. No one knows what effect that may have."

"Mr. Norderud," began Einar, feeling in the afterglow of his excitement equal to anything in the way of heroic self-sacrifice, "I am sorry to be obliged to tell you that I cannot consent to accept the position which possibly your generous efforts have procured me. My sense of chivalry——"

"Oh, bosh!" interrupted the farmer gruffly. "If you are determined to act like a fool don't imagine that you can make me one. And I warn you not to talk to Mr. Falconberg about your sense of chivalry and that sort of twaddle. To-morrow you may do and say what you choose, but to-day I insist upon your doing as I tell you."

Einar made no answer; a wide gulf seemed suddenly to separate him from his imperious benefactor, who would force his services upon him against his will; and at the same time he could not suppress a sense of pity as for a creature made of coarser clay who was incapable of comprehending the loftier motives which inspired his actions. It would, no doubt, have surprised him if he had known that Norderud from the height of his practical intellect felt a very similar stirring of paternal compassion for him, as a young enthusiast who was too hopelessly deficient in common sense to understand what was for his own interest.

In the vestibule which divided the body of the church from the street, they found the portly pastor looming up beside a small, bald-headed gentleman with a thick blonde mustache and a pair of mild blue eyes peering forth through his round horn-bowed spectacles.

"Ah, my young friend," broke forth the pastor, extending his hand to Einar with-

out awaiting an introduction ; " What miracle of heaven can have induced a youthful Orpheus like you to emigrate from his Thracian home and take up his abode in this unmelodious wilderness ? Allow me to make you acquainted with my friend Doctor Van Flint. Mr. Finnson—Doctor Van Flint. The doctor was just growing dithyrambic at the prospect of pressing your musical eloquence into the service of religion and humanity, and I confess I was doing my best to restrain him."

A slight shiver ran through Einar's frame at the sound of his uncle's voice. A host of remote memories rushed back upon him, and the past seemed to lift its warning finger against him threatening disclosure and inevitable disgrace. The pastor bore a very strong resemblance to his father, of whom, indeed, he seemed to be a somewhat coarser and cheaper edition. He did not possess the bishop's cautious refinement of bearing, and the capacious comfortableness of his attire was far removed from the scrupulous elegance which distinguished his more prosperous brother. But his large massively hewn features, although lacking as it were the finishing polish, were still molded after the same type, and his ponderous frame rejoiced in the same imposing development of front and the same sacerdotal pomposness which the Evangelical prelates of Norway have inherited from their Catholic predecessors. He talked with a certain sonorous magnificence and with an overconscientious articulation as if he delighted in the sound of his own voice and was determined to make the most of it.

Einar hardly knew how to define the impression his uncle made upon him. He disliked the patronizing unceremoniousness with which he treated him, but still felt vaguely drawn toward him by a mysterious sense of kinship which he dared neither admit nor openly deny. He therefore silently shook his hand and then turned toward Doctor Van Flint, whom he briefly thanked for his good opinion of his music.

" My dear sir," said the little doctor in a low contented voice which fell very pleasantly upon the ear, like the gurgling of hidden waters, " there was a wealth of rhythm and melody in your play which fairly startled me. Brage* must have showered his gifts upon your cradle. All the time while I listened to your play I was haunted

with visions of St. Peter's with the papal choir, and Leipzig with its Gewandhaus concerts—in short, all the tuneful memories of my youth came rushing in upon me."

" Our doctor, you will observe, is given to hyperbole," remarked Falconberg, giving his friend a patronizing pat on the shoulder. " But I do admit that even the young David playing to the original Philistines could not have made half so favorable an impression as you, beleaguering the ears of these modern representatives of that worthy race. But, permit me as a friend to whisper something in your ear—*purgatam aurem* as Horace calls it. Don't be too confident. Musical impressions are proverbially evanescent. And now I believe we have exhausted two mythologies besides the Bible in order to express our admiration of your performance. Even if it brings you no further advantage, you ought to be satisfied."

" I deeply regret, Mr. Pastor," replied Einar, gravely, " that in spite of your kind words you are half forced to look upon me as a very inconvenient if not positively hostile phenomenon. I assure you that if I had known that my rival for this position was a young lady and besides a protégée of yours ——"

" Mr. Finnson means to say," peremptorily interrupted Norderud, whose presence the pastor had hitherto ignored, " that if I had not deemed it best to say nothing about this whole affair to him he might have had time to practice and might consequently have done still better."

" Well, well, young man," said Falconberg without heeding Norderud's interruption, " we will not quarrel about that. Every one is nearest to himself and in your case I should probably have acted very much as you have."

Once more he shook his nephew's hand and retired to the vestry followed by Norderud. The doctor and Einar walked down the street together, both warming up gradually to a consciousness that they were mightily pleased with each other.

" If you have nothing better," said Van Flint, when, after fifteen minutes' walk they reached a garden where tulips, crocuses and other flowers of fervid bloom flung forth a great blaze of color toward the pale-tinted sky, " I hope you will do me the honor to spend this evening with me. A cup of tea, a cigar—well, you must know by this time what our wilderness has to offer."

The doctor opened his gate and they

* The god of music and poetry in the Scandinavian mythology.

sautered along the graveled paths toward a small house built in the Swiss cottage style, which seemed to be struggling like a Laocoön in the leafy embrace of two huge woodbines.

Late in the evening Norderud called and announced that the organist's place belonged to Einar.

CHAPTER V.

A SCHOLAR IN THE WILDERNESS.

THREE days after Einar had made his début as an organist, he was pleasantly surprised by an offer from Doctor Van Flint, whom he had seen daily in the intervening time, to take at a very moderate rent a couple of furnished rooms in the upper story of the latter's house. He cordially expressed his sense of obligation to the Norderuds and henceforth became an inmate of the doctor's family.

Among the many riddles which the young settlement had been called upon to solve in the process of its growth, the case of Doctor Van Flint was not the least exasperating. It seemed very hard to conjecture what could have induced a man whose tastes and the whole tenor of whose mind had manifestly fashioned him for a life in a large and intellectually animated society to take up his abode among the crude pioneers on the western border of civilization. The village matrons, among whom the voice of Mrs. Falconberg, the pastor's wife, was the loudest, asserted that an unrequited passion had turned all the sources of his being into bitterness and made him seek oblivion far away from the scenes which must have stung his heart with their ever fresh memories and kept open the wound of his sorrow. The pastor, and many other male skeptics with him, laughed at this beautiful theory, which would have been plausible enough if the doctor had at all been that compound of condensed bitterness which romantic matrons fondly believed him to be. He was, it is true, somewhat pessimistic in his views of women and politics; both of which, however, exerted a potent fascination over him, and were his favorite themes of conversation.

The doctor was understood to belong to a very prominent family in the East which had played a not unimportant part in the revolutionary history of the country. His father had been a genuine type of the provincial patriot who believes in home patronage, political as well as industrial.

He had delivered many a stirring apostrophe to the American eagle on the anniversaries of the national independence; had dressed himself and his family in home-manufactured goods, and had disbelieved with equal vehemence in Old World despotism and Paris millinery. His active patriotism had made him a stanch defender of the protective tariff system and the possessor of a large calico-printing establishment. He had spent his days in excessive toil, laboring with a breathless eagerness for the extension of his business, and had died a premature death, leaving a very handsome estate to his three sons, who, in their turn (with one exception) grew rich and dyspeptic, and promised fair to transmit, incased in hard-earned gold, the sad lesson of their lives to a new generation of descendants.

Hiram Van Flint, although reared in an atmosphere so uncongenial to scholarship, had early contracted a love of reading, a strong distaste for what his father termed "practical life," and a reverence which almost amounted to a religion for the abstract pursuit of knowledge for its own sake. He had been born with the tastes and instincts of a scholar, and had, from his bookish seclusion, passed his silent criticisms upon the blindly zealous and hurried lives of those, who, from their imagined elevation, had pitied him as an impractical enthusiast and dreamer. He had long looked with eager eyes toward that land of promise beyond the sea, and as soon as his father's death gave him pecuniary independence, he immediately embarked for England, and after a sojourn of several years in Italy, France and Germany, took up his residence at one of the Swedish universities, where he discovered a new and then almost untrodden field of research in the ancient literature of the Scandinavian race. Having reached the age of thirty he returned to Germany with a very extensive plan for a work on old Norse literature, and had just taken his degree of *Philosophie Doctor* at the University of Leipzig when pecuniary embarrassments forced him to turn his face once more toward America. He managed to save enough of his fortune to enable him to live without excessive economy, and having by this time become thoroughly possessed with the idea of the work which was to sanctify to a nobler purpose a hitherto aimless existence, he came to look upon all other issues as merely accessory to this one absorbing purpose. With a view to supplementing his fragmentary knowledge by the constant study

of customs, manners and modes of thought among the modern representatives of the Viking race, he made frequent journeys through the Norse settlements in the West, and, liking the people well, was at last induced to take up his permanent abode among them. He then built his vine-sheltered little cottage in the town of Hardanger, and, while dividing himself with impartial zeal between the pastor's autocratic ecclesiasticism and Norderud's extreme democracy, gathered up golden stores of material for his "History of Old Norse Literature." A maiden aunt who, in her unlettered simplicity, had always looked up to him as the shining light of the family, had followed him into his Western seclusion, and in the capacity of a house-keeper stealthily removed from his path those little perturbations which are apt to mar the happiness of a scholarly bachelor.

Einar's arrival had been a perfect God-send to Dr. Van Flint, and the doctor's companionship was no less welcome to Einar. An erudite and agreeable young Norseman, and, moreover, a university man, was the very thing which the doctor had always felt the need of, as a kind of ideal representative of his future public, by the light of whose sympathetic knowledge he might test his more daring theories, and whose cooler judgment might restrain him when he was tempted to soar above the solid earth of fact. To Einar, apart from any material advantage, the newness of Van Flint's personality and the rich, mellow evenness of his temper, made it easier to begin that ideal career which in the first moment of reviving strength he had marked out for himself; with him it seemed easier to forget the somber background of life and to build a fair structure of hope into a cloudless future.

One afternoon, as the young exile returned from the church where he had been practicing, he found his host kneeling on the ground before one of the flower-beds with a large paper spread out before him. A curly wreath of light hair which encircled the back of his head from one temple to the other fell in straggling locks beneath the brim of his white Panama hat, and his round, good-natured face wore an air of profound abstraction.

"If I am not disturbing you, Doctor, is that a map of Iceland you have there?" asked Einar, pausing, with his thumbs in his vest pockets, before his eccentric friend.

"Finnson, ah?" exclaimed Van Flint, after having gazed at the Norseman for some moments with a look of but partial

recognition. "No, it is not a map of Iceland. It is, on the contrary, a map of this flower-bed; but, as you will observe, its shape is exactly that of the Saga-isle."

"Not exactly symmetrical, I should say, for a flower-bed."

"No; I admit it is not a thing of beauty," replied the doctor, rising and whipping the dust off his knees with his handkerchief—"that is, as far as the form is concerned. It was originally merely a whim of mine, but it proved more fascinating than I had anticipated. Here you see all the localities mentioned in that broad-breasted, storm-voiced, large-molded tragedy, 'Njals-Saga,' marked out and symbolically indicated. I am not naturally over-fond of symbolism, but in this case, you will find that it has its excuse for being. There you will notice, for instance, the plains of Thingvalla, bounded by four carnations—two white, and two scarlet. It was there where the quarrels of Norsemen were settled, either by the white passionless verdict of the law, or by the more deep-tinged decision of the sword. Here at Lithend grows Halgerda,—a fiercely flaming tiger-lily, in her baleful beauty,—and I have for want of anything better made the sage, cool-headed Njal at Bergthorsknoll a hoary, bloomless, everlasting, thrown into picturesque relief by his crimson-petaled wife, Bergthora, in whom the blood runs with more passionate vigor. Here is Fiddle Mord in the Rangrivalve, here Hauskulstede, etc. Now, if I read that Skarpheddin rode from Bergthorsknoll to Fleetilthe, I know exactly what road he took, I know what houses he passed, and knowing his feuds and friendships, I can imagine, with tolerable correctness, what was Skarpheddin's state of mind on this or that point of the journey, and I can conclude very nearly how he looked. *Ecco*, I have spoken."

Einar had not learned yet that the doctor was capable of soliloquizing in the most picturesque phraseology and with a kind of absent-minded vehemence, which, somehow, made him very attractive upon any theme touching the history of the ancient Norsemen. Neither had he learned that his friend always took interruptions good-naturedly, remembering for the moment nothing beyond the vivid visions which inspired his eloquence; if suddenly checked, he would throw puzzled glances about him, and then as his actual consciousness overmastered the arctic visions, laugh retrospectively at his own ardor.

"Who but you, Doctor," remarked Einar, "could have invested a dry, bloodless science like geography with such a brilliancy of color?"

"My friend," rejoined the other, with energy, "the geography of the Saga is, literally speaking, anything but bloodless. You cannot point to a single place which has not its legend of blood. Look over there! There is the scene of the Orkneyinga Saga, with its brother-feuds and the murders of the Earls; over yonder I have a similar illustration of the Fareyinga Saga, the scene of the life and death of that large-souled hero, Sigmund Bresteson. If all this is child's play, as you may possibly think, it has at least the advantage that it gives me the exercise I need, and, moreover, keeps my favorite study before my mind, when otherwise I should be bored."

The doctor rolled up his chart with a most affectionate touch, and marched at Einar's side to the piazza, where they lighted their cigars and sat down in the large leather-cushioned easy-chairs. The piazza was open toward the north, but on the western side a steel-wire net gave support to a semi-translucent hedge of morning-glory vines, which with an eagerness of aspiration, quite disproportionate to their strength, climbed upward to the ceiling, threatening a total eclipse of the broad landscape which lay, bathed in the evening sun, in the valley below.

"Did you know," began the doctor after a few minutes' pause during which he had been blowing rings of cigar-smoke, "that we have an embryonic Halgerda in this town—as exquisite a combination of the angel and the devil as any Saga heroine you could name?"

"No," retorted Einar with sudden animation. "I should like to see her. What is her name?"

"Her name is Helga Raven, but I should rather advise you not to see her, at least not until you have girded yourself with a more solid armor of Philistinism like your compatriots in this place. To an ardent young temperament like yours she is positively dangerous. But, by the way," he added with a flash of memory in his eyes, "you have seen her, my boy. You saw her in the church. You inflicted upon her the first defeat she has probably ever known, and possibly the last she is ever destined to experience. But beware! I have warned you. I should not be surprised if she revenged herself by conquering her conqueror."

The instinct of vengeance runs deep in the Norse blood."

"Doctor," broke forth Einar, with a visible effort at self-mastery, "I don't like to disagree with you; but I do think it is outrageous in you to call such a woman a devil. I don't mind telling you that I never saw a fairer vision of womanhood in all my life."

"Bravo," cried the doctor, with a flourish of his cigar. "I could have foretold it! You have gone the way of all flesh. But you are mistaken about my calling her a devil. On the contrary, I admit that the angel is at present predominant in her. And for that matter, you know that there is a substratum of devility in all womanhood, which, however, the repressive influences of our tyrannical civilization prevents from coming to the surface. Barbarism is more transparent. Imagine, if you can, Miss Raven transplanted into a more barbaric age, where there are no despotic proprieties to choke up the volcanic undercurrents of her nature, and if my psychological insight is not all chimerical, you would see bursts of wilder heroism than any history has as yet recorded. Have you noticed, for instance, that gaze of hers? Did you ever see a larger gaze in a woman? Her gravity has a luminous depth which baffles the sturdiest sense with its bewildering suggestions of vast, unknown regions beneath. Her gayety, which is rarer, is, in spite of its occasional grotesqueness, essentially of the same kind. It is not the airy, shallow ripple of common feminine mirth, but the irresistible up-welling of strong forces within—a rich, full-toned murmur, like that of warm springs which have their sources deep in the earth's breast, and listen to its passionate heart-beats. Therefore, judge her not by the vulgar standards of society. So pure a phenomenon as she is worth all and more than all society put together. Behold, I have spoken."

This was Van Flint's favorite phrase with which he usually ended his more impressive harangues. Einar had sat listening in astonished silence. The doctor's vehement eloquence had awakened a sudden fear in his mind that it might have a deeper cause than he had hitherto suspected.

"If I may judge by your language, Doctor," said he at length, while a vague jealousy flushed his words with something resembling irritation, "you must have penetrated deep into the hidden sanctums of Miss Raven's heart. So profound an analysis can hardly

be the result of a mere hasty acquaintance. I too rejoiced in the subdued richness of her personality—something like a closed rose-bud, showing through its green calyx deep streaks of crimson, and promising a great glory of color when the warm breath of love shall have disclosed all its hidden fervor. But of the latent barbarism you speak of I could discover no trace."

Poor Einar had secretly gloried in this simile, and had been perpetually haunted by it ever since it invaded his mind, at that first meeting in the church. It was almost a relief now to be able to utter it. He looked fixedly at the doctor, to observe the effect, but the latter sat gravely gazing at the cigar smoke which rose in blue, vanishing lines into the clear air, and seemed absorbed in some inward contemplation.

"Finnson," he said at last, suddenly collecting himself, "we are both growing poetical, and that is a bad sign. I told you it was a dangerous subject. I know Miss Raven well. She has been my pupil for four years. I have taught her French and German since she was a little girl. She has served me as a capital Saga study, and I am profoundly grateful to her for it. She and Ingrid Norderud used to come here together twice a week, and very satisfactory pupils they were. I refused to take any pay, but Norderud insisted upon paying for both, and I had to yield. Ingrid, as you know, is a good deal younger than Miss

Raven, and if you would take the lessons with her for the future, I should regard it as a favor. Miss Raven will probably not continue next year. At present we have a vacation."

"There is time enough for discussing that, later," replied the Norseman. "But tell me, have you any objection to introducing me to your pupil? There is something which I am very anxious to tell her."

"Objection? Not at all. It is inevitable that you should meet her. In this place everybody meets; and you may just as well meet your doom to-day as to-morrow. If you are ready, we will start after supper."

The doctor struck a match and lighted his cigar, which, in the heat of his eloquence, he had neglected; then walked briskly over to the Icelandic flower-bed, but presently returned, laid both his hands on Einar's shoulder, and looking at him with his warm, winning smile, said:

"You are jealous, my boy. Don't deny it. You can't conceal that kind of malady from me. I know the symptoms from bitter experience. But how can you fear an old, dusty mummy like me as a rival? Don't you see, it is too preposterous?"

The young man could not but respond to that appealing smile. He took his friend's arm, and as the bell just then rang in the dining-room, they walked out together to supper.

An hour later they were both on the way to the nest of the dangerous Raven.

(To be continued.)

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Terrible Congress.

We do not remember a time within the last twenty-five years when the people of the country regarded Congress with so much distrust as they did during the last session. Had it not been so sad, it would have been exceedingly ludicrous to see the public funds go up, as they did, the moment Congress adjourned. Congress in session was a constant menace to the public credit and the business of the country. When Congress was scattered, a great power of mischief was felt to be removed; and people could buy and sell without the apprehension that something might be done any day to bewitch the tariff, or disturb the currency, or "Mexicanize" the government. There has been no popular faith, either in the wisdom or the patriotism of Congress. Congress seems to have been busy criticising and watching the President, entirely unconscious that the people were watching their representatives with much of uneasiness and very little of approval.

If we inquire into the causes of this distrust of Congress, we do not need to look far for the principal ones. The Congressional leaders have made a personal business of the session. The men of prominence who were sent to Washington to do the business of the country have been solely engaged in doing their own. It would be difficult to tell how many candidates for the Presidency we have in Congress, but the names of a small number of them are just as well known as if they had advertised their candidacy over their own signatures. These men were watched from the beginning of the session. They were not insignificant men. They were men whose influence would have been felt in the decision of every important question, if they had chosen to exercise it. They were men whose astuteness in the comprehension of public affairs, and whose power in debate were needed by the best interests of the country, again and again, during the session, but who basely shrank from speaking a word or per-

forming an act which might injure their prospects for the Presidency. They sat in their seats, or skulked in the lobbies, entirely with reference to their private affairs. There were great emergencies during the session, but these men were dumb. Their wisdom was needed, their eloquence was needed, their action was needed; but they had nothing to spare for their constituents or the country. It was their business to take care of themselves, and they devoted themselves simply to that. Nothing more shamefully patent, or more shamelessly confessed, than this devotion to a self-nominated candidacy for a high office was ever seen in this, or any other, country. It ought to condemn them forever to private life. Such pusillanimous, contemptible, self-serving and time-serving demagogues as these, playing the rôle of statesmen, were quite enough to breed the distrust of Congress which the rank and file of that body nourished to its commanding growth.

If base motives governed the leaders, could anything better have been expected of the great body? And how did the great body conduct itself? What was the grand business of Congress during the entire session? It was simply a party business. It was simply a party fight. How the Democratic party should best manage to circumvent or overcome the Republican party, and how the Republican party should best circumvent or overcome the Democratic party—these were the grand questions, involving the great purposes, of the two opposing powers. There was no popular faith in the power or the disposition of Congress to treat any public question wisely and competently. If it was a question of finance, it was time for banking-house committees and delegations from chambers of commerce to visit Washington to teach the legislators the evil they were doing, and the good they might do. If it was a question of tariff, every manufacturer and every merchant was called upon to write to Washington, or personally to go there, to keep our law-makers from ruining the country. They have been watched like a parcel of mischievous boys, whom accident had clothed with power; and when, at length, they had instituted an investigation as purely in the interest of a party as it was possible for them to do, whose only practical result to the country at large would be the upsetting of the President's title to his office, they were obliged to vote—for the pacification of the people,—that they did not intend to disturb the President. The vote itself was a tacit acknowledgment that the investigation was instituted for the sake of making party capital.

Personal and party advantage and aggrandizement were recognized as the controlling motives of Congress during the session, and it was quite natural that the people should regard that body with profound distrust. Everybody was glad when it adjourned. There was not a merchant, or a manufacturer, or a banker, or a business man of any sort, who did not breathe more freely when our law-makers adjourned and went home; and we have no doubt, whatever, that they feel that they would have a better chance for the future if Congress would not

meet again within the next five years. Congress in session has come to be regarded as a threat. The men whom we select to advance and conserve the great material interests of the country, are the men whose counsels we distrust and whose power we dread. We have no faith in their ruling motives, and none in their wisdom. We write this down as a well-known and universally conceded fact. Congress is regarded as a sort of plague, disturbance, nuisance. If it would only let things alone, we could adapt ourselves to them, and rely upon them; but nothing is safe from its meddling hands for a year at a time. We beg our legislators to believe that this is simply true. They trouble the people when they should give them peace and security. They disturb and do not compose the material interests of the country; and when they rise and scatter, there is a sigh of relief, and an immediate advance in the public funds!

Have the people any responsibility for this state of things? Have they anybody to blame but themselves? A selfish, partisan Congress is elected by their votes, and kept in power and place by the great machine to which they lend themselves. There was a time—and, notwithstanding all our theories of progress, it would seem to have been a better time than this—when even in party warfare there was gallantry; when there was a genuine seeking for the public good; when personal supremacy was sought through wise leadership, rather than by the cunning of the artful dodger; when the country relied upon Congress to relieve it of its difficulties, and honored its members when they returned to their homes. We suspect that the people were wiser and better then than they are now, and that that fact has something to do with the difference discernible between the earlier and later Congresses.

Goodness as Literary Material.

We can hardly imagine anything more curious as a subject of inquiry than the difficulty experienced by every writer of fiction in the attempt to paint a very good man or woman. It seems to be very easy to depict wicked people. The villains of the play and the novel appear in great variety, with no lack of types of the finest interest. Wickedness seems to be perennially fresh, as it is proverbially engaging. For instance: it would have been quite impossible for John Hay to write an acceptable or an impressive poem about a sweet Christian fellow, who had sacrificed his life to save a boat-load of passengers; but he could paint Jim Bludso—a bad man—with a few touches that can never be forgotten. If he had undertaken to describe a good young man, who did not "chew," or drink, or swear, who taught a class in the Sunday School, and who lived virtuously with his one wife, and rose at last into an act of heroism, he would not have found ten readers; but the rough, coarse, profane wretch, who had one wife at Natchez-under-the-hill, and another one up in Pike, becomes at once a memorable hero in his hands. With all that may legitimately be said against Bret Harte's heroes and

heroines, there is no question that many of them are made marvelously interesting by the forms of wickedness they represent. This much is true at least, that, as literary material, the rough, low types of life and character to be found in California and on the border, are much superior to the best types to be found there.

Perhaps the inquiry into the reason of this should go deeper, or start further back. It might be well to ask why it is that some of the most interesting people we ever met were scamps. It might be well to inquire why some of the best men we know are the least interesting. It might be instructive to learn why it is that a company of virtuous girls will be attracted by a man whose virtue they have reason to doubt, in the presence of those who are known to be men of purity and honor. These inquiries might show us that goodness is not only less interesting to men as literary material than wickedness, but is less interesting in itself. It is undoubtedly true that we should rarely go among our best men and women for our most interesting characters. Certainly we should not go among the membership of our churches. There are churches the dead level of whose tasteless and flavorless Christianity is not only uninteresting but repulsive. Dr. Eggleston, in some of his Western Methodist types, gives us people who are interesting, but their flavor does not come from their Methodism, or their goodness, but from nature and character, formed under unusual circumstances.

There are, undoubtedly, sufficient reasons for the unlovely character, or the unattractive character, of many types of Christian goodness. There are brawling types, abject types, fashionable types, childish types, that of course are disgusting to all healthy minds. Then there is the type of goodness that is framed upon the moral law—built up upon the “Thou shalt not”—a goodness that is based upon repression of the bad rather than the development of the good. There are many types of Christian goodness which betray themselves as unnatural or superficial, as having their basis, not in a living principle, but in a mechanical plan or a scheme of policy. Of course all these are as far from being interesting as they can be. It is undoubtedly true that a character can only have the power to interest us when it is alive, positive, aggressive. Any life that is interesting must have a center—not extraneous—but in itself. No life inspired and conducted by outside rules can possibly be interesting to any other life. What this or that man, whether good or bad, will do of his own motion, in the circumstances that occasions bring around him, is what we are interested in. If we know that he is guided by a set of rules, that he is the subject of some compact or organization, and that certain penalties hang over him if he fail in any respect, we have no interest in him. The eagle caged is a most uninteresting bird; but the eagle in a cloud, or on a crag, will hold the eye like a star. It is the free man who attracts us, and we are not sure that a good deal of the unattractiveness of goodness is not attributable to the impression that it is constrained.

Every wicked man has his own private principle of wickedness. He is endowed with certain appetites and passions,—he entertains, privately, certain purposes, desires, ambitions,—and we feel sure the moment we come into contact with him, that he will be sincere and consistent with himself. What he will do—how he will work out, on the plane of his individual nature, the evil that is in him—is what interests us. What the good man will do we already know. We understand the rule by which he conducts his life. If he is simply a moral man we understand his law. If he is a religious man, we not only understand his law, but we understand all the persuasives and dissuasives which lie around him in the institutions and creeds to which he has subjected his will, so that he only becomes particularly interesting to us when he breaks away from his laws and defies the institutions to whose yoke he had bent himself. We can never be particularly interested in the man whom we can calculate upon.

It is quite likely that some will say that we are interested in wicked people because we are wicked,—that the wicked engage our sympathy in a perfectly natural way, but the facts will not sustain the theory. Whenever goodness becomes apprehended as a vital, independent force in a man, working its way naturally out in all relations and all conduct, when it becomes aggressive and ingenious in its beneficence, and is incalculable in its sacrifices and heroisms, it will become good literary material, and not before. Whenever goodness crops out in a bad character, as it often does in one of Harte's heroes,—when it appears as a spontaneous human growth that could not at all have been calculated upon,—how marvelously engaging it is! But when it is made to order; when a novelist sets out to make a good man or a faultless woman, how sure he is to fail! What sorry muffins are all the particularly good men and women whom the novelists have presented to us! They cannot possibly be made in the ordinary way. All art demands a following of nature. Uncle Tom can be interesting as a Christian because he has taken his Christianity like a child, or as a child takes its mother's milk. He has imbibed it. He knows little or nothing of dogma, but the heart and life of Christ are in him, working sweetly out through natural channels into acts and effects that are picturesque and engaging. Raphael painted some of the sweetest of his Madonnas from peasant mothers, and he at least understood that wherever he found the best human type of mother and child, it best represented the divine.

One thing is at least sure: goodness in the hands of a literary man must not be of the type that is formed by creeds and institutions, if he would make it interesting. Whether, there can be any true goodness outside of these we leave the dogmatist and casuist to decide. With that matter we have nothing to do in this article. We simply say that art can never be effective in engaging the interest of those who study its works, if it strays from the natural fountains of feeling and life. The goodness it would depict must be innate and spontaneous,

working incalculably and through natural channels, a law unto itself, or it can never be made to appear attractive and picturesque. So long as it is in any way identified with well-known laws and creeds and institutions, it is not good literary material. We do not mean by this that beautiful Christian characters cannot be painted so that Christian people shall be sympathetically interested in them; but we mean that the art instinct rejects them, and that they cannot be so painted that they will secure the interest of the universal literary mind.

The Ornamental Branches.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER's views of education, as contained in his book on that subject, now for some years before the public, ought by this time to have made some impression, and worked out some practical result. We fear, however, that it has accomplished little beyond giving to a wise man or woman, here or there, a shocking glimpse into the hollowness of our time-honored educational systems. It is equally amusing and humiliating to those of us who live in this boasted civilization of the nineteenth century to see this philosopher pick our systems in pieces, and show how they are founded on the instincts of savagery. Decoration of the body precedes dress, and dress is developed out of the desire to be admired. In all savage life the idea of ornament predominates over that of use, and Mr. Spencer says that we who are civilized think more of the fineness of a fabric than its warmth, and more about the cut than the convenience.

He then goes on to say that like relations hold with the mind. Here also the ornamental comes before the useful. That knowledge which conduces to personal well-being has been postponed to that which brings applause, especially in the case of women. So far as women are concerned, all this goes without saying, but Mr. Spencer goes farther than this, and asserts that in the education of men the rule holds in only a less remarkable degree. Here we can do no better than to quote his own words, which are enough to make the blood of a college president run cold:

"We are guilty of something like a platitude when we say that throughout his after career, a boy, nine cases out of ten, applies his Latin and Greek to no practical purpose. The remark is trite that in his shop or his office, or managing his estate or his family, or playing his part as director of a bank or a railway, he is very little aided by this knowledge he took so many years to acquire—so little that, generally, the greater part of it drops out of his memory; and if he occasionally vents a Latin quotation, or alludes to some Greek myth, it is less to throw light upon the topic in hand than for the sake of effect. If we inquire what is the real motive for giving boys a classical education, we find it to be simply conformity to public opinion. Men dress their children's minds as they do their bodies, in the prevailing fashion. As the Orinoco Indian puts on his paint before leaving his hut, not with a view to any direct benefit, but because he would be ashamed to be seen without it, so a boy's drilling in Latin and Greek is insisted on, not because of their in-

trinsic value, but that he may not be disgraced by being found ignorant of them—that he may have 'the education of a gentleman,'—the badge marking a certain social position, and bringing a consequent respect."

Now, if a smaller man than Mr. Spencer had said this, his words might be passed by as of no moment whatever, but they are spoken deliberately by one of the masters of the age. We are told distinctly that the study of Latin and Greek is almost purely for ornamental purposes, that these languages are of no practical use in any of the ordinary affairs of life, and that when they are used it is chiefly for show. He has not a word to say of their disciplinary effect upon the mind, of their usefulness in exhibiting the sources of modern language, of their being the repositories and vehicles of ancient valuable literatures. No; it is all for ornament. Latin and Greek are ornamental branches, and to these the best years of the life of our youth are given. If the stock arguments in favor of these studies were offered, it would be quite in order for him, or any one, to answer that the disciplinary effect of the study of German and French—not to speak of the English which it is the fashion to neglect altogether—can hardly be less than that of Greek and Latin; and that the ancient literatures exist in translations easily read by all who find either knowledge or nutriment in them. Is it true—this which Mr. Spencer so deliberately asserts? Is it true that the precious years of tens of thousands of young men are thus thrown away—for that is the amount of his assertion. Is it true that fathers and guardians are spending their money for naught?—that widowed mothers are pinching themselves that their sons may acquire useless knowledge?—that homes are left by thousands of young men when homes would be of incalculable use to them for nothing but the acquisition of knowledge without value? Is all this half true?

We very strongly suspect that Mr. Spencer is right, or at least half right, and that the whole civilized world, among the highest forces of its civilization, is squandering the best years of its young men—sacrificing them to a fashion. It ought not to be difficult at this day to establish a curriculum of liberal study which should embrace mainly useful knowledge. The realm of science has been so greatly enlarged, and the relations of science to life have been so widely discovered and recorded; the importance of a familiar knowledge of German and French is so great now, that original scientific researches are largely published in those languages, and the intercourse of the most advanced nations is so constantly increasing, that it would seem as if Latin and Greek must, perforce, be pushed out by the common sense of the people and the conscious lack of time for the study of them.

We have in these days a great deal of crowding of young men. To fit for college now is to do almost what many of our fathers did to get through college. The greatest care of health has to be taken to keep from breaking the boys down. They prac-

tice physical exercise, and we study dietetics for them, and manage, in all the wise ways we know, to keep the poor fellows up to their work, and yet, with every sort of "ponying" and cramming, it is all they can do to get through. And when they get through, what have they on hand or mind that compensates them for their tremendous expenditure? As Mr. Spencer elsewhere says, in this same book, most things that a boy learns which are of any real use to him he learns after leaving college. The truth is, that all this crowding to which the boys are now subjected results from the attempt to add to the old curriculum from the ever-growing repertory of "knowledges." When, some years ago, the talk of "relieving Broadway" was the fashion, the stage-drivers struck for higher wages, and every line of omnibuses was stopped. It was at once discovered that getting rid of the omnibuses "relieved" Broadway, and that without them it would be a very pleasant street. Indeed, if the relief had been long enough continued, it is quite probable there would have been a movement made to prevent their return. Greek and Latin have only to be removed from the principal street through which our educational processes pass to relieve it, and make it one in which our children can walk with freedom and delight.

This may be deemed somewhat sweeping doctrine, but we are in good company, and are quite content

with our backing. That something should be known of Latin and Greek—enough to aid us in understanding the form and meaning of scientific nomenclature—is evident enough; but that every liberally educated man should be made to know enough of those languages to teach them is absurd and cruel. We rejoice in the scientific schools, and the scientific "courses of study" connected with academic institutions. They mark the beginning of a better system of things, and, in the long run, they will confer such superior advantages upon young men in preparing for the practical work of life that they will absorb most of the students, or compel classical studies to take a lower and subordinate place in the average college curriculum. But it is not a pleasant thing to reflect upon that, with boys as with girls, time and effort are mainly spent upon "the ornamental branches" of education. We are accustomed to having girls spend years upon the acquirement of arts of music and drawing that are never practiced, and upon French that is never spoken, and that could not be understood if it were; but when we are told by the highest authorities that the Latin and Greek which our boys spend all their youth upon are of no use, it is rather discouraging, and we begin to wish that our universities would take counsel of common sense rather than of fashion and precedent, so that we may spend money and lift no more for that which is not bread.

THE OLD CABINET.

THE effect of a great idea upon a great mind is tranquilizing,—upon a small mind disturbing. The former it ballasts; the latter it sinks.

ONCE I heard an artist say of a critic that he had not praised him, to be sure, but that he had made such an outcry against his pictures that he was well satisfied; for the critic had thereby at least acknowledged that there was power in the pictures. It is true that, judging from superficial appearances, there is nothing that the world despises so much as it does originality; and it is evident that obloquy is the compliment paid by the little to the great. But it does not follow in art, literature or politics that a person's power is to be judged by his prominence. Any object, no matter how trivial, if it gets into the wrong place, may have an effect upon things out of all proportion to its size, or to its merits: as, for instance, a bad picture on the line at the Academy; an imbecile in the Senate; a weak man in the President's chair; a bully at the head of a newspaper. A pebble will do as much damage in a delicate piece of machinery as a diamond. At Wallack's one night a poor old gentleman from the country suddenly became the object of more attention and

remark than Mr. Montague himself, simply because he happened to sneeze at an unfortunate moment.

We hear the expressions, "hard facts," "facts are stubborn things." But for hardness and stubbornness commend me to a good, solid, stupid theory. You can get around, or get over, or accept, or subdue a genuine and honest fact; but beware when a man opposes you with a theory, especially if it be the pet theory of a life-time, accidentally acquired and consistently held through the ignorant experiences of a score or two of summers! If it accords with his theory to believe that you are a Hard-shell Baptist, it is in vain to present in opposition the fact that you and your ancestors have always been high-church Episcopalians. For him:

"Baptiss, Baptiss is your name,
And Baptiss you will die."

If it is his theory that Mrs. Sigourney is your "ideal poet," it is in vain that you state the fact of your preference for Burns and Shakspere. If it is his theory that no woman can attain to eminence as a writer, he will refuse to accept the fact that Mr. Lewes is

not the real author of "Romola." Yet it is the proudest boast of the man of theory that all his theories are based upon "solid facts."

THE difference between a major and a minor poet is the difference between the ocean and a lake. I went down to the shore of the lake yesterday. It is a great lake—even as lakes go in America. There had been a heavy blow, and there were white-caps as far as the eye could reach. The breakers followed each other up along the rock-strewn beach with a noise resembling that of the ocean. There was a mist on the waters; the nearest shores opposite were dim, and in places utterly lost to sight. It was beautiful—almost grand. But there was no salt and bitter spray; there were no sails of vessels hurrying through the storm; no drift-wood from wrecks or from distant countries; there was nothing mysterious and terrible in the sound of the breakers.

I READ somewhere lately that a certain famous poet had not only strength but sweetness, and the writer spoke of it as an unusual thing that such sweetness should have proceeded from the same source as the strength. With the libraries of the world at hand, this is a remarkable statement for a writer to make. How long, then, is it since power and tenderness, force and delicacy, have been divorced in poetry! It must have been since the time of the greatest of the Sanskrit, the Persian, the Hebrew, the Greek and the Latin poets; since Dante, Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspere and Milton; since Wordsworth, Shelley and Keats; since Victor Hugo, Browning and Emerson. The riddle of the lion and the honey is the riddle of the poets. There is no strength without sweetness, and the sweetness that exists without strength is poor stuff and cloyes quickly upon the palate.

LAST night we climbed through the wild forest of maples and hemlock, over ledges and ridges of mossy rock to a "sheer and skyward promontory" that gave a sudden and surprising view of the lake. There

was a ridge beyond, upon the actual shore, and this side it an interval of newly mown meadows. The gigantic red disk of the sun was just sinking out of sight beyond the low hills of the opposite coast, and broadening as it sank. The sky was full of gold. The sun dropped out of sight, and the clouds changed from yellow to red, and then to purple. The waters of the lake were almost white, reflecting the bluer and clearer reaches of the sky. A long and narrow wooded cape ran far southward from the northern shore, giving glimpses between the trees of the white waters beyond. As the sun went down a bevy of swallows flung themselves up against the sky from the shadows at our feet. Dimmer and dimmer grew the intervalle, with its elms and maples, and winding road, and fields of stubble which glowed in rich and deepening streaks of brown and green and red.

THE minor, as well as the major, poetry—are they not both poetry? The lake and the ocean are a part of the same nature. We may not despise the lesser, but we may prefer the greater. There are beauty and sweetness, as well as majesty, in the lake; but the ocean, with its illimitable power, has sweetness no less delicate, no less penetrating.

Congress: 1878.

'TWAS in the year when mutterings loud and deep
From the roused beast were heard in all the land,
And wise men questioned: "Can the State with-
stand

The shock and strain to come? Oh, will she keep
Firm her four walls, should the wild creature leap
To ruin and ravish? Will her pillars, planned
By the great dead, lean then to either hand?
The dead! Would heaven they might awake
from out their sleep!"

Haply, I said, our Congress still may hold
One voice of power—when lo! upon the blast
A sound like jackals ravening to and fro.
Great God! And has it come to this at last!—
Such noise, such stench, where once, not long ago,
Clay's lightning flashed and Webster's thunder
rolled.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Boys of the Family.

I. THE BOY WHO WANTS TO BE A SAILOR.

THE boy in the family who wants to be a sailor is usually a source of more trouble in the present and of more anxiety for the future than all the other boys who are reconciled to mercantile or professional pursuits on shore, put together, even though there are half a dozen of them. He is what Mark Twain would call an example of the composite order of human architecture,—a contradictory being, positive in some ways and negative in others, blending in his

effusive disposition a varied assortment of vices and virtues; the merry plague of all who surround him, annoying and coaxing in a breath; of whom many are ready to predict evil, while, perhaps, only his mother, with clear, tender, affectionate discernment, penetrates the reserve of goodness that lies below the rough surface of his rebellious nature.

Few homes have not known such a boy, and few mothers and fathers who possess many boys have not been put to their wits' ends in the endeavor to place him where he should be as exempt as possible from the temptations and hardships of his chosen

profession. If he is earnest in his purpose and physically adapted to so arduous an occupation, it is as difficult to dissuade him as it is foolish to tell him that a sea-faring life is degrading, unremunerative, and unworthy of his best efforts. He can never be made to believe that,—he whose brain is rife with the glowing remembrances of Drake, Nelson, Perry, Lawrence, and Farragut, all of whom, with at least a hundred others, are ineffaceably enshrined in his heart; no lover ever loved his mistress with more longing tenderness than this boy loves a ship, and the breath of the sea widens his nostrils and lends the sparkle of awakened enthusiasm to his eyes.

But with the best intentions in the world, and sometimes with the worst results, many parents try to make a landsman of him by conjuring up, not only the real disadvantages of sea-faring, the tyranny and brutality of some captains and mates, the wretched pay, the slow promotion and the limitations of success, but also imaginary or exceptional miseries, of which they may have acquired a knowledge by reading without sufficient discrimination such a philippic as "Among Our Sailors," by J. G. Jewell. That well-meaning little book certainly contains enough of horrors committed on the high seas to deter any one who believes in it, and who is not a born seaman, from launching into the profession which it describes. In some instances it would prove a valuable supplement to parental opposition. We grant that much of it is unhappily true, for young relatives of the writer have suffered from the cruelty of the captains and officers, who take advantage of their despotic positions at sea to over-punish their men; but we are considering a boy who is bound to go to sea, and it is a pitiable mistake to start him in the world with a discouraging view of his prospects. Having found out his determination, his guardians would do better by him in frankly recognizing that the sea is an honorable profession.

A certain youngster, with an ineradicable predilection for salt water, came once upon a time under the care of the writer; he was a warm-hearted, impulsive, mischievous lad, who as an infant gave his nurse and mother no peace through his acrobatic propensities, which left him with as many scars at the age of fourteen as a veteran of Balaklava, and no inducements proved strong enough to keep him ashore. He is now on his way home from the Philippine Islands; and in the present paper we desire to smooth the course of those parents who have sons like him, by describing the opportunities there are for training and placing them.

The Naval Academy at Annapolis offers an excellent education, practical training and good treatment, and the youth who is admitted to it may thank his stars, for there is no other way so pleasant and advantageous of becoming a sailor and an accomplished gentleman. Candidates are nominated as often as vacancies occur, by the members and delegates of the House of Representatives, each of whom has the privilege of appointing one; ten others are appointed at large by the President of the United States, and one other by the District of Columbia. A sound constitution, a fair moral

character, and a thorough knowledge of the English branches are essential in the applicants, who must be over fourteen and under eighteen years of age. The examinations are held on June 21st and September 12th at Annapolis, where the applicants are required to report in person, traveling from their homes at their own expense, which in the case of boys living at a distance is so great that many families cannot afford it, and the benefits of the Academy are thus partly restricted to the wealthier and influential classes. Having successfully passed the examination, however, the cadet-midshipman, as the candidate is now called, finds himself in the arms of a most liberal *alma mater*; he signs articles binding himself to serve the United States Navy for eight years, including his probation in the Academy; he is comfortably lodged and well fed; five hundred dollars are paid to him as salary, and a month after his admission his traveling expenses are restored to him. We believe there is no school, college, or workshop in which apathy or indolence is so little tolerated as at Annapolis; a boy must work earnestly and with all his strength to succeed; he must be honorable in his dealings, courteous in his manners and clever in mathematics,—so clever that before graduation he will see not a few of his class-mates retiring on account of their inability to cope with the elements of differential and integral calculus, despite their proficiency in seamanship and other branches. Vacancies and nominations are usually announced in the local newspapers of the Congressional districts in which they occur.

Besides the midshipmen, there are three classes of cadet-engineers, who are instructed in marine engineering, chemistry, mechanics, and the manufacture of iron, and are generally qualified for positions as engineers of United States steamers.

All cadets are required to deposit two hundred and twenty dollars for books and clothing on entering, which, when it is added to the traveling expenses, makes a total amount beyond the means of some persons, who are forced to seek other openings for their sons. A large number of boys, determined to follow the sea, and having all the elements of excellent sailors in them, are unfitted for the Academy on account of insufficient scholarship.

A few years ago, training-schools for sailors were opened on three United States vessels, one of which, the "Minnesota," stationed at New York, has now four hundred boys on board. The boys are enlisted between the ages of sixteen and seventeen years, to serve until they are twenty-one, and must be accompanied by their guardians at the time of enlistment. They are paid ten dollars and fifty cents per month, and, if they are honorably discharged at the age of twenty-one they receive three months' extra pay. At the age of eighteen, they are transferred from the training-ships to sea-going vessels, previous to which they are sent out on brief preparatory cruises in small sailing-vessels fitted out by themselves under the supervision of the officers. The commanding officers of the sea-going

vessels to which they are transferred continue the course of instruction begun on the training-ships, which is divided into three departments, viz.: seamanship, gunnery, and studies. The first embraces practical and theoretical seamanship, signals, boats, and swimming; the gunnery embraces exercises with the howitzer (afloat and ashore), the Gatling gun, the pistol and broadsword, besides infantry tactics in accordance with the army code; and the studies embrace spelling, arithmetic, grammar, geography, history, and the Bible. A commendable regulation is to the effect that the boys cannot be detailed as attendants on the messes of officers, nor as messengers, nor as permanent cooks of messes; this prevents them from drifting into the menial condition which some who enlist ordinarily fall into, and which is fatal to the true sailor-spirit.

Enlistments are made in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, and if the parent or guardian cannot accompany the son or ward to one of these cities on account of infirmity or distance, printed forms of declaration in reference to the boy's age and their consent will be supplied by the Navy Department at Washington, which will enable him to be enlisted without the presence of the parent or guardian. Eligible candidates must be of robust frame and vigorous constitution, and they must be able to read and write. Their traveling expenses from their homes to the port at which the training-ship is stationed are not returnable; but if they are accepted, they are provided with the necessary outfit without making a deposit, the items being charged against their wages.

While nearly all the cadets of Annapolis are the sons of well-to-do people, and are destined to be officers, the boys on the training-ships are mostly of the poorest class, and the education they receive simply qualifies them to be sailors under the graduates of the former. They have chances for advancement; if they are energetic, there is nothing to prevent their holding an admiral's or commander's commission, although heroic effort is necessary to obtain one; but the training-ships are not adapted nor intended for boys of refinement and gentle parentage, and the difficulty of placing such of these as are unable to enter the Academy may be easily settled if their guardians have the good fortune to know some captain, officer, or merchant of trustworthy character. Hundreds of crews are shipped in the larger sea-ports from California to Maine every month; "able-bodied" seamen, "ordinary" seamen, and even "green-horns" are in constant demand, both for American and foreign ships; but it is necessary to make a selection. If the parents have no knowledge of the captain with whom they send their son to sea, the boy is in danger of contamination by association with a dissolute crew and of ill-treatment at the hands of the mates, to say nothing of the perils of an unseaworthy vessel. If unable to do so themselves, they should engage the interest of some friendly broker or merchant, who will look out for a stanch ship and an intelligent captain; and if the broker or

merchant is not at hand, they should put themselves in communication with such an organization as the Seaman's Friend Society, Wall Street, New York City, the secretary of which will afford gratuitous information. There are some captains afloat whose vessels are manned by the lowest and most dangerous classes, whose authority manifests itself in systematic brutality (such as may be unavoidable in dealing with the sort of men over whom it is usually exercised, though it is monstrous to a boy), and whose example is baneful in all things. If he survives it at all, the boy returning from a voyage with a commander of this kind is sure to be discouraged, and may be ruined. There are other captains, however, who take an interest in the welfare of their crews and treat them with kindness, forming classes for their instruction at sea, and providing them with sensible reading-matter and other amusements,—captains who gladly become preceptors as well as employers of the respectable, well-behaved boys placed under them. But these are nearly always in requisition by personal friends and do not often have a vacancy for the son of a stranger.

Aside from the indisputable fact that a "green-horn" is not considered a desirable addition to a crew, a boy should not be sent from home to sea without some preliminary training, and that is offered by the New York Nautical School on board the "St. Marys," of which we have deferred mention until now because it is the final resort of many parents who are perplexed by this troublesome young fellow who wants to be a sailor. The "St. Marys" is a United States vessel, loaned by the government to the New York Board of Education, by whom a school is maintained for the education of young men who desire to serve in the merchant navy. The training is excellent, the expenses are small, and the regulations are not severe. It is simply required that candidates shall evince a positive inclination and aptitude for sea life; that they shall not be under fifteen years of age, and that they shall be in robust health. The course lasts two years, and includes reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, geography, grammar and history, navigation and all the duties of a seaman, such as boxing the compass, knotting and splicing, the strapping of blocks, reefing and furling, heaving the lead, using the palm and needle, the handling of boats, swimming, and the various other accomplishments that are looked for in every thorough Jack Tar. During the winter months, the ship is stationed at the foot of East Twenty-third street, and the boys whose friends or relatives reside in the city are allowed to spend Saturday afternoon and Sunday ashore. During the summer, she makes pleasant little cruises, which are invaluable in enabling the boys to see the practical application of what they have learned in their classes. Holidays lasting several weeks are granted at Christmas, and though the course takes two years, a boy can retire at any time he chooses within the first year. By graduation, however, he secures a certificate that will obtain a berth for him in almost any ship, English or American, and as a committee of the

Chamber of Commerce, including the largest ship-owners of the port, co-operate with the Board of Education in the management of the school, he has any opportunity of demonstrating his proficiency to its members and obtaining employment through them.

The expenses are trifling, as we have said, for the only outfit necessary is such as nearly everyone possesses,—strong boots, woolen underwear, a blue overcoat and toilet materials being essential. The ship supplies two suits of uniform, a cap, a hammock, bedding, etc., to each boy, for which thirty-seven dollars are charged, and if at the end of the first year he is willing to bind himself for the second, the thirty-seven dollars are placed to his

credit, so that this amount covers the entire cost of the two years' training, excepting that of the renewal of boots and underclothing, and pocket-money.

The boys of the "St. Marys" belong to a respectable class and a good moral tone prevails among them. The commander is a graduate of, and was formerly an instructor at, Annapolis, and all the officers bear commissions in the United States Navy. The government of the school seems to combine discipline with reasonable forbearance, and I advise all parents who have a salt-water sprite of a son to consult with Captain R. L. Phylian, U. S. N., ship "St. Marys," New York City.

WILLIAM H. RIDING.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

"Bryant's Popular History of the United States."
Volume II.*

THE first volume of this important work was published in 1876. The appearance of the second volume, now just issued, has doubtless been awaited with some impatience on the part of subscribers, though that impatience has not caused the work to be hurried in the least. The preface to this volume says: "The writing of history is one of the things that is not necessarily well done because it is done quickly. Rather the converse of that proposition is true, and our readers should thank us that we have not been tempted into haste." The preface further explains that by the use of the term "Popular" in the title of the book, it was not meant to imply that it was to be a superficial work, a mere compilation from other general histories of the United States. It was meant by its method, its treatment and the historical aspects to be presented, for the popular reader rather than for the merely literary class; but it was not intended for that end to sacrifice either accuracy or comprehensiveness in the attempt to be merely entertaining. "There is an implied promise of thoroughness and care on our part which we do not mean to break by undue haste." The death of Mr. Bryant, it is announced, will make no difference in the progress of the work, nor yet in its character.

The first volume of the work covered the period extending from the discovery of the Western Hemisphere to the establishment of the several English colonies along the Atlantic and the beginning of their colonial career. The second volume begins with the Pequot war in 1636, carries the history of New England down through the troubles with the Quakers and other disturbers of the Church, through

Philip's war in 1675, and to the end of the Salem witchcraft delusion in 1692. It includes also the history of New Netherland from the beginning of the administration of Governor Stuyvesant to the final conquest of the colony by the English in 1674; the history of Virginia, Maryland, and of North and South Carolina from 1635 to the end of the seventeenth century; and, finally, the early history of the extreme South and West; of the Spanish and French explorations and settlements in Florida, Louisiana, Texas, New Mexico and California, is told in four chapters at the end of the volume by the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, which brings the narrative down to 1744, or nearly to the middle of the eighteenth century.

It will be seen from this brief sketch that the second volume has not the romantic and picturesque interest of the first. That volume comprised a long account of pre-historic man, giving a clear summary of all that archaeological research has disclosed, even to the latest investigations of the character and habits of the early inhabitants of the earth, especially of the mysterious Mound-builders of our own country, the chapter on whom is one of the most intelligent and satisfactory essays that has ever appeared on that interesting subject. Very full details also were given about the Northmen and the other pre-Columbian voyagers to America, as well as of the voyage of Columbus himself, and of the early Spanish, French and English explorers and settlers. The second volume deals necessarily with more prosaic matters and in the soberer light of authentic history. But what is lost in romance and picturesqueness is well made up in historical accuracy. We believe that in this most important point the work is not surpassed, nor even equaled, by any history of the United States that has yet appeared.

The aim of the historian has been to dwell most prominently on events that had results rather than on those which, however conspicuous at the time, were subsequently fruitless; and also to illustrate

* A Popular History of the United States, from the first discovery of the Western Hemisphere by the Northmen to the end of the First Century of the Union of the States. Proceeded by a sketch of the Pre-historic Period and the Age of the Mound-builders. By William Cullen Bryant and Sydney Howard Gay. Volume II. Fully illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

the character and the institutions of the people who made the events. For this purpose much space is given to the doings of the early settlers of New England, and to the apparently petty contests between the Boston Puritans and the Quakers, and other heretics who troubled their Israel, and especially to the dissensions and quarrels between them and the schismatics who settled Rhode Island, of the proceedings toward whom a detailed account is given, not uninteresting in itself, but which will doubtless seem needlessly prolix to many who do not perceive its bearing and the strong light it throws on the character, the temper and the subsequent history of the New Englanders. So far as we can judge, these transactions are narrated with singular accuracy, with entire justice to both sides, and in a kindly and generous spirit. In a similar spirit the history is given of the Pequot War in 1636-7, and of the still more formidable contest with the savages in 1675-6, commonly called King Philip's War, of which a graphic and vivacious account is given.

To the witchcraft delusion, which broke out in 1692 and flourished for a while at Salem, Mass., an interesting chapter is devoted, relating clearly and fully the details of the tragedy, its rise and decline, and showing also what has been so often overlooked by writers on the subject—that this terrible delusion was by no means a result of the Puritan theology or of the Puritanic temperament. On the contrary, it is a delusion common to human nature in every clime and of every race, under all forms of religion, and lurks even now in the habits and practices of the most cultivated nations whenever the combination of credulity and ignorance invites it. The modern animosity against reputed witches was first fomented by the Bull of Pope Innocent VIII. in 1484, in consequence of which forty-one old women were burned in 1485 in one Italian province, and in the same century one hundred persons were condemned to the same fate in Piedmont, and forty-eight in a single town in Germany. In 1515 five hundred persons were executed for witchcraft at Geneva in the space of three months, and this, it will be recollectcd, was before Geneva became Protestant. In England, from the twelfth century, and perhaps earlier, there had been executions for witchcraft down till the eighteenth century. In Scotland, in 1597, twenty-four persons were burned for witchcraft in the town of Aberdeen alone. In the same place twenty-seven women were burned in 1617. In 1645 about ninety witches were hanged in England after trial before Sir Matthew Hale, who was a devout believer in witchcraft, as were also Dr. More and Sir Thomas Brown. In 1693 there were many trials in England for witchcraft held before Chief Justice Holt, who was the first judge that protected the accused. The last capital trial in England occurred in 1712, and the last witch was burned in Scotland in 1727. The delusion lasted still longer in France, Italy, Spain and Germany. It is therefore not to be wondered at that it raged for a few months in the year 1692 in a little corner of the colony of Massachusetts.

Cotton Mather, who took an active part in the matter, said after it was over: "I know not that ever I have advanced any opinion in the matter of witchcraft, but what all the ministers of the Lord that I know of in the world, whether English or Scotch, or French or Dutch, are of the same opinion with me."

The sixth and seventh, and the tenth and eleventh, chapters contain a highly interesting narrative of the trials and tribulations of Peter Stuyvesant, the last Dutch governor of New Netherland, from his advent in 1647 to his downfall in 1664, when, after a stormy reign of nearly twenty years, the energetic old potentate with the silver leg was forced to surrender New Amsterdam to the English, though he would rather, as he said, "be carried a corpse to his grave." These chapters rehearse at sufficient length, and with much animation, his contests with his refractory subjects, and with the wily New Englanders, who were constantly encroaching on his dominions from one side, and with the Swedes, who had audaciously founded New Sweden on the other, and over whom he finally won a bloodless, though by no means inglorious, victory by the capture of Forts Trinity and Christina. The fourteenth chapter describes the quiet beginning of the English rule in the province after it had become New York, the administrations of Governors Nicholls and Lovelace, the sudden, but transient, re-conquest by the Dutch in 1673, and the final cession to the English in 1674 by the treaty of Westminster. It also gives a history of the settlement of New Jersey.

The ninth chapter relates the history of Virginia and Maryland during the period of the English commonwealth, and the thirteenth contains the history of Virginia after the royal restoration during the administration of Governor Berkeley, and includes a good account of Bacon's rebellion. The history of the Carolinas, North and South, is detailed in the twelfth and fifteenth chapters, from the first patents granted by Charles II. in 1663 and 1665 to the beneficent government of the Quaker, Archdale, at the close of the eighteenth century.

In the twentieth chapter the history of the colonization of West Jersey and Pennsylvania by Friends, or Quakers, is narrated, with a good biography of William Penn, and an account of Pennsylvanian affairs down to the year 1699, when Penn made his last visit to America.

The last four chapters of the volume, treating of the early history of the extreme South and West, are written, as we have already stated, by the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, who seems to have followed for the most part in his treatment of the subject the highest possible authority on French and Spanish colonization in North America, namely, that of Francis Parkman, though his own long and careful study of original materials has been abundantly exhibited in his previous writings. Mr. Gay announces in his preface that to prevent delay in the completion of the work he shall call to his aid the help of other writers as well as of Mr. Hale. He acknowledges the valuable assistance he has had in laborious

research, and in the collection of material, and in the selection and arrangement of illustrations from the Rev. John Weiss, and especially from Mr. Edward L. Burlingame, who has been connected with the work from its very beginning. With the aid of these and other competent gentlemen, the whole work, we understand, will be pushed to a rapid conclusion.

Warner's "In the Wilderness."^{*}

AMID a mass of what is called "American humor," the writings of Charles Dudley Warner and Bret Harte are conspicuously the best. They continue to fortify one's dissent with the dictum of Mr. Lowell that "the antiseptic of all literature is imagination," and convince one that it is fully as much humor. While it is the province of imagination to elevate objects or actions into types, it is that of humor to make them widely interesting; so that humor may be said to go farther, though in the end it fare worse. In Mr. Warner's work there is some such combination of the two as the imaginative of humor, to express it chemically—a salt which possesses remarkable antiseptic properties. Mr. Warner's genius has not, to be sure, the literary cast of Charles Lamb's, nor is his quality so subtle, incisive or permanent, but it has the same quiet and natural surprise and the same charm that comes from the philosophical treatment, or generalizing, of local material by a keen, gentle and refined mind.

Mr. Warner's little volume will surprise those who expect to find it another catch-purse guide to the Adirondacks, with the same decrepit and unreliable statistics, and the same ragged and traditional fictions, coming around again like the chorus in "The Beggar's Opera." It is simply a half dozen papers on general themes relating to the Northern Wilderness, with an additional paper on "How Spring Came in New England." A surprise is in store too for those who have an idea that Warner is a "mere humorist." (Recall Channing's reply to the charge of "mere morality.") The present volume shows him to possess a wide range of literary faculty, including fancy, wit, pathos, satire and travesty. Sometimes these elements might have been "kindler mixed," as in the sketch of "Spring in New England," in which Mr. Warner shows himself capable of that clever burlesque of other men's styles which amounts to legitimate criticism. We cannot but think this experiment incongruous: the reader is constantly reminded by the fortunate recurrence of the author's own delightful style that the subject is one which we would more willingly intrust to Warner than to Hugo. The sketch "A-hunting of the Deer" is open to the same objection of incongruity. Nothing could be more pathetic or more to the purpose than the straightforward story of a deer-hunt from the stand-point of the deer,—but the reader would mistake the nice art of this who should read only the introductory

philippic against the deer-slayer which, after reading the narrative, his own heart would willingly indite. And yet, apart from its connection, what capital satire is this!—

"The American deer, in the free atmosphere of our country, and as yet untouched by our decorative art, is without self-consciousness, and all his attitudes are free and unstudied. The favorite position of the deer—his fore feet in the shallow margin of the lake, among the lily-pads, his antlers thrown back and his nose in the air at the moment he hears the stealthy breaking of a twig in the forest—is still spirited and graceful, and wholly unaffected by the pictures of him which the artist has put upon canvas."

And what a fine turn of wit is this!—

"Some of our best sportsmen, who desire to protract the pleasure of slaying deer through as many seasons as possible, object to the practice of the hunters, who make it their chief business to slaughter as many deer in a camping-season as they can. Their own rule, they say, is to kill a deer only when they need venison to eat. Their excuse is specious. What right have these sophists to put themselves into a desert place, out of the reach of provisions, and then ground a right to slay deer on their own improvidence? If it is necessary for these people to have any thing to eat, which I doubt, it is not necessary that they should have the luxury of venison."

Often, Mr. Warner's humor, always suggestive, reaches a depth of suggestion that must surprise even the most serious-minded reader in the keenness of its generalization. The "Character Study" of Old Mountain Phelps, the pioneer guide and primeval man—which shows Warner's genius in its most comprehensive and charming mood, contains many examples of this:

"If ever man was formed to sit on a log, it was Old Phelps. He was essentially a contemplative person. Walking on a country road, or anywhere where the 'open,' was irksome to him. He had a shambling, loose-jointed gait, not unlike that of a bear. His short legs bowed out, as if they had been more in the habit of climbing trees than of walking. On land, if we may use that expression, he was something like a sailor; but, once in the rugged trail or the unmarked route of his native forest, he was a different person, and few pedestrians could compete with him. The vulgar estimate of his contemporaries, that reckoned Old Phelps 'lazy,' was simply a failure to comprehend the conditions of his being. It is the unjustice of civilization that it sets up uniform and artificial standards for all persons."

"When the appreciative tourist arrived, Phelps was ready, as guide, to open to him all the wonders of his possessions: he, for the first time, found an outlet for his enthusiasm, and a response to his own passion. It then became known what manner of man this was who had grown up here in the companionship of forests, mountains, and wild animals; that these scenes had highly developed in him the love of beauty, the aesthetic sense, deficiency of appreciation, refinement of feeling: and that, in his solitary wanderings and musings, the primitive man, self-taught, had evolved for himself a philosophy and a system of things. And it was a sufficient system, so long as it was not disturbed by external skepticism. When the outer world came to him, perhaps he had about as much to give it as to receive from it; probably more, in his own estimation, for there is no conceit like that of isolation."

"Phelps was the ideal guide: he knew every foot of the pathless forest; he knew all wood-craft, all the signs of the weather, or, what is the same thing, how to make a Delphic prediction about it."

In accounting for the popularity of the Tri-bune in the Adirondacks, Mr. Warner says:

"The Greeley of the popular heart was clad as Bennett said he was clad. It was in vain, even pathetically in vain, that he published in his newspaper the full bill of his fashionable tailor (the fact that it was received may have excited the animosity of some of his contemporaries) to show that he wore the best broadcloth, and that the folds of his trousers followed the city fashion of falling outside his boots. If this revelation was believed, it made no sort of impression in the country. The rural readers were not to be wheedled out of their cherished conception of the personal appearance of the philosopher of the Tri-bune."

* In the Wilderness. By Charles Dudley Warner. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.

Phelps's uncouth idiom is refreshing :

"The first time we went into camp on the Upper Ausable Pond, which has been justly celebrated as the most prettily set sheet of water in the region, we were disposed to build our shanty on the south side, so that we could have in full view the Gothics and that loveliness of mountain contours. To our surprise, Old Phelps, whose sentimental weakness for these mountains we knew, opposed this. His favorite camping-ground was on the north side,—a pretty site in itself, but with no special view. In order to enjoy the lovely mountains, we should be obliged to row out into the lake; we wanted them always before our eyes,—at sunrise and sunset, and in the blaze of noon. With deliberate speech, as if weighing our arguments and disposing of them, he replied, 'Waal, now, them Gothics aint the kinder scenery you want ter *hog down!*'"

"Boys!" he once said; "you can't git boys to take any kinder notice of scenery. I never yet saw a boy that would look a second time at a sunset. Now, a girl will *sometimes*; but even then it's instantaneous,—comes and goes like the sunset. As for me," still speaking of scenery, "these mountains about here, that I see every day, are no more to me, in one sense, than a man's farm is to him. What monty interests me now is when I see some new freak or shape in the face of nature."

In a dramatic story, Mountain Phelps would be sure of literary immortality. We are not prepared to say that he will not take place in contemplative writing with John Tipp, of the South Sea House, and Mrs. Conrad.

Mr. Warner's book may be confidently recommended to that large class of Adirondack visitors who desire to kill a bear or catch a trout in the most original and picturesque manner. We should strongly suspect his judgment in less important matters who would not rather be safely lost in the woods with this volume than set adrift on the main road with any so-called "guide."

Bret Harte's "Drift from Two Shores."

MR. HARTE is distinguished from Mr. Warner by all the difference between the dramatic and the contemplative methods. With perhaps a narrower range of themes and characters at his command, he has that firm, comprehensive grasp of them which is essential to their combination in a story, but not to the purely impressional writing of which Mr. Holmes and Mr. Warner are the best American representatives. In characterization, invention, and dramatic force,—the preparation of the mind for an unsuspected climax,—in short, in all that we call art, the California sketches (with one exception, which we shall note) will fully sustain Mr. Harte's reputation. If in those papers which deal with Atlantic themes he has not succeeded so prominently, the cause is to be sought in the superior dramatic resources offered by a pioneer country, and not in any want of conscientiousness or defect of skill on the part of the author.

Of the seven Western sketches, the best is "Two Saints of the Foot-hills,"—a masterpiece of invention not excelled in cleverness by anything else of Mr. Harte's. Whisky Dick's gallant championship of Mammy Downey's pies is one of the most laughable passages in fiction. "A Ghost of the Sierras" is remarkable for powerful narration where everything depends on the narrative. The hero of "Roger Carton's Friend,"—yea! "The Frozen Truth,"—is one of the most individual and fortunate of Mr. Harte's

creations; while the hilarious fun of "Jinny" will make it a favorite, despite the excess of sentiment at the close. As for "The Man on the Beach," the longest of these sketches, we do not see why it should have been placed first in the collection (unless it was to justify more amply the title of the volume), for it is certainly the least interesting and skillful of all. The author has undertaken one of the most difficult of literary tasks, the reconciliation of antipodal types of character; and, although he has furnished plenty of motives for the final marriage of North and Bessy,—so that if the constituents of the problem were chemicals, he would, without doubt, have the desired result,—yet the sensibilities of the reader are so frequently violated in the course of the story, that he refuses to be reconciled to that climax. Mrs. Burnett has been criticised for the conclusion of her novel, but there is no such gulf between Joan and Derrick as Mr. Harte has here attempted to bridge. "The Hoodlum Band" is a roaring burlesque of the "Jack Harkaway" stories for boys. It is so difficult, however, to out-prodigy this literature, that we should not be surprised to hear of this story being read in stealthy good faith behind the spelling-books and geographies. Mr. Harte could have increased the obligation here conferred upon the public, if he had added the assurance in a foot-note that the story is one which any boy may read to his parents without fear of injuring them, and with a lively prospect of their (and his) literary improvement. The author is not content with a bald burlesque of his original, but improves the opportunity for broad satire in passages like this :

"It was a quiet New England village. Nowhere in the valley of the Connecticut the autumn sun shone upon a more peaceful, pastoral, manufacturing community. The wooden nutmegs were slowly ripening on the trees, and the white pine hams for Western consumption were gradually rounding into form under the deft manipulation of the hardy American artisan. The honest Connecticut farmer was quietly gathering from his threshing floor the shoe-pegs, which, when intermixed with a fair proportion of oats, offered a pleasing substitute for fodder to the cattle civilizations of Europe. An almost Sabbath-like stillness prevailed. Doonville was only seven miles from Hartford, and the surrounding landscape smiled with the conviction of being fully insured."

With regard to "The Man whose Yoke was not Easy," we can only differ with the physician who sent him to the author as good literary material out of whom "something ought to be made." "A Sleeping-Car Experience" is full of human nature and fun. "The Office-Seeker" is valuable as an exposé of the ins and outs of the toilsome road to a government position. The demoralizing effect (like that of gambling) which Washington life has upon a certain class of countrymen is faithfully and pathetically conveyed. The sketch of "My Friend the Tramp," describes with humor and without prejudice a prominent type of vagrant,—lazy, mendacious, witty, imperturbable and bold. Of the outline sketches in this volume, the following of a Boston lawyer with whom the author discussed the tramp question is one of the best. He found his acquaintance

* * * * replete with principle, honesty, self-discipline, statistics, aesthetics, and a perfect consciousness of possessing all these virtues, and a full recognition of their market value. I think

he tolerated me as a kind of foreigner, gently but firmly waiving all argument on any topic, frequently distrusting my facts, generally my deductions, and always my ideas. In conversation he always appeared to descend only half way down a long moral and intellectual staircase, and always delivered his conclusions over the balusters.

"I had been speaking of my friend, the Tramp.

"There is but one way of treating that class of impostors; it is simply to recognize the fact that the law calls him a 'vagrant,' and makes his trade a misdemeanor. Any sentiment on the other side renders you *particulaires criminels*. I don't know but an action would lie against you for encouraging tramps. Now, I have an efficacious way of dealing with these gentry.' He rose and took a double-barreled fowling-piece from the chimney. 'When a tramp appears on my property, I warn him off. If he persists, I fire on him—as I would on any criminal trespasser.'

"Fire on him?" I echoed in alarm.

"*Yen-dash quith powder only!* Of course *he* doesn't know that. But he doesn't come back."

"It struck me for the first time that possibly many other of my friend's arguments might be only blank cartridges, and used to frighten off other trespassing intellects."

*"The Cossacks," by Tolstoy.**

MR. EUGENE SCHUYLER, recently prominent as a diplomat at St. Petersburg and Constantinople, introduces another Russian author to a public which has given Tourguéneff a most hearty reception. Count Leo Tolstoy, he informs us, is now the most popular novelist in Russia, and, after Tourguéneff, incontestably the best. Tolstoy has written a number of works. His two most popular novels are "War and Peace," published in 1868, and "Anna Karenina," published in 1877. Judging from "The Cossacks" alone, we find the gap between Tourguéneff and Tolstoy very great. Tolstoy may have more original force than the other, but Tourguéneff is a far more subtle artist. There are strong points of resemblance between the two styles. There is the same minute, apparently over minute, description of the sayings and doings of each character. Many phrases, many passages do not affect the story in one way or another, although they may have some good effect in a general way; they may add to the vividness of the impression by teaching the unimportant, as well as the important things which go to make up a character. The aimlessness of much of the talk, much of the description, is greater in "The Cossacks" than in Tourguéneff's novels. A passage occurs which seems to be leading up to some action, some character sketch, some point of importance; we read on and find that nothing comes of it. Perhaps this is part of the comedy. Perhaps Tolstoy is satirising, more clumsily than Tourguéneff, a national Russian characteristic: that of always intending, or seeming to be about to do something, without summoning the energy to do it.

If (as one would infer from the preface) Mr. Schuyler expects that Tolstoy's description of the Cossack of the Terek in his home will change the opinion which the world has formed of him, he is greatly mistaken. According to this novel, the modern Cossack may not be so brutal as his forefathers, but he is mean-spirited and foolish, gross and cowardly. His women are beautiful, because Circassian blood has mixed with his; the women are also the

workers of the community, and far surpass the men in intelligence and spirit. "The Cossacks" is a story no one will care to lay aside unfinished. The very photographic reality of the scenes gives one the pleasure which is sure to flow from an accurate account of a journey, interwoven with that unfailing point of interest, a love affair. But it will not raise the poor Cossack out of the low grade assigned him in the eyes of the world; on the contrary, his repulsiveness will be changed from something vague to something unfortunately definite.

The novel does not deal with Cossacks alone. The hero is Olenin, a young man of good birth who expatriates himself and joins the army in the Caucasus. His real grief is that the world spoils him; he is restless at his own uselessness. His apparent grievance is that he cannot love. Brought in contact with the Cossacks in their village, he finds a strange pleasure in their hardy life, and falls in love with a beautiful Cossack girl, the daughter of his host. If the Cossacks are in general lumpish and awkward, this Russian hero is scarcely less so. He is always saying aimless things, talking wildly, acting in an aimless way. He seldom knows his own mind. The interest he excites is that of a child. He is a child; they are all children together, but rather stupid children. But all, save Olenin, have the vices of adults. This may furnish us with a key to Tolstoy's characters, as well as to many of Tourguéneff's.

"Scratch a Russian," says the proverb, "and you find a Tartar." Consciously or unconsciously, Tolstoy has written a novel on that text. Olenin in Moscow is nothing but a good-natured, rather thick-witted Tartar; and when he gets to the Tartar-Circassians—that is to say, the Cossacks—it is no wonder that he feels himself at home. He spends his days in hunting, his leisure hours in brooding. He knows that the play at civilization and its peculiar vices, the bad French and the witlessness of his old life are worse for him than the frank vices and positive rural virtues of the dwellers on the edge of the steppes. He resolves at last to ask Marianka to be his wife, to settle down and turn Cossack. At the last moment, Marianka's love for a brave Cossack—who is a poor creature, but still the best of the village—turns her willingness into scorn. She sends him off with the rudeness of a peasant, and he goes. They are all on the same original mold. Cossack or Russian, it is much the same thing at bottom; the only difference consists in the various degrees of education. Tourguéneff does the same thing only more delicately, more artistically. The turn of phrase and habit of thought of Tolstoy has been repeated, with much beside, by Tourguéneff. But he always draws the Russian as a transformed Tartar, who is liable at any moment to revert to the instincts of the old race that overran Russia. This partially accounts for the disagreeable resultant character which we get of Russians from the novels of their distinguished countryman.

But there is still another reason for the unflattering portraits of Russians presented by Tourguéneff and others. Russia gets her ideas and her educa-

* *The Cossacks. A Tale of the Caucasus in 1852.* By Count Leo Tolstoy. Translated from the Russian by Eugene Schuyler. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

tion chiefly through Germany. Auerbach's "Ein Neues Leben," says Mr. Schuyler, has instigated Tolstoy to attempt popular education on his estates. Tourguéneff, although he has learned his art in France, got his first ideas from German novelists. We, who regard Germany as peculiarly lacking in novelists, hardly understand this strong influence. But the Germans, in spite of a strong mutual antipathy, are really nearer to Russians in character and habit of mind than any other race. Besides that, geographical neighborhood and the large number of Germans holding responsible positions in Russia contribute an overwhelming force to the influence. Now in Germany the dominant tone is positivism and pessimism. Spielhagen and Auerbach describe the peasants and other classes just as they see them—foibles, vices and all. The Russian novelists add to this positivism a pessimism as dreary as the steppes, but, like the steppes, not without a melancholy charm of its own.

As a novel, "The Cossacks" cannot be classed among the exciting or the sensational; it has superior attractions. As an introduction to a strange people, it is of philosophical value; as a study of a mind that works out the problem of what people are put into the world for, it has higher qualifications yet. A civilized youth, with western ideas of passion and refined love, is brought in contrast with Marianka, who, though the pick of the Cossack village, regards marriage as a thing of fact rather than sentiment. Olenin discovers, yet will not believe, that personal beauty does not always mean a refined soul. She is to be married to the young Cossack, Lukashka; yet she receives Olenin's advances, and gives him hope that he may marry her. This is not coquetry so much as inability to see the harm. If her parents say so, she will marry him.

"Why should I not love you? You are not crooked," answered Marianka, laughing, and pressing his hand with her firm and muscular fingers. "How white, how very white and soft your hands are!—just like clotted cream!"

But then a fight occurs between the Cossacks and their brave enemies and despisers, the Abreks, or hostile Mohammedan Circassians of the mountains. Lukashka is mortally wounded while Olenin looks on, and after that Marianka will have nothing more to do with her rich wooer. Olenin has indeed learned by brooding over things that the only happiness consists in doing good to others; but otherwise nothing comes of it all. He goes back to civilization, but we do not know how he turns out. This is being true to nature. This is the way in which such situations are apt to be solved. But it is depressing in the extreme. So ends a most remarkable novel.

Maurice Thompson's "Witchery of Archery."*

This pretty little volume is one of the few for which there is a genuine and not a fictitious "de-

mand." When an author receives five hundred letters of inquiry regarding one or two magazine papers, it is safe to infer that he will not have to beat about for readers of any thing he may write on the subject. The audience in this instance has sought the author in advance, and to satisfy the various demands of those to whom archery is becoming a pastime or a sport, he has wisely enlarged the scope of the published papers, putting into his treatise not only the enthusiasm of the hunter and the *dolce far niente* of the poet, but even the most practical knowledge of the bow-maker and the target-shooter. Mr. Thompson accounts for the charm of the sport, as follows :

"We are nothing better than refined and enlightened savages. The fiber of our nature is not changed in substance: it is polished and oiled. The wild side of the prism of humanity still offers its pleasures to us, and it is healthful and essentially necessary to broad culture that we accept them in moderation. Sport, by which is meant pleasant physical and mental exercise combined,—play in the best sense,—is a requirement of this wild element, this glossed-over heathen side of our being, and the bow is its natural implement."

Two of the author's poems,—

"The joy is great of him who strays
In shady woods on summer days."

and "The Death of the White Heron,"—which are included in the volume, have such freshness and savoriness as to make us wish he had found companions for them among the other felicitous poems he has written on similar themes. Several poems on archery are also quoted, but not the "Robin Hood" of Keats, which has the roving, wildwood spirit in a remarkable degree. The volume is full of incidental glimpses of nature which show the author to be an alert observer, and a bold, vigorous, and poetic writer. The romantic as well as the technical part of the book will find a host of readers. To many who will never string a bow, the witchery of archery will still exist in the magic of Mr. Thompson's buoyant style, and to these he may confidently look for his audience in more uniformly literary work.

Saxe Holm's Stories (Second Series).*

Of the five stories which compose this volume, one at least can be said to be equal to the best of the first series in concentration of interest and in keenness of insight, while in restraint of statement and in literary finish it is perhaps superior to any in that series. This one, "Farmer Bassett's Romance," is a study of New England rural life, which shows a genuine knowledge of several widely different types, and more complicated interplay of character than is usual with Saxe Holm. John Bassett, the hero, is a New England pagan:

"There are a few of these in every New England county. They are the offspring of the Westminster Catechism. Apply enough of the Westminster Catechism to a meditative, clear-witted, logical, phlegmatic boy, in his youth; let him spend most of his days out on sunny hill-sides, thinking it over in silence, and asking nobody any questions, and the chances are that, when he is twenty-one, he will quit going to church, and be a high-minded pagan. He will have absorbed much that is grand and ennobling; but he will have thrown away, in his slow-growing hatred of the cruel husk, part of the sweet kernel

* The Witchery of Archery: A complete manual of archery; with many chapters of adventures by field and flood, and an appendix containing practical directions for the manufacture and use of archery implements. By Maurice Thompson. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

also, and will be a defrauded and robbed man all his days, for lack of true comprehension of the Gospel of Christ, which is loving, and of Christ's Father, who is love."

Satire is not a characteristic of Saxe Holm, but the following paragraph has a "sting in its tail."

"'I swanny' does such universal duty as an oath throughout New England, that the expression merits some attention as a philological curiosity. No one can sojourn among rural New Englanders for any length of time without being driven to speculate as to the origin of the phrase. Could it have come down through ages of gradual elimination from some highly respectable Pagan formula, such as, 'I will swear by any of the gods,' for instance? This seems a not wholly incredible supposition, and lifts the seeming vulgarity at once to the level of a 'condensed classic.'"

The story opens vigorously and continues strong to the close, which is remarkable for a pathos that is not overwrought, but comes from a strong contrast naturally conceived and simply depicted. Molly (New England simplicity) and Mrs. Susan Thatcher (New England thrift) are good examples of what

Saxe Holm can do by the process of understatement; Fanny Lane shares with some of the other heroines the author's tendency to over-analysis. The first two represent the kind of characters with whom Saxe Holm best succeeds; unspeculative, simple-minded country people, with native vigor of speech and action. "A Four-Leaved Clover" and "My Tourmaline" are examples of original themes injured by something which, no matter how foreign from the author's intention, certainly gives the effect of sentimentalism. In the former this seems to have been suspected, else, why the assurance that Margaret "had not a touch of sentimentalism in her nature,"—an assertion not borne out by the story? This blemish is not an irremediable one, but it is likely to make the critic forget that Saxe Holm has in a rare degree that perception of the sources and action of human motives which is so vital a part of all fictitious writing.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

NOTE.—It being the aim of this department of the magazine to make each month a record of the latest and most important applications of science to industry that have proved of real value, the editor of the department spent several weeks in careful examination of the Paris Exposition, and in this and other numbers may be found notices of several novelties there exhibited. The Paris Exposition is not equal in mechanical interest to the American Centennial Exhibition, and owing to its bad arrangement, is less striking and impressive. In art, and in art applied to industry, as might be expected, it is far in advance of the Philadelphia Exhibition.

Machine for Feeding Poultry.

THE artificial hatching and rearing of poultry, ostriches and other birds has already become a science, and a profitable and important branch of business, and the further treatment of ducks and capons for market has created a demand for machinery for artificial feeding and fattening. The most important machine of this class consists of a circular cage of wood about 4.57 meters (15 feet) in diameter and 6.10 meters (20 feet) high, and containing 210 coops or nests for ducks and chickens, the cages being all on the outside. A chick three months old is put in each nest, and by means of a band of skin or rubber fastened to a light chain is secured so that it cannot escape. In these nests the chicks, pigeons, ducks, turkeys, quail or other birds are kept till they are ready for market, each bird being artificially fed three times a day. The birds can move about and sit down, but cannot walk or fly, and this enforced rest causes them to fatten quickly. A chick having been placed in each nest, the apparatus for feeding

is loaded with a mixture of barley meal, Indian meal, milk and water, and is brought up to the cage. Each fowl has been carefully examined, and the amount of food it will comfortably digest is marked plainly on the front of its nest. The operator then takes a chick by the neck and by a gentle pressure compels it to open its mouth. A rubber tube is inserted in its mouth, and by means of pressure on a pedal, the semi-fluid food is forced into the creature's throat. A gauge on the machine records the quantity of food given to each bird, and by watching this indicator just the right amount can be supplied. Ducks are at the same time given a drink of water, the other fowls not requiring water at any time. The cage containing the birds is mounted on rollers, and when one bird is fed the cage is moved round and the next bird is brought opposite the feeding machine. When the cage has been turned round once the feeding apparatus is placed on an elevator, and the machine and the operator are raised to the next row. In this manner every chick is in turn fed, the operation requiring about one minute for each bird. Another form of cage is made with only two rows of nests, one over the other, and with the nests disposed in lines. This apparatus does not move and the operator carries the feeding machine, by means of a truck, from bird to bird. The feeding machine may be a simple pump that can be moved by a treadle, or it may have a reservoir in which a constant pressure may be maintained by means of weights. In this case, the supply of food given to each bird is controlled by a stop-cock. Contrasted with the barbarous methods of artificially feeding poultry that have been practiced for so many thousands of years in some parts of Europe, this method of machine-feeding has the advantage of neatness, dispatch,

and the entire absence of cruelty to the birds. Ducks can be fattened in perfect safety and entire comfort by this method in fifteen days, and chickens in twenty days, and the loss from disease and accidents rarely exceeds two per cent. The fowls thus treated are uniformly healthy, and the quality of the dressed meat is excellent. Artificial incubators, artificial mothers, and this appliance are exhibited at the Paris Exposition. The incubators are all founded on the familiar plan of making a large reservoir of hot water and placing the eggs in a circular box in the middle. The American incubators are, in some respects, superior to the French machines, as a permanent fire is maintained, regulated by automatic governors. The artificial mothers or "hydro-mères" shown at Paris, do not differ materially from those used in this country, and are all based on the same general plan of using a large mass of hot water as a means of obtaining the necessary warmth.

New Portable Blow-pipe.

A NEW form of blow-pipe combining the pipe and lamp in one apparatus is shown at the Paris Exposition. The tube is of the usual shape, except that the point carries a metallic cup containing an asbestos wick or sponge kept in place by a wire netting spread over the open end of the cup. The pipe for the blast passes through the wick and ends in a small nozzle in the center of the netting. Naphtha, alcohol, spirits of wine, or any light oil not weighing over 700 grammes per liter, is poured into the cup till the wick is well saturated, and, on applying a blast to the pipe, a slender blue flame about eight centimeters ($3\frac{1}{4}$ inches) long springs from the pipe. This flame lasts from five to twenty-five minutes, according to the size of the apparatus, and under a good blast is strong enough to melt copper, gold, brass, silver, zinc or glass. The best way to use the blow-pipe is to supply a blast from an air-compressor through a rubber tube, as this saves the labor of blowing and makes the pipe more convenient. When the supply of oil is exhausted the pipe may be quickly refilled by pouring more oil into the open end of the cup. By using oxygen under pressure in this form of blow-pipe an intense flame is produced that may prove useful in testing alloys and in performing experiments demanding a high temperature, or in some branches of metal work. Oxygen can now be bought in iron cylinders under any reasonable pressure in New York, and, used in connection with this blow-pipe, may prove cheaper and more convenient than a furnace. Used with an ordinary blast, this blow-pipe is said to be less expensive than any of those now in use.

Riveting-machine.

THE fastening together of sheets and plates of iron by means of rivets has always demanded the expenditure of a good deal of manual labor, three men and a boy being needed to drive a single rivet; and though the work is done very quickly by hand, inventors have long tried to bring machinery to the aid of the boiler-maker and bridge-builder. Of the

riveting-machines already in use, all employ steam or hydraulic pressure to squeeze the hot rivet into place, and, as a necessary result, the machines must be massive and firm, and the work must be brought to the machine, instead of the tool to the work, as in hand-riveting. A new form of riveting-machine departs from the previous designs by employing a hammer, striking a great number of quick and powerful blows, instead of a continued pressure. The machine consists of two arms, or tongs, pivoted near one end, very much in the manner of a pair of scissors. At the rear end is a circular iron case containing a movable diaphragm. At the end of one tong is a die and a heavy weight, and at the end of the other tong is a cylinder having a piston carrying on its piston-rod a rivet-hammer. The cylinder is designed to be operated by compressed air, and is automatic in its action, regulating the stroke for each blow as the rivet is driven down, and giving the hammer a partial turn between each blow. The cylinder and diaphragm at the end are united by a pipe for supplying the compressed air by which the machine is driven. To support the apparatus an arm is inserted at the juncture of the two tongs, so that it may be suspended by a rope or chain from a rod or traveling-pulley overhead in any position desired. In operating the machine, it is connected by means of hose with a compressor and brought up to the work to be riveted. The tongs are long enough to reach over any ordinary boiler-plate, and the boy, having inserted the hot rivet, brings the die against the rivet-head. The operator, standing outside of the boiler, pulls a light rod and admits the air to the diaphragm, which immediately expands, pushing the rear ends of the tongs apart and pressing the die against one end of the rivet and the foot of the cylinder against the other. The operator may then deliver one or many blows from the hammer, and will, or may, set the machine to run automatically, the hammer delivering from 300 to 400 blows a minute. Twenty blows are sufficient for one rivet, and the work is done in about six seconds. For bridge and girder work, the machine is made in a somewhat different form, the tongs being shorter and being placed wider apart, so that they can be passed over the edges of wide angle irons and bars. It will be observed that this riveting-machine employs only one man and a boy in place of three men and a boy. It is easily moved from place to place, and, when suspended on a long rod, will put in every rivet in a boiler, whatever its shape or size. The pressure required varies from 7 to 10 kilos (15 to 20 pounds), and at steady work will secure four rivets a minute. Accompanying the machine is an apparatus for supporting boiler-shells and feeding them up to the work without extra labor. By using both machines, one man and a boy can erect and rivet a boiler, or with the riveting-machine alone put in rivets in ship and bridge work at the rate of 1,500 rivets in ten hours. This machine is at work in the American department of the Paris Exposition and besides attracting universal attention does much to give novel interest to the department.

New Brick-Kiln.

A KILN for burning bricks, based on the general principles of the tempering furnaces used in glass-works, has been recently erected which both in theory and practice seems likely to change materially the present system of brick-making. The kiln is of brick and is built in the form of an arched tunnel or long oven. It is 32.94 meters (108 feet) long, and the opening of the tunnel is 2.44 meters (8 feet) wide and about 3 meters high. A track is laid from the brick-yards through the tunnel, and at each end the kiln is closed by heavy doors. Fire-places are arranged in the middle of the kiln at both sides, the back of the fire-places opening into the oven. The chimney for the two fires is placed just inside the door at the front or above the entrance of the kiln. By this arrangement the heat and flame from the fires pass through one-half of the kiln over the track and thence up the chimney. Iron platform-cars just wide enough to fit into the tunnel without touching the sides and covered with a flooring of fire-brick are fitted to the rails, and when the kiln is ready for the burning, a car is loaded with about 5,000 bricks, piled loosely on the car. Empty cars are then run into the kiln till it is full. As they touch one another, the opening of the tunnel is reduced by the height of the cars, and there is no escape of the heat below the platforms of the cars. The fire-places are on a level with the tops of the cars, and thus the cars are protected from the heat. A current of cold air is also allowed to flow over the track under the cars. When the fires are in full blast the doors are opened, and the first car-load of fresh bricks is drawn into the kiln by attaching it to the train and withdrawing one empty car. The doors are then closed, and the bricks are left to bake for six hours. Then another load is added in the same manner, the first load being drawn nearer the fire. In the same way load after load is added till the first car reaches the hot place between the two fires. Here the burning of this load is finished, and at the next movement of the train the load passes on toward the cold end of the kiln. Thus each new load moves the first car away from the heat till it reaches the door at the end, and then it is withdrawn fully burned. When full, the kiln holds nine cars, or about 45,000 bricks; and when once filled, the operation may be kept up continuously, a fresh car-load being added every few hours, according to the kind of brick to be burned. The bricks are finished and ready for use in one passage through the kiln, and it is reported that the burning is performed thoroughly and at a material saving of labor and fuel.

Memoranda.

PÂTE-SUR-PÂTE work. This style of art pottery is exhibited at the Paris Exposition in the form of a number of vases in light browns decorated with flowers and foliage in white, black, and shades of brown, yellow, and other colors. The vase to be decorated in *pâte-sur-pâte* is first turned on the wheel in the usual manner and then left to dry till it is sufficiently hard to be handled without injury.

If the ground color is to be left, nothing more is done till it is ready for painting. If other colors besides the natural color are to be used, they are put on first, and the after decoration is laid over this. A thick paste of clay is then prepared, and colors are mixed with it till it has the consistency of thin, semi-fluid clay. These colors are then laid, or penciled, on the vase in such a manner as to leave the work in high relief. When the decorating is finished, the vase is baked quickly at a high temperature. The result is a roughened surface, every stroke of the pencil being plainly visible and the work standing out sharp and clear. The ware also may be glazed if desired.

In tile-making, a new article of manufacture is shown at Paris in tile signs. The tiles are of any desired size, tiles 31.5 centimeters (12 inches) square being preferred. A single letter, usually in white on a blue ground, is put on a tile, and as the letters are made in quantities, any sign may be made from them. Inserted in the walls of stations, public buildings and stores, such tile signs are at once clear and distinct, clean and durable. Such tile signs have the advantage over the iron enameled signs that, as they are thick and heavy, they are not easily broken; there is no iron to rust and stain the wall, and if a letter is injured it is easily replaced without removing the whole sign.

A new application of terra cotta and earthenware work has been found in constructing ornamental boundary walls and parapets. The wall is erected with posts of stone or brick at intervals, and between these posts are laid up, one over another, pieces of terra cotta formed into variously shaped cylinders, or short tubes. This ware is made in pieces, each as long as the wall is to be thick, and by a proper treatment of the design, is laid piece over piece precisely as if short lengths of drain-pipe had been inserted in the wall. The effect of this work is both light and graceful, and for practical purposes the wall is strong, solid and durable. The single pieces are formed into shapes that admit of a variety of positions, so that one pattern of ring will make a variety of figures in the wall.

The pneumatic clocks designed to supply a large number of dials that may be placed in various places in a city, and all controlled by one central clock, have already been described in this department. This pneumatic system has now stood the test of more than a year's trial and has proved to be reliable and uniform in its action. It is on exhibition at Paris, where one clock-work controls more than thirty dials of every size, from mantel clock to a dial two meters in diameter, and is soon to be introduced upon a large scale into two of the leading cities of Europe. The cost of maintaining a system of clocks suitable for a city of thirty thousand inhabitants has been found to be only \$2.50 per year per dial, and the power needed to drive the air-compressors is only one and a half horse power. The description of the apparatus on page 724, volume XIV. of the magazine answers for the machine shown at the Paris Exposition.

BRIC-À-BRAC.



GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

Plutarch's Lives.
Vivit post funera virtus.

DEEP in the legends of the storied past,
Across the centuries, her heart has fled,
With flushing cheek, and pulses beating fast,
She reads the heroic annals of the dead.

Now recks the downfall of the tinted leaves,
Snatched by the vandal breeze from shrub and tree;
Nor web the sunshine with the shadow weaves,
Beneath the boughs in golden tracerie.

But marvels that the circling years have swept,
Since lived the heroes of her musty tome,
It seems but yesterday that Remus leapt,
Across the trivial barriers of Rome;

But yesterday, Virginia's tripping feet
Bore her, unconscious, to her funeral pyre;
And haughty Tullia, in her chariot fleet,
Dashed o'er the body of her slaughtered sire.

For beats not still the human heart the same,
Though empires rise and flourish and decay?
Is truth a symbol, honor but a name,
And love the ephemeral growth of yesterday?

Then, whence this subtle thrill that stirs her frame,
To read of him, who, chained before the king,
Held his right hand unflinching in the flame
To prove his purpose still unwavering?

And he, that other, Curtius, whose great heart,
When all Rome's treasures nothing could avail
To close the chasm yawning in the marr,
Held his own life a trifle in the scale;

And from detaining hands of those who wept,
Turned to the fatal gulf, with horrors rife,
Into its fearful depths, all headlong leapt,
And paid his country's ransom, with his life.

"Do men like this live now?" I hear her sigh,
While on the artless cheek there gleams a tear.
"Who dare to act, to suffer and to die,
And hold that life is, less than honor, dear,—

"To win a smile from such an one were sweet—
(Ah, gladly would I learn if such there be!)
Since by his side, or even at his feet
To live or die, alike were ecstasy."

Stay, golden sunlight wan in the West,
And you, ye giant shadows of the trees;
Stay, chilling breezes that so late caressed
This student small of world-worn histories.

Efface the lesson from her heart and brain,
Conned from these ancient tales of days of yore.
The web Romance has wove, unweave again,
Else soon the child will be a child no more.

LUCY LEE PLEASANTS.



KILLING TIME.

The Triumph of Oliver Bumm.

BY QUIPPLE YARROW.

'Twas the Board of Directors of Library Hall
Who, instead of the usual annual ball,
For reasons financial, resolved to declare
They'd conduct in the hall a magnificent fair,
Where, with innocent smile,
And many a wile,
Sweet maids should the masculine victims beguile.

Now the Board of Directors, with laudable zeal,
Knowing features less common would add to their
weal,
Thought to offer a premium to any one who
Should pronounce most correctly the Russian name
Tsczoo—
Tsczoo—a Russian commander,
You quite understand—ah—
Tsczoo—
bpjwphandhir.

And this Board of Directors, exceedingly wise,
Would permit every nation to try for the prize,
The Russians excepted, well knowing that none
But a Russian could win it, e'en could it be won.
And the gentlemen, hence,
To induce the more pence
To the door-keeper's box, made the prize quite
immense.

At last, in due time, came the eve of the Fair,
And the Board was in smiles, the whole city was
there.
The contest announced, at the end of the hall
Stept in regular line, big, middling, and small;
From all quarters they came,
To win lucre and fame
By putting to flight the redoubtable name.

To the right of this line the Directors all sit,
And in front, the majestic judges, to wit:
Two learned professors, imported from college,
And a solemn old Russian, personified knowledge.
While beyond, in their rear,
Press the audience near,
Hilarious and eager the trial to hear.

On a blackboard is written the wonderful word,
'Tis time to begin; now the first must be heard:
So his collar he feels, clears his throat at the sign:
Starts out, stumbles, stops, and slinks out of the
line.

Thus they vanish, each one,
Midst uproarious fun,
Till they reach the last man, who seems ready to
run.

It is Oliver Bumm: he prepares for the test.
Firmly braces his legs, and unbuckles his vest;
Then exclaiming "We'll try!" opes his mouth,
works his jaws,
And a sound like the screams of a thousand dull
saws!

Oh! ne'er did the ear
Of poor mortal hear
Such a nondescript discord of shriek, wail, and
jeer!

'Tis the name! 'Tis the name! The professors
arise,
And hand clasping hand, smile the smiles of the
wise,
And the solemn old Russian, no longer now
solemn,

Is dancing a waltz with a cast-iron column;
While the Board, one and all,
Look as blank as the wall,
And the shouts of the people resound through
the hall.

It is done. 'Twas a feat ne'er accomplished
before,
And the name of its hero shall live evermore;
But this Board of Directors, in order to pay
The prize they had offered, could find ne'er a way,
Than to sell the great hall,
Library and all,
Where they never again gave an annual ball.

Would you know how this hero, brave Oliver
Bumm,
Was enabled so mighty a word to o'ercome?
He stood near the window, left open for air,
Out-of-doors were nine urchins, instructed with
care.

At his signal, "We'll try!"

Every lad, in reply,
Dropped a previously provided cat into an empty
flour-barrel, placed under the window, into which
barrel was also thrown a lighted pack of fire-
crackers, and that's how and why.

The Hysteriad.

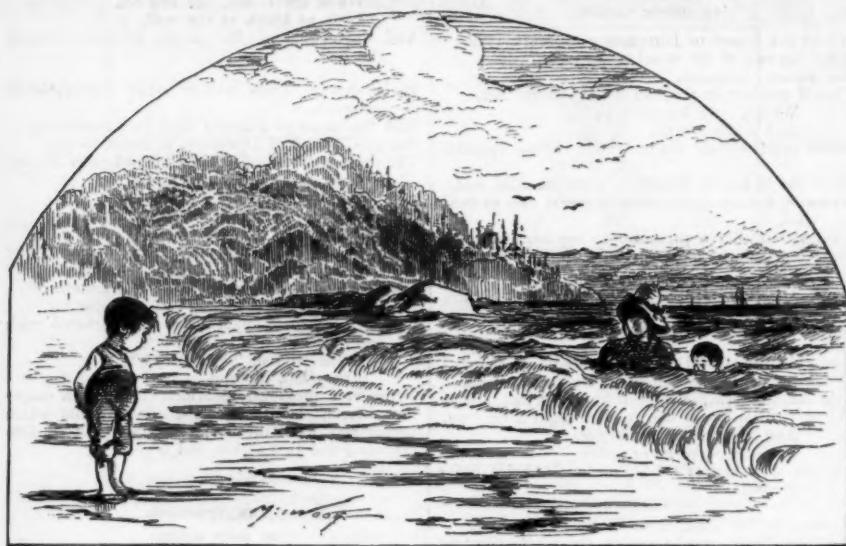
BY IRWIN RUSSELL.

(It is thought proper to premise: that a poem of the period, or periodical poem, is a thing that is altogether emotional, and is not intended to convey any idea in particular. This fact is well known to all who are familiar with the canons of our reconstructed Art of Song; but it seems not yet to be fully recognized [or, at least, sufficiently admired] by the uncanonical class of readers, who fail to see that High Art is identical with High Jinks, and have the bad taste to want but little ear below, etc., etc., etc.)

Let us laugh, haw! haw! with the ass;¹
Let us weep², oh! oh! with the thistle—
Oh! oh! haw—wohaw—where goest thou, poet?
I go it
To the muses' singing-class,
To whistle, whistle, whist.

Notes:—1. Herodotus has nowhere observed that this animal ever laughs, or that he has any jocund impulses whatever. Poetic license, however, is pleaded in this behalf. 2. There is indeed no special reason why we should weep; but the first and second lines have to be made anti—anti—antispasmodic. (Antispasmodic is good.)

N. B.—Objections to the brevity of this poem are not in order, although as to other points—for instance, its lack of adjectives and new compound words—a demurrrer might be well taken. Short poems are now fashionable; and the petty formalities of rhyme and reason having been lately declared by authorities to be mere useless embroideries on the fustian of stylish verse, it is quite probable that the poetry of the future will be briefly expressed in gestures—like the philosophic discussion between Thaumast and Panurge. With these few remarks, etc.



MOTHER:—"Come in, Tom, don't you see your little brother isn't afraid?"
TOM:—"What's he got to be frightened of? AINT I HERE?"

Wherfore I Sing.

WHEREFORE I sing—ah! sweetest friend,
How can I reason with thee wrong?
I think it must be thou dost lend
Thy tuneful echo to my song;
One says that where there is no ear,
There is nor song nor sound to hear.

So if I sing, and if there may
Some melody or music be,
Be sure it is a heart-felt lay—
My song, that struggles unto thee;
And while thou lendest me thine ear,
I sing, sweet one, that thou mayst hear.

CHARLES STUART WELLES.



NOONDAY DOWN TOWN.